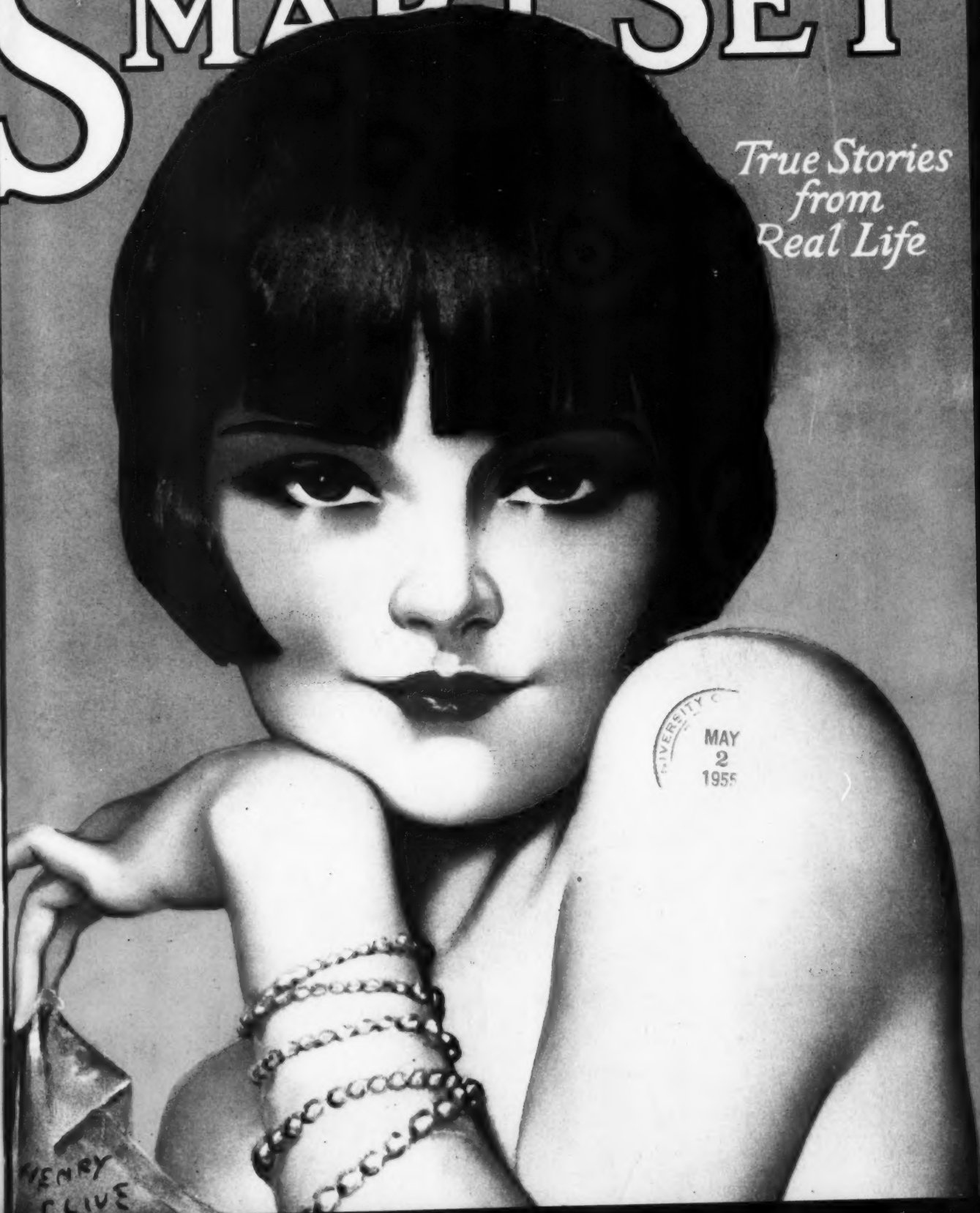


February - 25 Cents

77-6

# SMART SET

*True Stories  
from  
Real Life*





The correct way to apply rouge is very important. Nature's own color appears in the form of a >, pointing toward the nose. Apply as shown by the diagram sketch, leaving a white space about the size of a silver quarter (or shilling) in front of the ear. Blend softly over cheeks with puff. Never apply in a hard, round, artificial spot. For waterproof, lasting effect, rouge should be applied before powdering.



*Yes, this Rouge is flattering—*  
AND SO, SHE GREETES THE WORLD WITH A SMILE,  
CONFIDENT, SERENE, ADORABLE!

THE lovely glow of PRINCESS PAT Rouge appears to lie below the skin, not on it. Apply it to your own cheek and see for yourself what a fine, youthful blush it brings. Then you'll agree. "Yes, indeed, this Rouge is flattering."

Smart, new, modish! And one application lasts all evening. It is not affected by perspiration or moisture.

To-day the best looking woman knows how to use PRINCESS PAT Rouge. With her its use is an art. On the dressing table of this clever woman you will find two or three tints of "Princess Pat." She blooms in Princess Pat Rouge *VIVID* when she wears that gorgeous party gown and a bright flush is appropriate. Princess Pat *MEDIUM* Rouge

is her choice when a soft pastel shade suits her mood and her gown. And when a natural orange tint is just the right shade, she rejoices in Princess Pat *English Tint*, which won such instant favor with stylish women everywhere.

Then, confident, sparkling, always in poise, she graces every company, expressing in person and attire the last word in correct color harmony.

You can enjoy the same advantage. Princess Pat Rouge is sold at every department or drug store. Should your dealer be temporarily out, we will gladly send you a week's supply, free, on request.

We want you to prove to your own satisfaction how this unique rouge brings out your Beauty as no rouge ever did before.



**Free** Mail this coupon for a liberal sample of Princess Pat Rouge.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 1302  
2709 So. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

(In Canada address: 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.)

Please send me, free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.

☐ Vivid ☐ Medium ☐ English Tint

(Print) Name.....

Address.....

**Princess Pat**

Princess Pat, Ltd.

Chicago, U. S. A.

**Princess Pat Lipstick**

As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With English Tint or Medium Rouge use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick; with Vivid Rouge use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the lips soft and pliant—prevents dryness or chaps.





# This subject of antiseptics is quite generally misunderstood

*Some questions are answered  
below*

Most people have some knowledge of the germ theory of disease, but there are several sides of the matter still not clear to the majority. The following series of questions represent the points most commonly raised.

• • •

**Q:** *What is the difference, if there is a difference, between an antiseptic and a germicide?*

**A:** A germicide is simply an antiseptic that does a good job. It is an antiseptic that actually kills germs and puts an end to their multiplication. A mild antiseptic that is not a germicide may retard the growth of germs for a time, but it will not actually stamp out germ-life.

**Q:** *What are the best examples of the two classes?*

**A:** Among the mild antiseptics may be listed peroxide of hydrogen, as well as various mouthwashes sold to the public under trade names. Some of these preparations are very pleasant to the taste and are therefore in common use for oral hygiene. But they are not real germicides.

**Q:** *What are some of the real germicides?*

**A:** The best-known are carbolic acid, iodine and bichloride of mercury.

**Q:** *That sounds like a list of dangerous poisons. Do all germicides bear the "skull-and-crossbones" on the bottle?*

**A:** It is only too true that most of them are poisonous compounds. This is an unfortunate fact, as any newspaper reader

knows. The number of fatalities through accidental swallowing of poisonous germicides is most deplorable.

**Q:** *That being the case, isn't the danger from poisoning worse than the danger from germs? Is it so absolutely necessary to "stamp out" germ-life completely? What happens if germs are allowed to multiply?*

**A:** Given space enough to grow in and food enough to feed upon, it has been calculated that in a period of three days a germ colony weighing one single grain can multiply itself into a mass weighing 800 tons. So it is easy to see how important it is to prevent this multiplication from the first moment the body has been exposed to the inroads of germs.

**Q:** *Is science making no progress toward perfecting a real germ-killer which will be safe to use—a germicide powerful yet non-poisonous?*

**A:** As a matter of fact, science has already solved the problem. It came about during the World War and in the allied armies it saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of desperately wounded men. Deaths from infection were reduced from 70% to 1%. Probably it was the greatest single discovery of the War.

**Q:** *Is this germicide-antiseptic now in use in America?*

**A:** Assuredly; hospitals from coast to coast are using it to prevent infection. In fact it is now on sale at all drugstores in bottled form for family use. Its name is Zonite.

**Q:** *And does Zonite compare favorably in effectiveness with the poisonous germicides?*

**A:** Yes indeed. It is, for example, far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body.

**Q:** *How does it compare with the other class—the mild antiseptics?*

**A:** In comparison with peroxide of hydrogen, Zonite is more than forty times as strong as a germ-killer.

**Q:** *And still this tremendously powerful Zonite is perfectly safe to put on an open wound?*

**A:** Yes, perfectly safe. Of course it should be diluted according to directions, but if put on pure it will do no harm, for it is absolutely non-poisonous.

**Q:** *And in cases of delicate membranes, such as those of the nose and throat?*

**A:** Yes, Zonite properly diluted is a valuable aid in treating colds, grippe and more serious respiratory diseases. Also as a mouthwash to prevent annoying breath odors. Also as a body deodorant and for feminine hygiene. Also for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy and dandruff.

**Q:** *Zonite seems to be useful for almost every ill one can think of.*

**A:** It must be remembered, however, that after all Zonite does just one thing: it kills germs. But it does that one thing so well that it appears to have a great variety of uses.

*At your druggist's  
in bottles  
50c and \$1  
Slightly higher in  
Canada*

## Zonite



ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.  
Postum Building 250 Park Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. (S-10)

- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
- ☐ Nursery and the Baby
- ☐ Feminine Hygiene

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*True Stories from Real Life*

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*Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable*



## The Case of Ira MacDonald

"Twenty years!" I mused.  
"It's a long time to wait for  
balm for your wounded feel-  
ings!"

"Particularly if, in the end,  
you lose out!" Ramsey answered.

But did he lose out?

It was a tragedy of which  
the secret service operator  
saw the beginning and the  
end.

You'll like this unusual  
story with Japan, and in-  
cense, and strange figures as  
a background.

It's coming to you in the  
March issue.

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.  
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# Multiplies His Earnings by the Salary-Doubling Plan!

A. W. Weber was working in a grocery store when he took up home-study business training. Eighteen months later, he had earned for himself the position of Assistant Auditor of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, Toledo, at a salary-increase of 150 per cent.

More recently, he has been made Assistant Secretary and Assistant Trust Officer of the bank in which he started as a clerk. His salary-increases now exceed 200 per cent.



**LaSalle Made Possible  
the Opportunity**

"My attention has been directed to our Mr. Weber, who is now in his second course of study with your institution. This is most interesting to us as Mr. Weber's progress has been quite exceptional, he having advanced from a clerkship to Assistant Secretary and Assistant Trust Officer in our bank in the short period of five years.

"This attainment is most gratifying to us and we are frank in giving expression to our belief that much credit is due to your splendid institution, through which medium opportunity was afforded in making it possible for him to accomplish the purpose.

"It has ever been our policy to be helpful and to encourage those of our employees in acquiring information and knowledge looking to their own betterment and we are most anxious and willing to recognize and cooperate with those employees whose desires and ambitions are directed to greater achievements and further advancements."

(Signed) EDWARD KIRSCHNER,  
Vice-Pres. Ohio Savings Bank  
and Trust Co.

## LaSalle Training Changes Opportunity Into Dividends

"Without the knowledge obtained from your course, I would not be able to fill the position I hold today. Monthly dividends are being paid me on my investment in LaSalle training, in the form of increased salary, at a rate in excess of 125 per cent."

(Signed) ARTHUR W. WEBER,  
Asst. Sec'y Ohio Savings Bank  
and Trust Co.



Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, Toledo  
— one of the largest and best banks in Ohio

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The prospect of working in a grocery store all his life did not satisfy A. W. Weber, a Toledo man. He resolved to make a new start—and to speed his progress he undertook LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy. He secured a job first as time-keeper in an automobile plant—then as clerk in the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company. Within eighteen months his training had helped him to the position of Assistant Auditor.

Since that time, repeated promotions have advanced him to the position of Assistant Secretary and Assistant Trust Officer, and he writes that his monthly dividends on his investment are at a rate in excess of 125 per cent. Read his letter, and the letter of his employer, in the column at the left.

Mr. Weber is now adding to his momentum by means of a second LaSalle course—home-study training in Law.

### Will You Be Selected for Promotion?

You have often wondered whether or not it would pay you to take up specialized business training with LaSalle.

But—can there be any question about its paying when so many thousands of LaSalle members are advancing—thru its aid—to positions of responsibility and influence?

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What would it be worth to you to increase your earnings 89 per cent—within a comparatively few months?

The LaSalle salary-doubling plan will show you how to do so. Simply fill out and mail the coupon—and a 64-page book describing this salary-doubling plan will be sent you FREE. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands is of very real and definite value.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon—now.

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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

— CLIP AND MAIL —

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Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
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- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

- ☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

- ☐ Industrial Management: Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Present Position \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



# 84 pieces-all for \$1.00 Down



7

## Pieces—Genuine Cut Glass

**FREE** Extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the 77 piece combination outfit shown here—7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 5-oz. capacity. Each piece is clear, thin and dainty; hand cut decorations consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Only a limited number—so act quick.



## On Trial

Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only \$1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

## \$2.00 a Month

FREE. 84 pieces in all—only \$19.90—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

## Outfit Consists of:

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Has delightfully tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot crack. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10 1/4 in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 pt.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

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And remember! The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 50 lbs. Order by No. 28498A. \$1.00 with coupon; \$2.00 monthly; Total price \$19.90.

## Send Coupon NOW

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only \$1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

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Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you \$2.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ 77 piece Combination Outfit, No. 28498A, \$19.90.

☐ 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE.

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Street, R. F. D. ....

or Box No. ....

Shipping Point.....

Post Office.....State.....

**Straus & Schram,**  
Dept. 1912 Chicago, Ill.





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Friedland's "Affairs of Anatol"  
Keith's Vaudeville

# "I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

*Sergei Marinoff*

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

**F**EW PEOPLE living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from \$10 an hour.

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## FREE

### Dancing Costume, Phonograph Records, Complete Studio Outfit

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and simply worded text teach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy.

## Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for slenderness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise.

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For the theatre—vaudeville—the movies—civic and college pageants—for private social affairs—everywhere

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School of Classic Dancing,  
Studio 20-62, 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

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*Fred'k M. Dobe M.E.*



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Chief Draftsman**

He has been drafting and teaching twenty-five years, and has trained a hundred men who are now Chiefs.

Take his instruction by mail, at home. (You don't need any books; this is a course where you *see* and *do* the actual work.) Look into this line that makes work worth while and life worth living! Coupon below brings **SUCCESSFUL DRAFTSMANSHIP** book free.

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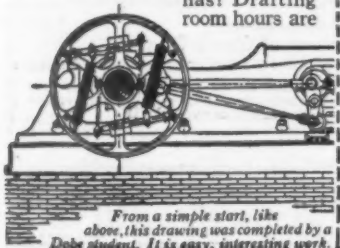
**BLUEPRINTS** are needed before a brick is laid, or a wheel can turn. The draftsman comes first. And what an enjoyable job he has! Drafting room hours are

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Who Belongs to the SMART SET?

**H**AVE you ever wondered just what we meant by the title SMART SET? Several people have asked me why we didn't change it, and I'm going to answer them all at once and do a little interpreting besides.

Old SMART SET magazine was supposed to cater to a few chosen ultra-rich who wished to be different from the rest of the world. A more appropriate name for it would have been the FAST set.

But the day of the old SMART SET is gone. We have a new magazine built around a new idea. The ultra-rich no longer hold any special claims to membership!

The new SMART SET, the group for which this magazine of ours is being published, includes all the young folks of the country. Those who are dancing their way to happiness—living bright, clean, vital, useful lives—together with those of the older generation who still retain the ideals of youth, make up the new "Smart Set," which we are striving to please.

We know that you, thousands of you, have read and enjoyed the recent issues. We know that you are pulling for us, helping us to build our new ideals into something big, and powerful, and worthwhile. We know you are glad to be counted as members of the new SMART SET which has taken the place of the old "400" as the social leaders of the country. And SMART SET magazine, as the official organ of this new smart set of people, is glad to serve you in every way possible.

Remember we are young and the only way we can grow is by having you pass the word along that here is a clean, honest, sparkling magazine picturing life as it is, but edited in such a way as to command respect. It looks as if we'd have a million members in the "Smart Set" soon.

—THE EDITOR.

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Directing  
Engineer

Clip  
coupon  
for Free  
Auto Book

I'll  
train  
you  
at  
Home

Get a  
**RAISE**  
in **PAY**  
**Quick!**

I Guarantee

**4 BIG OUTFITS INCLUDED FREE**  
of extra cost

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Chicago Motor Training Corporation  
1916 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 237 Chicago

Send me your Free Book "AUTO FACTS" and PROOF that you'll show me the way to a QUICK RAISE and BIG PAY as an AUTO EXPERT, also Trial Lessons. Also send your new 4 Outfits Offer. It is understood that this obligates me in no way, and that no salesman will call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

**BE AN AUTO EXPERT**

**THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BUSINESS NEEDS YOU**

Try to find pay for any man, when Five Thousand Million Dollars are paid in the World's Biggest Business every year to Auto- motive men for upkeep ALONE. TRAINED MEN are badly needed everywhere.

**\$225 IN A WEEK FOR RUMPEL**  
Think of it!—from \$33 a week to \$225 in a week a mere 10 months after enrolling. Pick the right trainings and the right line. "Cash in". Big and QUICK.

**\$215 IN A WEEK FOR TUCKER**

Mr. Tucker's big results were also amazing, quick. Just three months after enrolling—\$215. IN A WEEK. That's the kind of QUICK and BIG RESULTS you want!

**200% INCREASE FOR SLEMONS**  
You TOO need "Job-Way" B-W-COOKE AUTO TRAINING

I'll tell you about Mr. Rumpel. I'll tell you about Mr. Tucker and Slemons and dozens of others—I'll tell you all about them—their addresses, their ages, their education, everything about them. I'll give you proof, smashing proof, of how I can help you too, because hundreds of these common, ordinary men had no more advantages than you have. Big Jobs and Big Raises come quick to multitudes of B. W. Cooke students. I give you a \$10.00 lesson on the word QUICK. I'll tell you what it means. No school has ever dared do it as I do it. My book is doing, but honest and frank. It is now Free.

That no where else on earth can you get this training that shows such astonishing QUICK and TREMENDOUS RAISES IN PAY. For your Success, learn about this QUICK TRAINING in the Gigantic Auto Business, where tremendous sums are paid men, making such astonishing Quick and Wonderful Big Results so plentiful.

**I GIVE YOU FACTS**

17 SMASHING GUARANTEES of your money back gladly, plus A.M. AZING PROOF, is what I give you. Just read my book. There's a mighty REASON though, why I DO get such QUICK RESULTS for so many men. It is Practical Training from a Practical Engineer for practical men. I know what training you need, no matter whether you are YOUNG or OLD, EDUCATED or POORLY EDUCATED, EXPERIENCED or WITHOUT A DAY'S AUTO EXPERIENCE. That training I give you. Just loan me a little of your spare time. I'll lend you up the road toward all the BIG MONEY you've dreamed of.

17 SMASHING GUARANTEES of your money back gladly, plus A.M. AZING PROOF, is what I give you.

**"Quick" IS THE VITAL WORD**

To make \$1,000 SLOW, in say 5 years means FAILURE. To make \$1,000 QUICK in a month means SUCCESS. HOW QUICK is the dominating, all important word that is the Father of the word, Success. Get my QUICK training. Of course my Training includes ALL ELECTRICAL, ALL MECHANICAL, WELDING, BRAZING, VULCANIZING—it's complete. Of course, I give you LIFE-TIME CONSULTATION SERVICE and 4 BIG OUTFITS and EMPLOYMENT SERVICE—but on top of all this, I give you a valuable Business Course—Salesmanship, Advertising, Bookkeeping, Buying—everything. The best of Auto Engineers on my Pay Roll, help me help you, with backing of Auto Industry makes all this possible.

**GO INTO BUSINESS**

My Free Book "AUTO FACTS" shows how I've put man after man in the Auto Business for himself, QUICK. —just a few weeks after enrolling. Amazing rewards are everywhere for men TRAINED MY WAY, to be their own Bosses—own their own Shops. Very little capital needed to start.

**ONE MILLION AUTO EXPERTS BADLY NEEDED**

Over a million trained men are needed, it is predicted, to replace "tinkerers" and untrained "guessers" within next two years. Farms, Villages, Cities in every Country offer BIG MONEY opportunities QUICK. Stay Home, Keep your job—I'll show you the way to fatten your present pay right away, in the earliest weeks of your training. Hundreds virtually get my training for nothing. See all this in my Big Book.

**I HELP YOU TO THE GOOD JOBS**

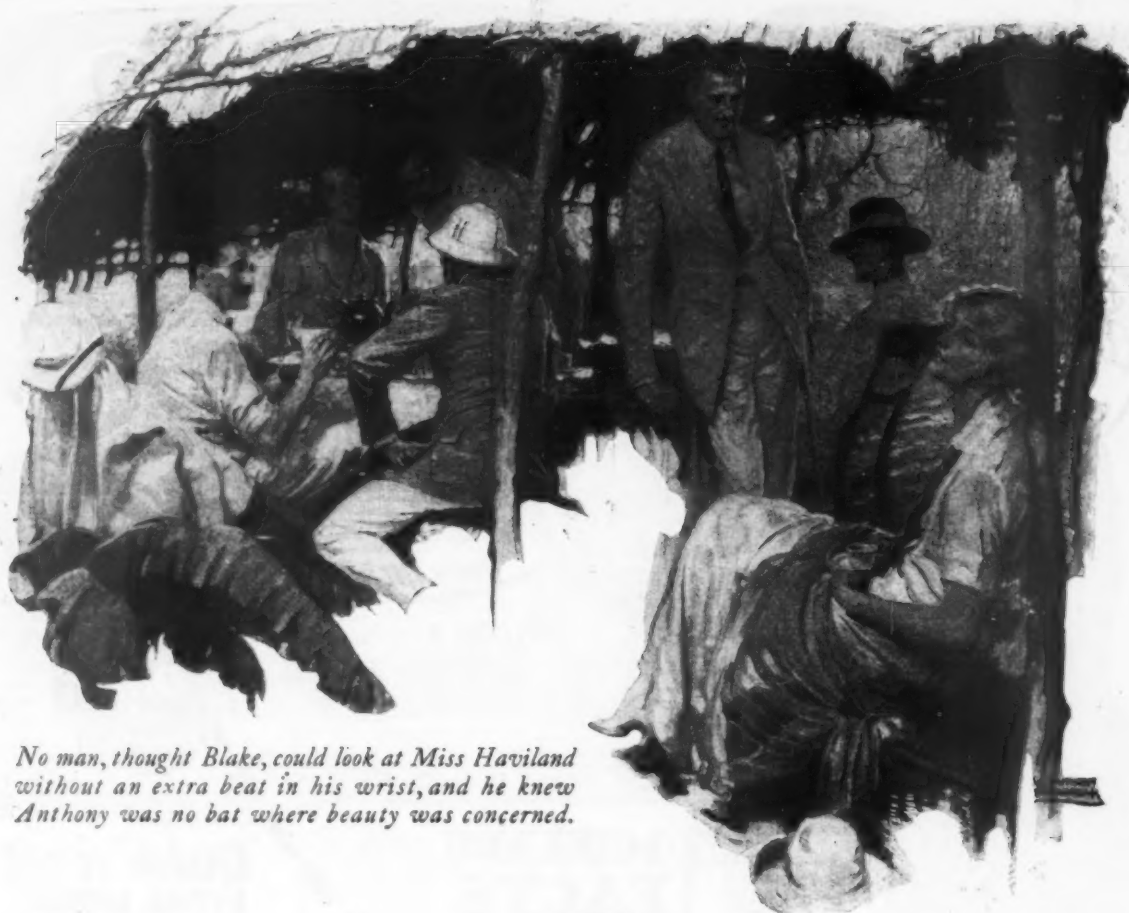
ALL YOUR LIFE, My Employment Department serves you as often and as long as you want a good job and absolutely at no extra cost. Our fine Automotive Magazine "POPULAR AUTOMOTIVE NEWS"—is also sent you free of extra cost.

**Get My Free Book. I Train You In Your Spare Time, At Home**

No other school has ever dared to urge you to look at their Quick Results, as I have. I want you to have SINCERE FACTS. Act Quick and I'll send you Free my remarkable Book "Auto Facts" which has helped so many thousands in such an astonishing way. See my book—judge as your good judgment tells you. BUT ACT. ACTION MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE QUICK. Mail that coupon.

**B. W. COOKE, DIRECTING ENGINEER**  
CHICAGO MOTOR TRAINING CORPORATION  
1916 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 237 Chicago





*No man, thought Blake, could look at Miss Haviland without an extra beat in his wrist, and he knew Anthony was no bat where beauty was concerned.*

# CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

*author of "PONJOLA" and "THE UMKUNA TREE"*

*who can put the mysterious Romance of Africa  
into her Stories because she has Lived it*

Begins a new novel

## The Dice of God

*in February*

*Hearst's* INTERNATIONAL

*combined with*

## COSMOPOLITAN

FEBRUARY ISSUE ON ALL NEWSSTANDS JANUARY 8th





# Thousands Have This Priceless Gift - and Never Discover It!

Many men rob themselves of success, popularity, achievement and position which could rightfully be theirs if they would but recognize the presence of a priceless gift which nature gave them. They go through life timid, self-conscious, fearful and retiring instead of using this natural gift to dominate and control others and become leaders among men. Seven men out of every nine have this gift. You can now find out for yourself, by means of this amazing FREE test, if you are one of these.

No sane man would deliberately and knowingly throw away a chance to become an outstanding, influential and important figure, occupying a high-salaried job in his chosen profession. Yet, without knowing it, thousands of men are throwing away a priceless gift which, if they would but bring out from its hiding and use it, would obtain for them influence, position, popularity, power, leadership and money.

Nearly every man has in him the knack of powerful and convincing speech. This magic power is that thing which often rises up within you and demands expression, but is never heard because you lack confidence in your ability to speak with force and conviction.

## Now Easy to Become a Powerful Speaker

I don't care what work you are now doing. I don't care what may be your station in life. I don't care how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. If you will give me just fifteen minutes each day in the privacy of your home I will make you an accomplished and

powerful speaker in a few short weeks or not charge you a single penny. You need not have a college education, nor do you need any kind of vocal training. By this amazing, easy method you have only a few simple, easy-to-remember principles to learn. Then

you will see how really easy it is to have the power of effective, convincing speech.

## Why Powerful Speakers Are Picked for Im- portant Jobs

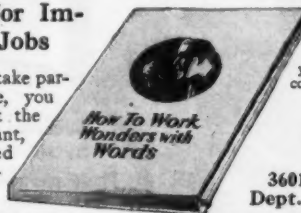
If you will take particular notice, you will find that the big, important, high-salaried jobs invariably go to men who are

convincing talkers. Often you will see a man of this type forge ahead in business at an amazingly fast rate, while men of even greater ability stand tied to one job because they lack speaking power. That is the reason you quite often are astonished to see a man jump over the heads of many superiors into a job among the big leaders. It is the power and ability to speak with force and conviction that flashes men from

obscurity and low wages to prominence and high salaries.

## Amazing Book Free Mail Coupon

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called "How to Work Wonders with Words." This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 15 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours! Then mail the coupon at once.



## North American Institute

3601 Michigan Ave.,  
Dept. 3182, Chicago, Ill.

North American Institute,  
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 3182,  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your FREE Test and full information about your amazing new method of learning Public Speaking. This request places me under no obligation of any kind.

Name.....

Address.....

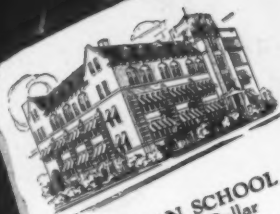
City.....State.....

Chief Engineer Dunlap



# I will make this contract with you -

I send you 4 Costly Electrical Outfits!



AMERICAN SCHOOL  
—the Million Dollar Educational Institution



Your name here *Wm. C. Campbell*  
When you enroll for my home-training in ELECTRICITY I agree to give you:

1. Complete training, including Electrical Engineering, Ignition, Radio, etc.
2. Four outfits of standard tools and materials, including a \$10 motor.
3. **I WILL HELP YOU GET A GOOD JOB AND A RAISE IN PAY,**
4. —or I will refund every cent of your money.

By *Chief Engineer Dunlap*  
AMERICAN SCHOOL

The third free outfit is a \$10 motor —same type as the big ones. You wind the armature and the field and assemble it and make it run.



The first two free outfits prepare you to do these house-wiring jobs.

The fourth free outfit is a Radio for which you must assemble from a wiring plan.

I am pushing thousands of men ahead to success in Electricity by a wonderful new method of home-training. Now we announce a new feature for students and graduates of the American School—a nation-wide Employment Service under the direction of Mr. H. A. Burgkart, Job Expert. Burgkart is placing men in fine Electrical positions as fast as they qualify. The Electrical business needs more Experts. Go into Electricity and you're sure to find a good job when you're ready for it. You can get ready with Dunlap Job-Method training:

### 1.—because it's complete

We guarantee this training is both up-to-date and complete. Without extra charge I give you Electrical Engineering subjects, Electrical Drafting, Ignition, Radio, and many business subjects.

### 2.—because prepared by 23 noted Engineers

This is no one-man, one-idea school. America's greatest Electrical Engineers helped me prepare this training, and their work vouches for its high-standard and thoroughness.

#### Instruction prepared by men from:

- |                                       |                           |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. General Electric Co.               | 8. Underwriters Lab.      |
| 2. Commonwealth Edison                | 9. Columbia University    |
| 3. Crocker-Wheeler Co.                | 10. Dartmouth College     |
| 4. Cutler-Hammer Co.                  | 11. Massachusetts Inst.   |
| 5. American Telephone & Telegraph Co. | 12. Lehigh University     |
| 6. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.   | 13. University of Vermont |
| 7. Western Electric Co.               | 14. Armour Institute      |
|                                       | 15. University of Kansas  |

### Small Monthly Payments

Our educational standards are high, tuition is within reach of the untrained man who needs this training, and small monthly payments accepted. So you need not face the world without training—let me show you how to get this million dollar No-Profit institution back of you in your fight for success and independence.

### Get My JOB AND RAISE Contract—Quick!

Now you can put your time and money into home-training with a positive agreement that it will lead to a better job and increased pay. Get the facts about my amazing offer. Find out about the opportunities and jobs waiting for you in Electricity. Act quick and make the next few months the turning point in your life. Coupon brings complete information.

CHIEF ENGINEER DUNLAP, Electrical Division

**AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. E2251**  
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

### 3.

because I train you by the Job-Method

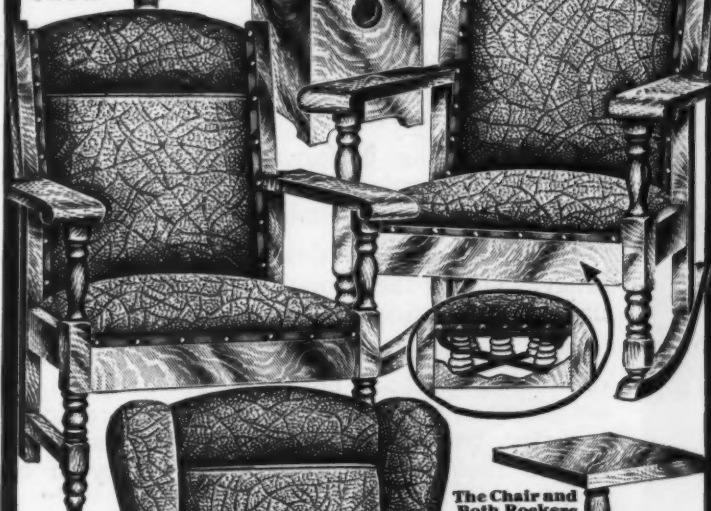
These pictures show how my students learn Electricity by doing actual Electrical jobs with standard materials and tools which I supply without extra cost. Four costly outfits given! Students make fast progress by this wonderful Job-Method. Many do similar jobs for pay in their spare time and earn more than enough to pay for this training.

## Send JOB and RAISE Contract

to \_\_\_\_\_  
St. No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
(Mail immediately to Chief Engineer Dunlap, American School, Dept. E2251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago)



© 1926  
Spear & Co.



This Suite  
will make  
your living  
room more  
inviting and  
comfortable

The Chair and  
Both Rockers  
have com-  
fortable  
Spring Seats

Sturdy  
Superior  
Honest  
Construction

## Outstanding Points of Excellence

Built of Thoroughly Kiln-Dried and Air-Seasoned Solid Oak Throughout. Suite consists of Overstuffed Rocker, Arm Chair, Arm Rocker, Library Table, Taborette, Waste-Basket and Pair of Book-ends. Finish is Nut Brown, Fumed Oak. Strong, honest Spear construction; all chairs have Backs and Seats upholstered with durable Rich Brown Spanish Artificial Leather, and are well-padded with sanitary, restful materials. The handsome, rich-looking Tudor Library Table, with gracefully turned posts is 36 x 24 inches with a big lower shelf. The Overstuffed Rocker is exceedingly comfortable, with wide arms and resilient 5 Coil Spring Seat. It is 40 inches high and 26 1/2 inches wide; the seat measures 19 x 19 inches. It is unusual to include an Overstuffed Rocker in a Suite sold at this Low Price. Arm Chair and Arm Rocker are also equipped with these same comfortable, non-sag spring seats; they measure 36 inches high and 26 inches wide. The Waste Basket is 14 inches high; the Taborette top is 11 x 11 inches. Order No. TA630, Price \$39.95, Terms \$1 with order, \$3 Monthly.

NATHANIEL SPEAR, Pres.

➔ **Spear & Co.** ➔ Dept. S-801, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

# 30 Days FREE TRIAL

Nut Brown  
Fumed Finish

## 7 Solid Oak Pieces

This Period Library Suite of 7 Handsome, Massive Pieces will completely and beautifully furnish your living room. The Tudor design with gracefully Turned Posts is distinctively beautiful and it will impress everyone entering your home. The Comfortable, Rest-Giving spring-seated chairs and especially the attractive overstuffed rocker will provide perfect comfort for the entire family. Honest Spear construction throughout guarantees you years of Satisfactory Service and Enjoyment. And the Spear Money-Back Bond protects you to the limit.

If you are not convinced that  
this is regular \$50 Value  
you may Return the Suite

## Sale Price \$39.95

Payable Only \$3 Monthly

At the Sale Price this Suite is a Fine Bargain. And you pay the Spear, Confidential Credit Way—in little Easy Monthly Payments. Best of all, you don't take a single chance. The day these 7 pieces arrive, put them in your living room and use them as your own, at my risk. Keep them 30 Days. If the suite is entirely satisfactory, you pay in Confidential Easy Monthly Payments. If you're not satisfied in every way, return the 7 pieces at my expense. I will refund your dollar and all transportation charges. The Trial will not cost you a penny.



## How to Realize Your Dream Home

You can have NOW the Home of Your Dreams. Get my Big New Free Catalog. You will find in it the biggest variety of Home Things, Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, etc. And though you settle with me on Easy Monthly Payments, my prices are lower than catalog prices elsewhere. My Dignified Confidential Credit has been a boon to hundreds of thousands of families.

.....  
SPEAR & CO., Dept. S-801, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once 7 piece Tudor Suite as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you \$3.00 monthly. Order No. TA630, Price \$39.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your size Free Catalog also.  
Please print or write name and address plainly

Name..... Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....

Post Office..... State.....  
If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send shipment to.....  
FREE (If you want Free Catalog Only, send me your name and address plainly on above lines.)  
CATALOG.....





*Photograph by Scandlin*

# *Stepping Out*

AN EDITORIAL

EVERY once in awhile it becomes necessary for an individual or organization to STEP OUT if he is to keep abreast with the times. And if that individual wants to lead in anything he must continue to step out ahead of the crowd, setting the pace day after day, week after week, month after month.

The only permanent thing in the world is change. That is incessant. Waking or sleeping, working or resting, our bodies and minds are changing with every passing moment.

We must either go forward or back. We must either develop or deteriorate. We must either lead or follow. There is no middle ground.

If activity ceases, disintegration sets in immediately. That is the immutable law of nature—and nature rules business organizations as well as lives.

Smug, complacent satisfaction is the forerunner of decay, mental and physical. The adoption of a set policy in business is followed by depression in industry, because the laws of nature have soon carried requirements beyond the ability of the policy to fill.

That is why SMART SET has taken a big step forward every month. I think you must have noticed the change as it has come—and I know you feel as I do, that it is for the better.

The pulsating throb of life which makes our stories real has been more and more vividly reflected in the magazine on a whole.

We have continued our search for strange, unknown slices of life to bring to you each month. We have tried to bring our illustrations up to a standard of excellence which will meet with your heartiest approval.

We are facing a new year which is filled with uncertainty. The world will feel the advancing tide of civilization, perhaps as it has never felt it before. Great things are in the air.

And—although we are only a tiny part of the vast whole—I want SMART SET, with your help, to share the progress that is a very part of life.

You and I have a task that is worthy of effort. You continue to respond, and you continue to grow, and I have no way to thank you except by working harder than ever to make SMART SET the greatest home magazine in the world.



# Give Me 5 Days and I'll Give You a *Magnetic Personality* Let Me Prove It — **FREE!**

**I** CAN so magnetize your personality that people will be drawn to you at once, irresistibly.

I can make you a magnet of human attraction so that you are popular everywhere, in any society.

I can show you how to use the amazing principle of magnetic control to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession.

I can place in your hands the key to supreme power and happiness—give you a great new confidence in yourself—overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have.

I can give you a glorious new magnetic personality so that you can influence the minds of others, attract people to you instantly, be popular and well-liked wherever you go!

Let me prove it. Give me 5 days, and if in that time you do not experience a new surge of personal power, if you do not find yourself making friends wherever you may be, if you do not discover yourself on the road to happiness, wealth, success—guided by my principles of personal magnetism—the test will cost you nothing whatever. You are the judge.

## What is Personal Magnetism?

You have it—everyone has it—but *only the exceptional man or woman knows how to use it.*

Personal magnetism is not a fad or fancy, not some sudden discovery or some new psychological theory. It is you, your manner, your self-made magnetic. It is a force as irresistible as the force of the actual magnet, drawing a bit of steel to itself. No leader of men has long survived without it. No great orator

or musician or actor can hold audiences spellbound without it. No salesman, no business man, can win an outstanding success without it. Personal magnetism! It is your greatest capital—greater by far than wealth, than good looks. It is you, made magnetic! It is you, with a personality so fascinating and irresistible that people are drawn to you as steel is drawn to a magnet!



*Think what personal magnetism will mean to you in business, in your contact with men and women. You will win! You will get what you want!*

## My Method Releases Your Personal Magnetism

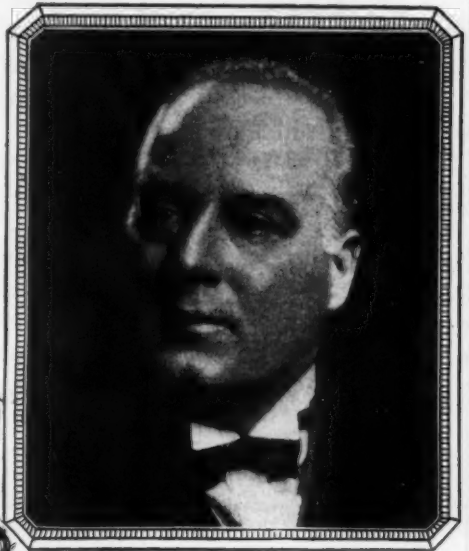
No long course of study. No tedious mental exercises. Not the slightest inconvenience or self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities—and makes you almost a new person from what you were before. A principle that never fails to work, because it conspires with Nature to make you the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

## Not Hypnotism—But Magnetism!

Please do not mistake my method for hypnotism. Its laws and its results are exactly opposite. Hypnotism deadens—magnetism imparts a joyous exhilaration to body and mind. Hypnotism paralyzes the will—magnetism animates, inspires, sharpens and strengthens the mental faculties.

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism." This book gives you the key to a magnetic personality in only five days—or it costs you nothing. That is my free proof offer to you.

The study and scope of Personal Magnetism is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "The Road to Power" and "The Winning Personality" are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book.



tism is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "The Road to Power" and "The Winning Personality" are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book.

## Remember My 5-Day Free Proof Offer! Send Off the Coupon TODAY

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and inspired in the 5-day free period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only \$3 in full payment. You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are delighted. You simply can't delay! Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 75B, Meriden, Conn.

**RALSTON UNIVERSITY PRESS,  
Dept. 75B, Meriden, Conn.**

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" for 5 days **FREE EXAMINATION** in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00, in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



*You will be astounded to see how popular you quickly become—how people are drawn to you. Never again will you feel lonesome at a party—forgotten in a crowd! You will be—MAGNETIC!*

**They are earning  
money in their  
Spare Hours—  
are YOU?**



**Earns Hundreds of  
Dollars**

MRS. FLORENCE M. CAFFEE of Wyoming, mother of three babies, writes: "IMC Magazine work is such a nice way for a mother to get the little luxuries that mean so much for both the kiddies and herself. It has earned me several hundred dollars."



**\$60 First Month**

MR. JACK GELBER of Brooklyn earned over \$60.00 in his FIRST MONTH as an IMC representative.



**Earned \$1174.75 in  
Four Months**

MR. EARL W. ADAMS of Maryland earned \$1174.75 in four months taking orders for IMC Magazines.



**Paid for Her Home**

MRS. ALICE LOOMIS of Hawaii practically paid for her home through magazine orders secured by telephone.

# Can You Use More Money?

*Read about this Easy Way to get it!*

**H**OW many friends have you? . . . . Don't they all read magazines? . . . . Wouldn't they be glad to order those magazines through you if they knew you were our Official Magazine Representative?

Almost every day we receive subscriptions from people in your neighborhood, which might easily have come to you. All around you are thousands of others who have never been asked to subscribe to *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Smart Set*, and the other famous magazines published by the International Magazine Co., Inc. You could easily get a big percentage of these orders.

## Money for Things You Want!

Think of the many things for which you need extra money—more clothes, more amusements, a radio, a car, interesting trips. The easy, pleasant way to get them is to become our representative.

For years thousands of men and women, boys and girls,

have been turning their spare time into cash by the famous IMC plan. They have built homes, bought automobiles, raised families, and secured the luxuries they wanted, largely through checks received from us.

## Easy to Start

You can follow their example. You need no capital, no experience. Just send the coupon and we will mail instructions and material that will make it easy for you to start at once.

The IMC plan does not interfere with your regular work. Telephone calls or personal chats in the hours that now go to waste will bring you profitable orders.

No cost to get details, and no obligation. Just fill in the coupon now—before you turn the page!

Fill in this "check" and mail it now. If you follow the instructions we send you, you should very soon be receiving REAL checks from us for substantial amounts.

Cheque 116902

**THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL BANK**  
OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

Pay to the order of  
Dept. SS-226, International Magazine Co., Inc.  
119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.  
Without obligation to me, please send the details of your  
Spare-Time money-making plan.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and Number \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Contract No. \_\_\_\_\_



Read "The Ghost of Death's Gap" on Page 15 of the new book "Finger Prints." Thirteen thrilling detective stories and every one true. Everyone showing how it is possible for trained men to capture desperate criminals and earn big rewards as finger print experts.

## Send for this Free Book!

**A FASCINATING BOOK** of Detective Stories that shows how ordinary boys and men have won nationwide fame, thousands of dollars in rewards, and important official positions by solving finger print mysteries!

\*... shortly before midnight a young couple slipped away from the dance. They sought out a long, low, rakish roadster. With powerful headlights picking out the path, it moved cautiously through the parking space and out onto the high road. Youth, joy and love occupied the front seat. Sinister peril, lawlessness, brutality crouched behind.

"Early next morning — a farm boy found the girl's dead body crumpled in the wayside ditch. Concealed in the bushes at the side of the road lay the boy's lifeless body, also shot from behind."

Who had committed the murder? Who had killed those gay young lovers? Who were the brutal, mysterious occupants of the back seat?

Read the rest of the story on page 15 of our new Finger Print book. Find out how the murderers were traced, tried and convicted, and how a certain finger print expert solved five murder mysteries and secured 97 convictions in less than a year!

**Find out how you can become a Finger Print Expert.**

### Thirteen Thrilling Stories of Mystery and Achievement

Thirteen stories of crime, daring robberies, mysterious murders, thrilling escapes. You'll be thrilled and inspired by every one. You'll enjoy "Snowflakes," a great dope story — "The Invisible Finger Print," a blackmail mystery — "The Handwriting on the Wall," a tale of bold robbery. Every one of these stories is true.

In "Folled," a true account of a great political coup, you'll read of the astounding rise of a young country photographer who saved the Mayor of his city and was later appointed to the most important identification position in the state.

You'll read of men under twenty and men over sixty who started the study of finger prints and achieved fame, big rewards and important positions in a short time.

**Any man who can read and write can become a finger print expert.**



#### PARTIAL LIST Graduates U. of A. S. Recently appointed Finger Print Experts of these States, Cities and Institutions.

State of Iowa  
State of Colorado  
St. Paul, Minn.  
Columbus, Ohio  
Detroit, Mich.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Great Falls, Mont.  
Idaho Falls, Idaho  
East Lansing, Mich.  
Echenestady, N. Y.  
Lorain County, Ohio  
El Paso, Texas  
Galveston, Texas  
Houston, Texas  
Lincoln, Neb.  
Everett, Wash.  
Ogden, Utah  
Butte, Mont.  
Fresno, Calif.  
Albany County Penitentiary  
Albany, N. Y.  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
Livingston, Mont.  
Alhambra, Calif.  
Tulsa, Okla.  
Havana, Cuba  
Panama, Fla.  
Fort Collins, Colo.  
Calgary, Ala., Canada  
Indiana Reformatory  
Jeffersonville, Ind.  
House of Correction  
New Haven, Conn.  
Birmingham, Ala.  
St. Joseph, Mo.  
Marquette, Mich.  
Waterloo, Iowa

### Finger Print Experts Needed!

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## What to tell him!

**A**GAIN and again he would call her up. Always asking an appointment.

She had used every conceivable excuse. But still he persisted. And here he was again on the phone!

She didn't want to be outrightly rude to the fellow. Yet what could she do? For between him and her was a certain invisible barrier that made her determined not to see him.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

### A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—  
25 CENTS

For  
HALITOSIS



USE  
LISTERINE









# SMART SET

*True Stories from Real Life*

VOL. 77  
NO. 6

FEBRUARY  
1926

## *The Old WOODPILE*

Thoughts of Boyhood Days—By HARRY LEE

**I**N THE back yard under the maple tree,  
That's where the woodpile used to be,  
The rickety saw-buck, the battered wedge,  
The second-best ax, with the blunted edge—  
You'd spit on your hands, and saw and saw,  
When your dad was around! His word was law!

Dad, maybe, drove for the mail to town;  
Then a window opened and Maw looked down—  
And you on the saw-buck, moppin' your head,  
Sayin', by jiminy, wisht you was dead!  
And then Maw smiled and told you tales  
Of young Abe Lincoln, a-splittin' rails,  
But you reckoned you wouldn't be President,  
If you chopped for a lifetime! Then Maw went—  
Hollerin' back, fore you could begin:  
"I'm bakin' a puddin' with raisins in!"

'Twas dusk and the crickets collin', when  
Dad drove up the lane from town again;  
The big box back of the stove overflowed  
With the wood you'd chopped! The fire glowed!  
And supper was ready! You took your place,  
Between the two, and your dad said grace;  
You gulped your vittles, so you could begin,  
Eatin' the puddin' with raisins in!

**I**F YOU could go back to the maple tree,  
Back where the woodpile used to be,  
Wouldn't you make the old chips fly!  
Wouldn't you pile the wood-box high!  
What would you do when your dad said grace,  
And you saw the light on your mother's face!  
If you were offered one golden day,  
Out of your boyhood—what would you say!



*If We All Could Have Just*  
**What We Want**



*With his big grin, his "big stick," and his big game hunts, "Teddy" Roosevelt stands out as a type.*

**W**HAT we are all trying to do," said a public man the other day, "is to be interesting."

One of the secrets of success in any line of work in which you come in contact with people—and this includes almost everything—

**HAVE YOU A  
PICTURESQUE  
PERSONALITY**

**?**

is to be interesting. Yes, interesting.

"Colorful characters" and "picturesque personalities" are the ones who stand out.

"Teddy" Roosevelt with his grin, his "big stick," and his African big game hunts; Lloyd George, eloquent and fighting, forcing his way from the mist-enshrouded Welsh valleys to the council of Kings; Mary Garden with absurd stories of a little green pill that kept her slim and sun baths at Monte Carlo to gain a golden brown to match a dress—are types dear to the heart of a spectacle-loving public.

**A** WIDELY read editor once declared the best he could hope to do was to give serious matter five per cent of the time. The rest of the time he must be interesting.

The teacher who gets her work across to the pupils best is the one who presents it in an interesting way.

The old fashioned pedagogue seemed to feel that unless education was dry something was the matter with it. Now "picture methods" and "case examples" are used to make it as interesting as possible. And better results are obtained.

*By One of the Best Loved of Modern Thinkers*

# -DR. FRANK CRANE

CAN YOU SEE THE  
OTHER FELLOW'S  
POINT OF VIEW

?

The serious writer who does the most to popularize his volume and yet retains its accuracy is the one who does the most for the cause of popular education.

The preacher who can present the philosophy of the Bible in a way that gets down where his hearers live is interesting to them and affects their lives most.

The wife holds her husband by being interesting.

As long as the husband can be interesting to his wife, there won't be as much danger of her seeking diversion elsewhere. No wonder there's so much said about reading the morning paper at the breakfast table.

The problem for all of us is how to be interesting to those about us.

There are good and bad ways of doing this.

The average press agent's idea that a divorce or a reported loss of jewels makes an actress interesting rarely works.

The theory that publicity of any sort, favorable or unfavorable, will make a person interesting, invariably is fallacious.

Just attracting attention is not being inter-



*With absurd stories of how a little green pill kept her slim, Mary Garden will long be remembered.*

esting. A crying baby attracts attention at two o'clock in the morning without making itself particularly interesting.

To be interesting a person needs to be able to see the point of view of others and to appeal to their imagination.

BEGINNING A GRIPPING STORY

# JOAN

—THAT  
CAXTON GIRL

*Told by a Boy  
Just Out of Princeton*

**T**WENTY-ONE! A man!  
And one day, in proud possession of my sheepskin from Princeton, I could tell the world almost anything it wanted to know!

And I was going home that day to have dinner with the family and get my gold signet with the family crest, like all my brothers had done the day after they had been graduated—and the way Father had done, and Father's father.

How old I felt that morning as I stood in my dormitory window looking out over the campus! As old as the spreading elms whose branches seemed to droop down and embrace my classmates for the last time as they bade each other good-by.

Down the state road I could see luxurious limousines, chauffeured and glistening, bearing bankers and statesmen back home; little cars, driven by ones who hadn't been so fortunate in this thing of "life". But last night they had all been brothers, Sons of Old Nassau, wearing suits of rompers, firemen's uniforms, convicts' stripes, the reunion costume of the class that turned them out; marching down the street behind a steam calliope, a drum and a fife, an old dishpan, singing with voices that couldn't carry a tune and wouldn't try for another year.

The tears welled up into my eyes and a lump slipped down from nowhere and choked me. Then running feet came tearing down the corridor, while high-pitched voices shouted, "Danny! Hey! You flat tire—hit the deck!" And they burst through the door, hoping to drag me out of bed—little Dickie Masterson and Ruddy Small and Rollin Pearce and a half-dozen more; fellows you could depend on for all your life if you ever needed them.

I swallowed the lump and hit Johnny Wardell with



*Rolly couldn't keep still any longer.*

the old sweater I had in my hand as he came through the door. Then they were turning over the chairs, pulling the bed-clothes over the room, jumping on the mattress—men going forth to face the world; children until the grim tragedies of life hemmed them in!

In another hour I had said my last good-by, and Rollin Pearce and I were headed up through Jersey toward New York. And neither of us said a word until the last building was lost to sight, just quiet with our flashing memories. Then Rollin looked at me and smiled and said, "It has been great, hasn't it, Danny?"

"The greatest thing we'll ever see in life, Rolly," I



## OF YOUNG LOVE AND SCANDAL



*"Something—or somebody—has performed a miracle on Danny. He has never talked so much."*

said. How little I knew of the greatest things in life!

"Last night, seeing those old men with the walrus moustaches and a million in the bank, marching along, carried away! Why, there couldn't ever be anything like it again so long as we lived."

Then we dropped into silence again, because we felt like men being sent away, exiled from everything good in life; like men going into darkest Africa on an expedition they didn't relish.

But it would be great in a way to get back home. There would be the summer up at our place in Connecticut before I had to go down to Dad's office, and I could

wear my orange "P" around on the beach and maybe qualify for the State Tennis Tournament. And, of course, all the girls would be around pestering heck out of a fellow and trying to be cute. God bless them!

When we drove into a little town not far from Princeton there were about twenty cars parked in the center of the town, all filled with Princeton men. They had blocked the street in both directions for a half-mile, while they sang together for the last time. The police of the town tried vainly to break it up and stop the congestion. In another few moments we were back in our cars, laughing at the protesting, perspiring policemen

trying to unstraighten the tangle and start traffic. "Good-by, Johnny! Good-by, Bill! See you on the Shannon—see you next year!" The last farewells, the blowing of horns, and they sped away for a day, or a year, or forever.

As soon as Rolly and I got across the ferry into New York, I phoned Mother and told her that we were going to drive down on Long Island to see the automobile races.

"You'll get back by seven, won't you, Danny?" she asked anxiously.

"Sure. We'll take the ferry across the Sound from Oyster Bay and be in Greenwich in no time," I said.

"Be sure you aren't late, Danny," she said.

"I'll be there at seven if both legs are broken," I told her, and she laughingly hung up.

In our family, to be late for the presentation of a family seal ring the day after graduation was worse than missing your own funeral. We didn't have a great deal of money, but we had a lot of traditions, and going to Princeton, getting the seal and remaining single for at least three years after graduation were a few of the outstanding ones—to say nothing of the necessity of becoming either an architect or a lawyer.

The whole family worried over me for years because I expressed a desire at the age of three to be a fireman. My Aunt Katherine, the maiden one, suggested that I be made to take "the cloth," because I seemed to have a sort of frivolous nature, a thing quite foreign to a Case.

I could just see them all at dinner that night—Dad getting on his feet, puffing and blowing a little, clearing his throat, looking important and saying, "Danny, a-ah, Danny, my son—"

Well, I'd earned it! My "P" in football in my second year; in basketball in my third; high point man on the rifle and revolver team, and close to the top of my class in scholarship. But, at the same time, I wasn't so good that there was any danger of my sprouting wings or being burdened with a harp!

On the way down to the race-track, Rolly and I stopped and had a couple of drinks. Our tongues loosened and our wits sharpened as we stood and reminisced and laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks: "Remember the day Dickie Masterson bought the custard pie and threw it at Johnny Wardell and Johnny ducked to let it sail over his head and it caught old Dean Saunders as he came out of the drug store? And the look on Dickie's face!"

Times like those could never happen again! . . .

The race had started when we went down to our seats

in the third row of the grandstand. The people were standing on the seats cheering a little Italian who had gone into the lead as they came flashing by the stands on the third lap, their exhausts spitting fire and roaring like the sound of a half-dozen hoarse machine-guns.

Around and around they went, never wavering, swinging up over the turns like flies climbing an incline. Rolly and I sat like a couple of kids, our eyes wide. And a few hours before, we were leaving all the joys of the world behind, and heading into our pilgrimage.

On the twentieth lap, a foreign car came limping into the pit with a flat tire. Almost before we could say "Look at them change it!" the mechanics had jacked her up and put on another tire, and the motor roared again and away she flew, like an angry bird winging to catch her mates.

On the fiftieth lap, the field was stringing out with a yellow demon in the lead, driven like a thing gone mad. Suddenly the stands gasped as one when a roaring monster threw a tire halfway up the side of the saucer on the turn. For a moment it

careened, uncertain, then went shooting up to the top of the incline striking the rail. Then it turned on its nose and dove straight across the track and landed in a cloud of dust, collapsing like a thing mortally wounded.

I remember that I found myself standing on the seat, every muscle tense, and at the same time I felt something pressing on my shoulder. Then into my ear came a soft little, heart-rending "Oh!" like the gasp of a person in pain. I looked about and saw a pink dress, slim and boyish. Then my eyes traveled upward over a neck as firm and white as marble, and eyes that were like blue-bells touched by the morning dew—wide, and frightened, and full of compassion.

For a moment she seemed to sway forward. I put up my hand to steady her and her hand went into mine—instinctively, like a little child's, clasped tight.

Then, too soon, an elderly man beside her put his arm about her; she leaned against him and dropped my hand, murmuring some polite little apology. The man nodded his head and smiled.

Just then Rolly tore his eyes away from the wreck and followed my gaze.

"Why, hello, Mr. Caxton! Is there anything I can do?"

I got some water so quickly they all looked startled, while she looked into my eyes and smiled as Rolly introduced me.

"Miss Caxton—Mr. Caxton," he said, as common-



Joan



*Life! Success! How easy it was now!  
Nothing could hold me back—with  
Joan.*

place a thing as mud in the road, but I smiled from ear to ear as though the spirit of King Richard had laid his sword on my shoulder and said, "You, the best of all my knights—Sir Daniel Case!"

As she sipped the water the color began to come back into her cheeks and she smiled at me over the rim of the glass while Mr. Caxton and Rolly talked. And in another few minutes they had pushed closer together and I was sitting up beside her, with Rolly on the other end by Mr. Caxton.

And we talked, at first aimlessly and without meaning, until we found a mutual ground of conversation, while the cars went roaring round and round the track. Her quiet dignity and poise made me feel like an infant in arms until her quick flashing smiles began to warm me and make me feel at ease.

After a while Mr. Caxton covered her slim, white hand with one of his own, and said, concernedly, "Feel all right now, Joan?"

Even her name! I had known it would be something like Joan, something that stood for strength and purity and all that could be fine in a woman. She nodded her head and smiled into his eyes, while he added:

"Don't you think we'd better be running along?"

Her face clouded for a fraction of a second and she hesitated before she answered with a slow, "Y-e-e-s." He patted her hand and said:

"All right! A little while longer, then." I sighed with relief as though some momentous step in my life had been decided. Then Mr. Caxton turned to me.

"Rollin tells me you live in Soundview?"

"Yes, sir. Dad has a little summer place up there,"

I answered, glad of the chance to speak to him.

"Well, that's fine—we're almost neighbors. You boys

must come in and see us whenever you can."

Would I! I glanced at Joan from the corner of my eyes and saw a little smile on her face, a pleased smile of the sort children have in their dreams.

Then, almost before I knew it, he rose and began to shake hands with Rolly and me.

"Don't forget, boys, to come over sometime."

"Think we'd better be running along now, don't you Rolly?" I asked as innocently as possible.

AND Rolly, the idiot, just stood and stared at me, a puzzled expression on his face. So I turned and began to push by the people in the row to get to the aisle. As we walked along the back tier, Joan grasped my arm and said:

"Oh, there goes the little Italian into the lead again!"

I looked at the track for a fleeting second, then back at her flushed face. As though I cared who went into the lead!

I know that I was walking and acting like a man in a trance, for I can scarcely remember saying good-by to them. Soon I was driving my car out on the asphalt road, following the Caxton chauffeur so closely that Rolly looked at me in alarm. "Wanta knock off a mud guard for them?" he yelled.

I dropped back a few feet, grinning at him while he shook his head, pretending absolute disgust.

"So you're the little boy who has [Turn to page 116]



*Hailed Far and Wide  
as a "Discovery," She  
Never Was Able to  
Find Herself until—*

# F. Her Final

**F**AME or love? Perhaps I would have a career in the great outside world; the applause of audiences, my appearance on the enchanted stage in stately gowns, a diamond coronet upon my head, pear-shaped emeralds à la Mary Garden pendant from my ears, my likeness placarded wherever I went on tour on billboards, admiration, money, and all the rewards of a successful and adored prima donna.

On the other hand, marriage with Will, whom I loved deeply, settling down at nineteen or twenty in a small Nebraska town as the wife of a promising bank cashier, mistress of one of the nicest homes in that nice but terribly dull town, with no opportunity for artistic expression other than singing in church or local entertainments, and my only social diversions, bridge parties and meetings of the ladies' sewing circle. Instead of a diva, fêted and acclaimed, my rôle would be that of a wife and mother crooning cradle songs!

Around the mirror of my bureau back home were stuck a dozen clippings from Sunday supplements and magazines of prima donnas whose fame, and voices on the phonograph, had thrilled and inspired me. Regally robed and jeweled, they represented the realization of my dearest ambitions. In their midst, strangely and in whimsical contrast, was a snap-shot of Will with his tennis racket—Will, who was surely more handsome, more ideal as a lover than any basso or tenor, generally fat or bald, playing opposite those stars of the stage could possibly be. Of course, I thought Will was the most wonderful chap in the world. Loving the out-of-doors, he was tall and athletic of type, yet quaintly shy and gentle in his manner toward me; in the snap-shot set among the prima donnas there was, as I sometimes detected when he was with me, a wistfully questioning, half-reproachful look in his honest eyes. Will was devoted to me. He had never had any other girl. We lived next door to each other, and had played together as children. Since we went to high school we had been sweethearts, and had always tacitly taken it for granted that someday we should get married. It was one Sunday, after I had sung a favorite song of his, Handel's "Care Selve," in church, he put his formal proposal awkwardly into words. "Of course," I said, without hesitation. We'd get married sometime, but— I knew Will's career was all cut out for him in that town, where his unmarried uncle was president of the bank and a capitalist in a small way and where Will would one day be a leading citizen. Will loved that speck on the Nebraska map, took an enthusiastic interest in all its small doings and petty affairs, and had no hankering for a fling in the big affairs of the outside world. Of what his heart desired, I knew: to be successful and respected there; to make a comfortable income and own one of the most modern homes and one of the best cars made; to be chairman of the town council and leader of the Rotary club; to find his recreation in a restful



evening reading magazines or tinkering with the radio; and to have me all for his own in a cozy love nest. That was his goal and dream. As for me—

Ever since I was a wee child I had an instinct to sing. My mother said I almost sang my head off. I loved music more than dolls, or dresses, or books, or dances—more than anything. After school I'd wander out of town into the meadows or a small thicket of woods, caroling and carefree. Singing just poured out of me—and I was particularly elated when I could mimic the trills of, and get responses from, the birds. Instead of being opposed in my ambition to become a singer everybody, including my parents who were proud of their prodigy, praised and encouraged me. I was always selected to sing at the school entertainments on Fridays, and at thirteen was famous in that town as a songstress. A vocal instructress from the county seat, who visited the high school, heard me and offered to give me lessons gratis. At fifteen I was singing leading rôles in amateur benefits and was soloist

# ENCORE



*"But I can't; I haven't the money now."*

*"We will attend to that. You have the voice."*

in the church choir. My teacher's interest helped to crystallize my vague ambitions to go away to study, while Mr. Pulsifer, our pastor, said I had the finest voice he had ever heard in a church and ought one day to sing in a church on Fifth Avenue. Maybe I early developed some of the symptoms of a swelled head. I was never so pleased as when somebody praised my voice. I read all I could get hold of about the noted singers, how they achieved their careers and the ovations they received, and I devoured Calvé's life story when it was published in a weekly magazine.

One Christmas my parents bought a victrola for me, payments on the instalment plan, and my greatest delight thereafter was in listening to the records of Galli-Curci, Geraldine Farrar, Mabel Garrison and Alma Gluck. One day, I whispered to myself, the people back home would hear my voice on the phonograph or broadcasted on the radio. There was no doubt in my mind. I had the makings of a voice as wonderful as any of these.

My parents didn't oppose my cherished longings as so many parents do, but let me spin idle dreams while they were torn between optimistic hopes and hesitating anxiety. Will, never voicing a protest, regarded my

## A Clash Between Domestic Happiness and World Fame

vocal outpourings with adoring admiration, all of which made my struggle harder after he had proposed to me. Had he argued or pleaded against my course, I might have been persuaded. But he didn't. He sort of gave me the feeling I was a kind of goddess, of whom he was quite unworthy, in his eyes. I've no doubt he believed there was nothing too phenomenal for me to achieve. The only impediment about my going away to study was our lack of money.

**M**Y MOTHER and father often discussed it. They were naturally fearful about letting me go from under their care, but I'm sure they would have shipped me off with their blessing had the money been forthcoming. My teacher said I should need one to two years of training, maybe three, and perhaps find necessary a trip to Europe. How could it be managed?

Discontented and chafing with impatience against my humdrum life at times, but filled with an ambitious girl's hopes—and what else is so hopeful!—I waited, feeling that in someway, somehow, it must all work out as if through some miracle.

"Now, suppose you go away to New York—" Abruptly, but with some manifest difficulty. Will opened up the subject one evening as I took from the phonograph a record of Farrar's "Habanera," from "Carmen." "Yes—" I turned, fired anew by the mere question. "Oh, in a year I'd make

good, I'm sure. First of all, I'd try to get a job in a church choir—my teacher says you can earn fifty dollars a week. I'd work at that until—" A vision, intoxicating and bewildering, of my debut at the great Metropolitan Opera rose before me. However, I might have to compromise with an engagement in the Chicago Opera Company. Or even, as I voiced the admittance aloud—"I might have to work for a while in the chorus of the Metropolitan before I got my chance."

**B**UT we—I—I'd see little of you for a long time, wouldn't I?" Touched by the plaintive look on his face, I put my hands on his broad shoulders.

"As soon as I've begun to earn money I'll come back for a visit," I promised, earnestly. "And, then, you could come to New York, you know."

"It'd be hard for me to get away—maybe once a year. And then, when you do succeed—" he swallowed hard

—“what then? What—about us?”

“Us? Oh, Will, dear! You don’t doubt me? I’d come home maybe every summer—”

“Yes, but—” He turned away his face.

“My making good wouldn’t prevent our getting married,” I tried to cheer. “Many opera singers are married. Haven’t you read about the lovely home life of Madame Louise Homer, and what a wonderful mother Schumann-Heink was, and—”

“A lot don’t stay married long,” Will stolidly protested.

“But we should, dear. And we’d surely spend part of every year with each other,” I gloried. “Between engagements and concert tours—”

“That—that wouldn’t be home.”

I was silent. “I know your heart’s set on going,” Will went on. “I’ve been trying to figure it out—how it could be done.”

“Yes?” I paused with a momentary dam-

*“There are twenty thousand fake teachers here ready to rob you girls. There is a predominant type of foreigners who would be barbers back in their native country. With a gift of song and a smattering of music they come over here, hang out a shingle, and give vocal lessons at twenty dollars per to rich Americans who are flattered to be told they have a voice.”*

he’d—he’d build us a house for a wedding present.”

“Oh, Will—” At my dismayed exclamation the brief gleam faded from his eyes.

WELL, if you stayed on here, you wouldn’t be satisfied, I guess. Anyway, you’d feel better for having made a try. I’ll make the best of it. If it can be handled some way—there was a wistful forlornness in his voice—“maybe it’d be better that way.”

Things came to a climax with the visit to the county seat of a former Metropolitan Opera singer who was on concert tour. Billboards and newspaper publicity heralded the approach of the *diva*. We seldom had an opportunity of hearing any of the great singers in person. My teacher secured seats for the performance. Not only would she take me, her prized pupil, but she said she would try to arrange to have the great cantatrice hear me sing. Need I describe in what tumult of expectancy I waited for the great day? And the occasion of that concert was the most thrilling event of my life so far.

A feeling of faintness swept over me as the famous singer swept imperially upon the stage. Clothed in a glittering “diamond” gown, she looked as I imagined a queen must look. Did I notice the lines around her eyes, which enamel and

rouge failed to hide, the sophisticated weariness of her eyes, the resigned indifference behind the superior haughtiness of her manner? She represented all I wanted to be. She had sung in the great Metropolitan in “Cavalleria Rusticana,” “Carmen,” and “Madame Butterfly.” Beholding for the first time a singer in the flesh, this bejeweled woman conjured hopes that set my heart afire. The dingy theatre became a place of magic. Oh, just give me one chance! She sang a selection

*Leaving me with his accompanist, he sat back and listened. I ascribed my feeling to a sort of stage-fright.*



from "Fedora" and then Tosti's "Good-bye."

Will, who went along with us, listened, dully curious, but apparently unimpressed. He didn't even applaud. I looked at him angrily. How could he hear this regal creature and not be carried away? And another thought flashed through my mind: How could life beside him, so unimaginative and unenthusiastic, compare to the fêted travels of this honored woman!

**D**URING the intermission my teacher disappeared. She came back beaming.

"Madam is most gracious," she whispered. "But she says she is breaking a rule to hear you." What if I should funk? My heart went to my heels, but only momentarily. Nervous, but wildly anticipant, we went back stage after the lady's last gracious—if patently artificial—courtesy to the final encores.

In the dressing-room, in sudden close contact with this fabulous creature, I shrank into myself. "So—you have ambitions?" She looked down upon me with a listless smile that was to me as promising morning sunshine.

"I—I think I can sing." I managed the hopeful words embarrassedly.

"La la," she laughed lightly, with a shrug of her shoulders. "So do many thousands. My child, do you realize how very, very few succeed? Have you paused to think of what happens to those who don't? *Mon Dieu!* What stories I could tell you! I seldom see young girls; I have so little time—but your teacher has been so pressing, and so complimentary to my judgment. Generally I give only one advice—stay at home. Except for one in five thousand, you young girls would be better off. Suppose you didn't succeed, my dear?"—lifting her forefinger and pausing ominously.

"But I will," I cried. "I know I shall—"

"So you all think—" with a hopeless gesture turning to my instructress. "Come, then," with a nod, "we shall see. But you must be prepared for my being honest with you. Knowing the difficulties, I would never have it upon my conscience to encourage any unjustified hope." Leading the way to the stage, she halted the stage hands in moving a grand piano. "Now, then—"

My teacher accompanying me, I sang one of Schubert's songs and "The Last Rose of Summer." Whatever was the expression on the *diva's* face, boredom, disinterest, disapproval, I saw it change. My heart rose as I finished the second song. Gravely nodding her head to my teacher, as if half reluctantly—"Yes, she has a voice something may be done with. But—" taking my hand more cordially and leading me back of the wings—"you'd have to go away, my child—New York, maybe Europe. You'd need the best teachers.



*Was this what I had left my friends and family for? "But I will succeed," I said, "in spite of everything."*

They are expensive. The great *maestros* are sought after by more pupils than they can take care of, pupils who pay any price. And money isn't the only thing that might induce one to take an interest in you. La, la, I know! Almost a frown darkened her face as she asked with deep gravity—"Do you know the price of song, my child?"

**E**LATED by her tempered encouragement I cried: "Oh, I—I'll pay any price."

"You don't know what you say, my dear," she snapped impatiently. Then turning to my teacher—"I said I'd be honest. The girl's voice is promising. You can never tell—something worth while might be lost if she didn't have her try. If she has backing, I'd let her go to New York. Her people have money?"

"We don't have much money," I sighed, ruefully; "that's the trouble."

"Then," emphatically, "forget it. Stay right here at home."

Just then Will, who had accompanied us in silence,

spoke up. "I think perhaps something can be arranged." Doubtless he had read the expression of dismay on my face. "We can arrange it some way." Oh, I could have hugged him then and there!

"Yes, I think so," volunteered my teacher. "With your recommendation, madam, it will be easier—a benefit, perhaps."

Reaching into a handbag the singer hastily wrote an address on a card. "If you go to New York, make up your mind to work. I know a teacher—outside of Europe, one of the very best. I'm sending you to him because I don't want you to fall into the hands of a charlatan. Many of those who advertise are fakes. This man—" giving me the slip—"has made many stars. He has pull, too. What he did for me—years ago—I've never ceased to be grateful for. We're still—friends." The shadow of a wistful smile passed over her face.

"He may take you, or not. If your voice interests him—But be sure you can pay him." She wheeled about, with intense seriousness. "A hard and fast business arrangement, you understand. Pay him—in cash."

"Why, why, of course—"

As if amused at my naiveté, she laughed.

"Dear, there is more than money—sometimes—to the price of song." Irrelevantly addressing the gloomy Will—"You are in love with this little girl? Good! Don't let her stay away too long. Go and see her—often. They need looking after, these children. But you must pardon me. Good luck. Good-by. I have a train to make. On the go all the time—no rest—no home. It's a dog's life, being a singer."

Through the encouraging fiat of the distinguished visitor, everything at last was settled. There was a family conference, attended by my teacher and pastor, and reluctantly, tearfully my parents agreed that I should go. It was Will who—hiding the heaviness of his heart—organized the benefit. He sold tickets to almost everyone who came into the bank. Had I needed a test of Will's unselfish devotion I should have found it in his effort to make that send-off a success. What was merely encouragement from the concert singer became, as it was rumored around, the promise of a certainty, and the benefit became a matter of town pride. Everybody joined in to help produce what they probably believed would be another Farrar or Mary Garden. It was a gala performance, and at the end, when the chairman presented me with receipts amounting to more than seven hundred dollars, I felt fabulously rich and quite equipped to go forth and pay whatever the price of song might be.

It was a warm April day when I arrived in New York and stood, awed and thrilled, like thousands of other

girls, at the Seventh Avenue exit of the Pennsylvania station. A battered suitcase in one hand, I looked up and down the broad avenue, swarming with racing taxis, in hopeless bewilderment. At last I was in New York! It seemed incredible. And what did the great city hold for me? What would my future be? Of that, I never doubted. Down the street where some building operations were going on, as if it were a symbol of my own future, I saw a poster advertising a concert by my beloved Galli-Curci. Well, I was here at last. In one year, two years, my picture would be on posters! And from where I stood, according to what my teacher told me, the Metropolitan Opera house—the golden goal of my heart's dreams—was only four blocks distant. My heart pounded in the thrilling excitement of it all. A porter came up and said something about baggage being delivered. The driver of a slowing taxi signaled me. I

paid no attention.

Did I feel any regret in having left my home and loved ones? Oh, I'd felt desolately lonely on the long train ride. The memory of my weeping mother's wrinkled face brought tears to my eyes. "Come back," she sobbed, "a great singer—but remember what's better is to stay a good girl, even if you stay at home."

And my heart ached in parting from Will. I didn't realize, until he waved good-by and his forced grin vanished with a swerve of the train, how much parting really meant. Yes, I had given up love for fame—but only for a time. And the heartache of the long distance of separation was tempered by the belief that I should go back again—when they would all be proud of me. Happy for me that I didn't know on that day of my arrival. Though just past twenty, ignorant and unsophisticated, I at least had the assets of

unbounded self-confidence and high hopes, not knowing all that was to befall me before I did go back.

Eager, curious, I enjoyed all the novelty of adventure in getting settled in a hotel exclusively devoted to women and then in seeking out the famous teacher. You took the Fifth Avenue bus, I was told at the hotel desk, and got off right before what I shall call Lyric Hall. My first ride up Fifth Avenue, that panorama of shop windows filled with rainbow-colored creations for women, the first spring bloom of new fashions, enchanted me. One day, I told myself, I should be able to go into the shops and buy everything my heart desired. A little ruefully I thought of my own brown-sparrow appearance, with my serge dress and hat of a Western small town style of a season before, as I looked at the fashionable throng of women shoppers. But my day was coming, when I should draw a thousand dollars for a concert appearance [Turn to page 90]

## WHAT HAPPENS?

*Every year thousands of girls come to New York to study music, armed only with an urge to succeed. Some of them have good voices; few have unusual talent. After the first flush of work is over, the humdrum grind of practice brings a reaction which often leads them to turn from their original goals.*

*What becomes of the thousands upon thousands who come and study a bit, then drift away?*

*Some of them swallow their pride and go back home. That is the wisest course to follow, but unfortunately pride steps in and makes the vast majority try to earn a livelihood in some other way.*

*The business world is filled with girls whose voices brought them to the city. The choruses of the musical productions are filled with them. Here they have a right to sing—even though the work is far from the mark which was set in early dreams.*

*Many of these girls are satisfied to send costume pictures home and give the impression that they have singing rôles.*

*It is a serious situation, and one which deserves a great deal of consideration.*

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# "Florida Girl"



*ALLYN KING steps out in Earl Carroll's "Florida Girl," a musical show that has a mystery story for its plot, and lots of light comedy by Lester Allen and Nellie Breen—and "Satan"—shown at right.*

*Grace Norman is featured in Colonial dress, and is an important part of the play.*



**E**VERY time I go to a movie banquet, some speaker gets up and says that movies are no longer in their infancy. Of course they're not. The motion picture industry has out-grown its swaddling garments, and stepped out of its long clothes. What with all its hazards and especially its exaggerations, it is now wearing plus-fours.

ONE of the biggest openings of the past season was "Stella Dallas." Belle Bennett scored such a success in the title rôle that her future is absolutely insured. It's a funny thing about Belle. Her life story would make better reading than most stories printed.

She'd been having a lot of hard luck for years, and when Samuel Goldwyn sent out an S. O. S. for an actress to play Stella, she was one of the seventy-two players who applied. She got the r'le. And the day that she was to leave on location, she received a hurried call from the hospital, telling her that her brother was dying. She rushed to see him, and his last words were:

"Belle, tell them the truth. Tell them I'm your son and not your brother, and I'll die happy."

And Belle told the truth. All these years she'd been passing him off as her brother—and the reason was a tragic one. Film producers were looking for young girls to play in their pictures, and she realized that if it were known that she was the mother of a fifteen-year-old son, she wouldn't stand much of a chance to get a flapper part. So she continued the deception, even though her heart was breaking. And now she's happy that the truth is out. I believe that all this sorrow and grief has made her a wonderful actress. She is unusually striking to look at. She always affects white—even in winter she wears a white tailored suit. Her hair is golden, her face is start-

*Mary Hay and  
Richard Barthelmess*

lingly white, and her large brooding grey eyes are framed by black eyebrows.

**A**NOTHER one in the cast of "Stella Dallas" is Lois Moran, the sixteen year old youngster who has recently gone on a vegetarian diet that includes potato skins.

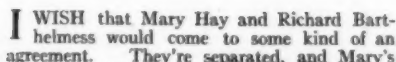
*I had lunch with her and her mother the other day, and here's the menu that was set on the table.*

Raw carrots and cabbages and radishes, grated through a meat chopper, served on lettuce and garnished with mayonnaise. There were also figs, dates, nuts, peanut butter and pimento and cream cheese.

Lois had to leave early to get to the studio, so she took an apple and some raisins with her in case she got hungry. For breakfast she has a glass of orange juice and about sixteen uncooked prunes. Mrs. Moran has sound reasons for this diet. As evidence she submits her own and Lois' complexions. Both are radiant arguments in favor of it.



Lois Moran



They're separated, and Mary's dancing with Clifton Webb, while Dick is busy working. Dame Rumor, that fickle lady, says that Clifton broke up the happy home by urging Mary to continue her career instead of merely being a housewife. Yet the other day, I saw Dick and Clifton having lunch together. Which may have been diplomacy, and again, you never can tell.



Conrad Nagel

**MRS. RUDOLPH VALENTINO**, who has elected to be known as *Natacha Rombova* again, seems determined to make a career for herself now that she and the sheik have agreed on a matrimonial vacation. She's starring in a picture now, but her first effort was as a producer, and the title of the film was "What Price Beauty." She ought to know. Her father led his fortune manufacturing powders and perfumes.

AND speaking of Rudy, he had an awful time of it when he was in New York a few months ago at the time the divorce news was first announced. He wanted to go to the theatre, but didn't want to go alone. And if he took someone, he was immediately supposed to



### Bebe Daniels

he didn't look at all like the Conrad who passes the plate in his Hollywood church every Sunday.

**P**EOPLE just back from Los Angeles tell me• that when Conrad Nagel was cast to play in Elinor Glyn's latest picture, the authoress was frantic. Conrad's a good actor, but he doesn't look devilish enough. Suddenly Madame Glyn got an inspiration. She told him to glue his ears back. He did. The result was quite satanic, and

**BEBE DANIELS** is in Hollywood now, and so is Michael Arlen, the author of "The Green Hat," who has been described as the Armenian who rose from "rags to riches." When in New York, Mike gave Bebe a heavy rush, but Diana Kane, Lois Wilson's sister, who lives with Bebe and her mother, says there's nothing to it. Anyway, when Bebe's in New York, she's generally escorted around by Bob Kane, the producer. Lois, by the way, is beginning to step out in the manner of clothes. I saw her at a night club recently in a cloth of gold gown. She says she's getting tired of having such a nice girl!"



Theda Bara

*ALL the comedians I know want to play "Hamlet." But the situation seems to be reversed in the movies. Theda Bara has signed with Hal Roach, and is emulating in two-reel comedies. Theda, has written a book that bears the thrilling title of "What a Woman Never Tells."*



**Mrs. Rudolph  
Valentine**



# Around the Studios

## BROOKS

**AGNES AYRES**, who gave up her career for marriage now says that there's no reason why she can't have both. Whenever I think of Agnes, I'm always reminded of an incident that is worth repeating.

A newspaper reporter went to interview her one day, and they discussed the subjects usual under those circumstances. During the chat, the sob sister asked.

"Miss Ayres, do you use rouge?"

Agnes went into deep thought for a moment, and then, holding the pose, replied,

"Why paint the lily?"



Agnes Ayres



Richard Dix

**RICHARD DIX** denies that Charlot Byrd is his fiancée. Charlot says there's nothing between her and Dick. She's playing small parts in pictures in Hollywood, and when Richard is on the west coast, they're always together. Richard says, however, that these rumors are always started by a press agent, and a press agent, he claims, is a bill poster who owns a dress suit.

**AT ONE** of the recent premieres, I noticed Adolphe Menjou. So did all the other girls in the audience. At the intermission, when

Adolphe started out to the lobby, several fans rushed up to him and gasped, "Mr. Menjou, will you please autograph our programmes?" Adolphe took out his fountain pen and did. Which proves that Mr. Menjou evidently believes in preparedness, because—though I may be wrong—I didn't think that men ever wore fountain pens with their dress clothes.

**DOROTHY MACKAILL** seems to be the happiest girl in pictures. She's signed a five year contract, and her mother and father came with her to New York, and they've bought a beautiful home in Mount Vernon. I paid them a visit the other day, and found that Dot has a jewel of a maid called Bertha. Bertha is a lady of color, and used to be in the chorus of "Shuffle Along," and the favorite indoor

sport at the Mac-Kaillhome

is having Bertha tell your fortune. She told me that I'd meet a dark haired man, take a trip across the water, and come into a lot of money.

Bertha always tells Dorothy when, or when not to do this or that. About a year ago, she advised her to go to the coast. Dorothy went—and after working in one picture, was offered the contract. Dorothy's even lovelier off screen than she is on—and how she can Charleston! It seems that every magazine and every newspaper I pick up has something about Dorothy—and, strange to say, it doesn't go to her head at all. She's just Dorothy, and that's all there is to it.

Dorothy is busy preparing the wardrobe for her next picture.



Dorothy MacKaill



Adolphe Menjou and wife

**DID YOU** know that Mary Philbin has a clause in her contract that forbids her to marry for five years? I wired Mary to ask her if it was true, and she telegraphed back that it was—but that she hasn't yet met a man who would cause her to go to court and test the validity of the clause. But her contract has three more years to run.



Mary Philbin

**GLORIA SWANSON**, the Marquise de la Faloise de la Condray, has moved into her new apartment in the West Fifties, where she has the entire top story of an apartment building.

In addition to that, she has a special elevator for her own private use, which will disappoint the other tenants who probably hoped to rub elbows with royalty. Her husband, who's a good sort, is still being known as "Hank."



Gloria Swanson

where the actresses appear more and more undraped, I agree that each producer is trying to out-strip the other.

**MILTON SILLS** is starring in a new picture which is being taken in the steel mines and iron mines; no artificial sets and velvet carpets. This brings Birmingham, Alabama, into the movie fraternity again. I was down there in the Tutwiler the other day, and it looked as if half of Hollywood had moved in.

**WHEN NORMA TALMADGE** begins making "Kiki" in Hollywood shortly, she will be revealed as a Paris street wif—

an invisible soul of a lady. She is taking just the opposite part to her role in "Gausdark"—but just between you and me, she likes it. I overheard her the other day telling a friend that she has always had a longing to be a "roughneck" and that she intends to live her part while the picture is being made. I'm anxious to see whether she will hold to this.

"And besides," she justified herself, "that's the only way to make it seem real. If I didn't live the part, the picture wouldn't go across."

And with that she snuggled down into the cutest fur coat I've seen in a long time, and gave an order that didn't fit the part at all! But going back to the making of "Kiki," Miss Talmadge expects to make the picture the crowning achievement of her career.



Charlot Byrd

# "Mayflowers"



**KAYO TORTONI** has a part in "Mayflowers," a musical play with a real plot.

Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer, posing in the above "fotygraf," make the romance between the little seamstress from Beekmont Street and the young Mr. Ballard of Gramercy Square. They dance with airy grace, and their acting is splendid.

*It is a Shubert production.*



# 1001 NIGHTS

on

## Broadway

As Told to  
RUTH  
FALLOWS

*Another Flashing  
Episode in This  
Daring Story  
of Night Life*

*Did I expect  
too much of  
him—or too  
little?*

AS I sit here, tonight, in my little studio apartment in New York, on one of the side-streets in the famously furious "Forties", just off that fabulous trail called Broadway, I can close my eyes and see again so clearly little Jane Handerson, as she lay ill, broken, pitiful, and babbled to me through her tired, pale lips, her story of a thousand years in a thousand nights.

It seemed almost incredible that this slender girl, still a youngster, had gone through all that. For I, too, was a "glorified" Ziegfeld girl. I, too, had brushed against life in its varied manifestations as it comes to a girl who is not content to remain at the kitchen sink and the parlor piano, but who tests her frail wings against the fires of ambition; who matches her weak hands against the brick walls of fortune and the barbed wires of man's inhumanity to woman.

However, I knew Jane told the truth, for she was not an imaginative creature. She had never been a good liar—most of her woes she could charge against that failing. She could not have conjured up any considerable part of her narrative; and, moreover, were she inventing it, she would have followed the human impulse to make of herself a heroine, whereas her whole tale was an almost unbroken progression of episodes revealing her as a weakling, a namby-pamby little craft with no rudder of judgment and no ballast of resistance.

At the conclusion of the second chapter, I left her shortly after she had landed in Rio de Janeiro, South America, one of a crew of girls, old and young, recruited by a notorious woman in Chicago for service in the tropics as "entertainers" in a polyglot cabaret, cafe, and dance-hall.



As I pointed out, Jane told me and made plain that here a girl was expected to leave most of her scruples, if she had any, behind her. The other girls, bluntly, were down there "on the make". Rio was an international port where tourists, gamblers, spenders and the more prosperous natives sought their pastimes *a la* the Latin ideas. Prudish reformers and puritan *tut-tutters* were unknown.

But the establishment was not an out-and-out girl affair. The inmates were expected to dance and drink with any strangers who chose them; on the sale of drinks they drew commission, and the prices were flexible in accord with the condition, appearance, and attitude of the guests, who were delicately referred to in the inside circle as "saps". The girls got

privilege of paying two or three prices for champagne for them; and the tipsier the patron, the more generous the tips, as a rule.

Of course, most of the men who thus singled this tender lamb from the fold of black sheep and old goats,

did not stop at buying wine and reeling about the floor with her. The character of the resort suggested that a pretty girl would scarcely come there with many illusions or many surviving social deadlines.

Jane, a mere child of fifteen—though she looked somewhat older—found herself forced against the wall every hour of her waking life. Serving an impulse rather than any well-founded rea-

son or virtuous moral urge, she stubbornly held out against the insidious suggestions, the prodigal bribes, the rough threats and the coarse cajoleries of the impassioned South Americans and the far-from-home wild youths and spurring older men from all nations and climes, who subtly suggested or rudely demanded favors beyond the table-side and dance-floor functions of the "entertainer"

**T**HERE were brawls and constant complaints about her "holding out". The managers, themselves, marveled at her strange prejudices. The other girls jeered and sneered, whispered to her that she was a peculiar kind of a fool. And it is likely, Jane told me, that she would have been thrown out of the place for her "inhospitable" stand, were it not for the protection of a young American. He was a United States military attache, Captain Farman, stationed at Rio.

The captain was a handsome young West Pointer, unmarried, romantic, gallant, clean.

Jane met him on the first night of her service at the place. The whole town had heard through the underground communiques that a new outfit of girls from the States was coming. And the whole of the American night-life colony assembled to look 'em over. Captain Farman's eyes went only as far as their first look at Jane, and there they stopped.

It is remarkable to me, having heard all the details from Jane's own lips, having watched her as she spoke of this fine, splendid young soldier and his adoration for her, his desire to marry her, his unselfish and courageous stand for her—only a "plunger" for drinks and a dancing dummy in a *demo-monde* dive—that she did

*However, I knew Jane told the truth, for she was not an imaginative person. She had never been a good liar.*

no wages. Their food and beds were provided. They had rooms upstairs, above the capacious main floor, which consisted of a bar-room on the avenue front, a dance-hall back of that, a cabaret and restaurant behind that. It ran night and day, the girls and the other help working in shifts, like sailors—four hours off, four hours on. This was so that the personnel of the feminine attractions would change frequently. Every hour one-fourth of the girls were relieved.

**J**ANE found that she had no need to solicit or vamp for patronage either as a dancer or as a table companion. The older girls envied her the spontaneous admiration of the carousers, for it was customary for all men to tip the girls for services, even such as the



not leap at his offer, fall into his strong and honest arms, solve all her tribulations and, probably, circumvent all the problems and trials that were to follow.

But, though Jane spoke of the captain in profound gratitude and admiration, she made it clear to me that she did not, could not, "love" him.

What is that weird, inscrutable thing called "love" that it plays such inexplicable whimsicalities upon us mortals? Why could not Jane love this good-looking, square, kindly boy? And why did he love this puny, baby-faced girl in such surroundings and in such circumstances—even when he knew that she could never love him? Why? Ask all the philosophers, all the researchers of all the ages. None of them can answer why.

**B**UT Captain Farman, who was not only a good patron of the place, but who had standing and connections and influence, served notice in his out-and-out Yankee way to the management that Jane Handerson must not be molested; that no one must compel her to do that which she did not wish to do; that he, Captain Farman, would visit heavy vengeance upon anyone who attempted to drag or drive her from the path she had chosen. And they knew he meant it.

So Jane kept on accepting these priceless kindnesses from the hands of the young officer, who had wrapped around her the succoring flag of her own country, who had backed her up with the spunk and punch of his good right arm, who had aurified her with his upright, sincere love. And she prospered, for she still profited by the gratuities and the commissions of her semi-respectable job.

In all, she spent about a year in South America. She had saved several thousand good American dollars and was, in truth, healthier, stronger and happier by far than she had ever been before in her young life. Her hard floor-scrubbing mother, her little sisters and brother, back in the Chicago hovel on Peoria Street, were dimmed and grey in her memory. Her great disappointment at the hands of the young school-boy millionaire, the only being on earth she had ever loved, had healed.

It was a contented, almost snug little traveler who said au revoir to the suffering, inconsolable Captain Farman, and who blandly sailed back to her own country, this time with a passport in her own name, with more money in New York exchange than her whole family had ever owned, put together, and with no stinging regrets over her past or burning fears over her future.

Jane had decided that she would "go on the stage."

Her limbs had developed through her year of constant dancing. Low as her rôle had been, she still felt that she had crossed the barrier into the field of the "professional". Yes, she would enter on a theatrical career.

**S**HE felt she knew something now of life. She had rubbed and bumped against some sharp corners, at that, for a baby of her age. She felt proud that she had held so many men off—proud of her physical victory rather than her spiritual triumph. For by now Jane was a sophisticated kid. She had lived a year among gold-toothed, bedizened girls who had gone to a South

American free-for-all to follow the traffic; she had been one of them, and, though she had stood out against some of their ways, she had stood in with all their discussions, their most intimate revelations.

She did know, exactly, herself, why she had so steadfastly made herself the shining and puzzling exception; why she had not abandoned herself like the others. It was not, as she herself admitted to me in the recapitulation, because she was knitted of strong moral fibre; because of religious promptings or the voice of conscience.

She had skillfully "faked" her drinks, not because she felt it wrong to indulge in them, but because they made her ill and made her head ache; she had repelled men not because of principle or piety, but because something in her rebelled against their touch when their eyes blazed with desires which in her were unawakened. To sum it up, she had not been prompted by any resolution to be "good," but had a chemical rather than psychological or spiritual repulsion against being "bad".

Jane landed in New York City in 1918, early in the Winter.

In that way in which birds of a feather find one another, she procured lodgings in a theatrical boarding-house, along one of those blocks just around the corner



*It is remarkable to me that she did not leap at his offer, fall into his strong and honest arms, solve her tribulations, and all the problems that were to follow.*

from Broadway—those catacombs of hopeful youngsters and jaded veterans of the riffraff and flotsam of "show business."

There are whole acres of these places—and in them are hidden the tragedies of failure, the bounding ambitions of youth, the illusions and the delusions of Broadway's irresistible allure, which brings thousands every year to the vast mart; which breaks thousands every year in its cruel grip.

With others of her kind and others of all kinds, Jane Handerson, the wise-up hoyden, piped forth her challenge to the dragon.

She learned of agencies which employ girls for the stage.

their advances, letting it be plain that if she hoped to make the start it would be a matter of so much for so much; indeed, many of the girls she met about verified that hint.

**B**UT Jane was still not ready to give so much for even so much.

She lived economically and knew she could hold out for a long time. She kept on trying, asking, seeking.

And in time she got a job. It wasn't much—one of six chorus girls in a fly-by-night "turkey" musical 'roupe, scheduled to skip through the New England states, hit the "tanks", draw audiences with flamboyant lithographs, and leave with what it could get before the town "got next" that the title was a thinly disguised counterfeit; that the "All-Star Cast" was a collection of callow stock-company beginners and broken-down hams; that the "50 Broadway Beauties" were half a dozen Main Street or Bowery amateurs.

It wasn't a highly adventurous tour. The company lived in shabby hotels, traveled in day-coaches, played in drafty and rickety "opera houses", ate in one-arm-cafeterias and depot lunch-rooms. For a climax, the show stranded in a jerkwater stand in Vermont, the manager "took the gate", and Jane came back to Broadway poorer than she had left it—in funds—but rich in that, cheesy as had been her "career" so far, she was now in truth and in good faith no longer that bugaboo of the theatre, an "outsider looking in."

She resumed her rounds of the agencies now with a new spirit, a confidence. She talked the lingo, she knew the ropes. She lied like the trouper she had become, claiming engagements with famous shows, listing herself as "experienced". And, since, despite all the stories of how hard it is to break in, there is always a demand for girls for choruses; and since she was pretty and limber and lithe; and since it is not true that a girl must sell her soul for a stage chance (though many, many do because they have no means or no patience or no brains), Jane found herself called for rehearsal with a revue for a standard producing firm.

**H**ER lack of technique was not detected. There were other girls beside and around her who had little more than herself. A crack director was there to whip them into doing the work, and if they couldn't stand up under his strenuous drilling, he taught them—once; if they slipped after that—out! Jane went through the grind. The little contact she had put in saved her. And, after

five weeks of intensive and heart-breaking labor, the big show opened in Atlantic City.

It was a thrill to Jane—the hectic, money-burning spirit of that seaside city, its unique board-walk, its gilded cafes, its gaudy hotels; and the theatre, the first first-class house in her professional life, with a high-priced audience; and the company, including notables of the musical and comedy world; and the management, an institution of vast wealth and theatrical power; and the chorus, populous with pretty girls, many of them veterans of several Broadway seasons, [Turn to page 82]



... while the other girls looked upon her with a sort of disdain.

She rigged herself in her best clothes and she sallied forth on the rounds.

In many of the offices she never got to see principals at all. In some she was asked a few questions and unceremoniously dismissed when she confessed she had never danced behind the footlights. In others she was handed what in the parlance is called the "stall" and the "run-around," told "Give us your name and address—we'll let you know". In others, again, she saw the now familiar symptoms of what, also in the patois, is called "making a play". Several of the bookers made



# Naughty Liz'beth

By ROBERT BANKS

*'Liz'beth Jane's the funniest girl,  
I think, there ever wuz;  
Tells me the mostest dreadful things  
Ever I heard—she does!*

*Says you're not my mamma, 't all—  
Her mamma told her so;  
An' I'm a orphan—think o' that!  
But, course, she doesn't know.*

*'Cause she says wasn't no Goldilocks;  
No Li'l Red Riding Hood!  
An' Santa Claus, he's not sure 'nough—  
An' "Why should we be good?"*

*Don't see why she says such things  
Where anyone can hear;  
Guess I'll stop my ears bof up—  
Shall I, Muzzy dear?*





... but this time she was gazing out of another window, just as I had seen her a year before.

## The Little Girl I Found on

SOMETIMES we see beginnings blindly. Then again with knowing eyes. When I first saw Marie-Louise through the gray rain of France I knew, in a way that can't be satisfactorily explained, she was the beginning of Something in my life.

If you were a laughing and cussing part of the tin-batted parade that hiked over those white roads to battle in '17-'18, you'll understand why my heart went over the top for her at first sight . . . because you'll remember what a soft spot the hardest of us doughboys had for the little Frenchies. Especially those apple-cheeked garçons and mam'selles who followed us around with a cheated sort of expression—as if they'd heard all about Santa Claus but never got anything from him.

Marie-Louise didn't know what our marching into her village of Cornieville, that lay within the shadow of No Man's Land, was all about, and she didn't seem to give a snap. She wasn't clapping over us. Neither was she begging *souvenirs Américain*, and chocolate, like all the other youngsters were doing from the doors of their old stone-houses.

She was just standing at her window, a little golden head, with her pretty baby face, grave and sad, gazing wistfully into the raw March day. To me it seemed Marie-Louise was looking past us, and down the mist-blanketed road to Toul—looking for someone who meant more to her than all the American infantry in the world.

Later, I found out that I was right. For more than a

year little Marie-Louise had been expecting a certain Somebody to return home. Maybe you'll think it was her daddy. Such a thought came to me on that afternoon of eight years ago as I studied her, wishing she'd give me just one smile; or something to show that she knew I was outside her window. Marie-Louise might well have been looking for her daddy. There were so many tiny tots over there far too young and tender to realize War and Death, and who just kept on wondering why their fathers never came home; always hoping against hope.

But Marie-Louise wasn't looking for a daddy. Poor kid! She'd never known him. He'd been knocked off in the poppy fields of Flanders during the first of the war. It was her mother.

HOWEVER, I'm jumping way ahead of my story by mentioning Marie-Louise's mother now. Marie Plache Chalons, with her eyes that made you think of larkspur, and her hair of bronze flame, comes later. First, there's much to tell you about Marie-Louise, myself, and a night that might have been the end.

If the sergeant hadn't been so near I could have sneaked out of ranks and given her my last bar of chocolate. Although she didn't seem interested in it then, I knew candy had a way with all kiddies. And being unaccountably certain that Marie-Louise was the beginning of something for me, I wanted my chocolate to work its magic before we moved on. But sergeants and armies always seem to be against the privates.

That Was Eight  
Years Ago. She's  
Fifteen Now. Who  
Knows—?

*All the time I  
looked for a face  
to match with  
my memory of  
the picture her  
mother had  
shown me.*



# *The* Road to TOUL

Orders suddenly snapped through the platoons. We balanced the soggy packs on our backs, slung rifles, and lumbered off to find the hay lofts that were to be our billets in Cornieville. There was just a chance for me to glance back at Marie-Louise before her face, still glued sadly and gravely against the window, faded in the gray rain.

ALL the time our squad shuffled around in the damp hay, trying to get our stuff out of the way, and make a half-comfortable bunk, I kept seeing windows in the blank stone walls of the barn, windows that framed a little golden head.

A few hours later, when the mess line moved snail-like toward the steaming, rolling kitchens, the fellow's back ahead of me became a pane of rain-frosted glass through which gazed a pair of wistful, blue eyes.

That night as we hung around in the candle-lighted dark of the leaky loft, Marie-Louise seemed a tiny, black-dressed presence in the midst of soldier talk that went in one of my ears and out of the other. For the war had suddenly taken second place in my life alongside of the growing hunch that there was something else to look forward to. It no longer mattered

that the fellows said our new sector was a hell-cat; that the Germans could wipe it out any night they wished; that the doughboys up in the trenches were always out of luck for chow and water because the ration details got smeared all over Dead Man's Curve by machine-gun fire every night.

When the gang finally shut up, and the last candle sputtered out, I lay awake in the hay for hours, trying to forget that child's face at the window; trying to figure out why I believed she held such an interest in my life. At last sleep came to me—sleep that seemed filled with fighting Americans and Germans, and a little yellow head whom I'd seen through the gray rain of France.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning the outfits got the dope. The First Battalion was to go in that night. Our Second was to follow three nights later. There was a great deal of swearing over this news. It meant we had to clean up Cornieville after the departing division, and it was one howl of a mess. Any other time or place I'd have cursed the luck as much as any of my buddies. Like any doughboy that knew a thing or two about fighting the war, I preferred trenches full of rats, raids, machine-gun

*A strange little figure she  
was—gazing out the window  
for a face which meant more  
to her than all the American  
infantry in the world.*



storms—even artillery bombardment—to the business of cleaning up a French village.

You fellows that were over will remember what they were—even the best of 'em. Nothing more or less than a bunch of ancient stone-houses strung together on both sides of a road the natives called the *Grande Rue*—French for Main Street. Full of old folks clattering around in wooden shoes; husky, peasant girls with set faces, and red, chapped hands; countless pigs, ducks, and chickens raising the dickens around piles of smoking manure; cafés full of white wine and strong cognac; and those kiddies that looked so sort of cheated in their worn dresses and faded smocks.

WELL, it was the haunting memory of Marie-Louise that kept me from saying anything as we started sweeping up Cornieville. When the sun came out unexpectedly about eleven, and the children began to follow us around, I kept looking in vain for the little golden head. Lieutenant Smith dismissed us at noon. Joe Morgan, my buddy, suggested we get a Frog madame to cook us a dozen-egg omelette and fried spuds. It was an inspiration. I steered him straight for Marie-Louise's house.

A withered old soul with the sweet-tempered manner of a grandma met us at the door. . . You might have thought she was welcoming a couple of generals, but then all the French were polite and acted grand to us—until we got their goats. Of course, neither Joe nor I could reel off the French lingo fast enough to make her dizzy. It was the same old battle trying to make her understand us. However, by pointing to a chicken, some potatoes, and the fire-place we got half-started the right way—only madame thought we wanted her to kill and roast the pullet, and Joe had a devil of a time demonstrating with his fingers that all we wanted were eggs—omelette! I let Joe do most of the bargaining, because I was on the lookout for Marie-Louise.

We were a half-dozen eggs to the good when I began to believe I'd gone into the wrong house. Then there was a little commotion outside the door, and my hopes soared. An old man was making a speech to the ducks and pullets. He sounded like that *rat-tat-tat-tat* noise the machine-guns made in action. But, madame heard him and understood. She waddled to the door and shut off the barrage by calling him in, saying something about the Americans "monjaying", which we knew meant eating.

Monsieur Plauche, that turned out to be his name, clattered indoors. A little girl clung to his hand, her head of sunny curls turned shyly away from us. . .

"Ah! *Bon jour, Messieurs—Bon jour!*" he cried.

"*Bon jour!*" Joe and I answered chorus-like, while my

eyes lingered on Marie-Louise. The old peasant saw my interest in the child and tried to make her look around. However, with the nimbleness of her six years, she slipped from his grasp and ran to a corner of the great room, regarding us from the distance with big, round eyes whose blue depths melted me with their wistful, wondering way.

"Marie-Louise," announced Madame Plauche, indicating the child, then she wrung her hands and talked in such a fashion that we knew she was saying something sort of sad. Joe and I nodded our heads and made believe we got her drift.

All the time we were finishing up with the rest of that omelette (we hadn't had a square meal in three days) I kept watching the little *mam'selle* out of the corner of my eye. She'd shift a little from one foot to the other, when our glances crossed. But, after a while she must have become used to me, because she came out and timidly stood near enough for me almost to reach out and touch her.

"Comrades?" questioned the old madame of Marie-Louise, pointing from Joe to me.

She regarded us very gravely for a few minutes. Then her blue eyes rested on me and she said we were comrades—or I figured that's what she said. Thinking it was about time to try the candy on her, I fished the bar out, and held it up, saying, in my best French:

"Choc - o - late? . . . Choc-o-late, *Mam'selle?*"

The grandpa and grandma applauded this act, embarrassing the kid by their enthusiasm. So I reached out and took her hand. Something about the way she didn't pull away from me; something about the manner her tiny hand surrendered, warm and soft in my big mit, got me. I guess I was sort of clumsy about it all, but I lifted her into my lap.

and believe me, I would have hugged her then and there if old Joe Morgan hadn't been around.

MARIE-LOUISE liked *chocolat Americain*, all right! She ate it slowly. But, you could see it was winning the war for me with her. Two or three times she looked at me in a way that made me feel as if I amounted to a darn sight more than a first-class private in any man's army. I'd have given a year's pay then to understand her kind of talk. But, all we could do was to speak by looks and signs. Still, a lot can be said between a soldier and a pretty, sad-eyed little girl by such things. And I'm sure when we parted later that day, Marie-Louise and I understood that we were going to be good friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marie-Louise was standing looking down the road to Toul when I ran up the steps for supper three days after

## Her Name

By ALLAN WESTON

*SHE WASN'T* so much of a mother I know,  
Considered exactly as most mothers go,

But "Boy" was just sort of a sad, tiny chap  
Who climbed up with worshipful eyes to her lap.

She'd hug him a little and squeeze his fat cheek,  
And sometimes she even would play hide and seek!

One day some men came in and took her away—  
He didn't know why, and the men didn't say.

Now years have gone by and he still doesn't know:  
But he's guessed a good deal that he shouldn't, and so—

He's dared almost everything, tried every game—  
Her own flesh and blood—and they gave her the name!

He's still just as fine—if he didn't feel bound  
To live up to her name as it's whispered around.

But the world is a strange complication of fate,  
And he hasn't discovered—and now it's too late.

Her crime was the theft of the food that he ate,  
And when she came back he was gone—to the State!

Defeated, she turned then and drifted away,  
And her son kept apace with her day after day.

She wasn't so much of a mother I know,  
Considered exactly as all mothers go;

But "Boy" didn't know it—and so they might be  
Each safe with the other if she had been free.



our arrival in Cornieville. My battalion was going in. I hadn't whispered a word about it to her, or the old folks. The minute she saw me, Marie-Louise ran and jumped into my arms, brushing wet eyes against my face.

I wondered if she was crying because she knew in some way that I was going to the front—or rather going to leave her. She didn't know anything about the front. I wanted to believe she was crying on that account. I think that would have thrilled me more than having Pershing pin a D. S. C. on me. But, when I looked

over Marie-Louise's shoulder, and saw old Grandma Plauche standing there, wringing her hands helplessly, I knew the kid was crying about something else.

During supper, a fellow from my outfit passed the door. He was a Canuck and could handle the French language like a traveling salesman. I asked him to find out why the kid cried, and why she was always looking out of the doorway so wistfully.

The Canuck and Madame jabbered away for a long time. I kept Marie-Louise sitting next to me, holding one hand in mine while I finished what would be my last omelette for a week. We hadn't got to where we could understand much of each other's talk. Still there were a dozen words or so like *bon, fin- ish, beaucoup* and so on that we both got the drift of now and then.

"*Bon omelette?*" she asked in her soft way.

"*Oui, beaucoup bon,*" I said, smiling at her.

Then she'd smile back sort of half-way, her free hand pulling at my buttons, then running over my uniform, finally raising my hands. All the time I was thinking of having to leave her—and that there wouldn't be any more noon-time strolls along the Grande Rue with some of the fellows smiling at us, asking if I'd started a kindergarten, and the other French kiddies teasing Marie-Louise about her big *fiancé*

*I would make her like me, never hinting of my knowledge of her identity.*

*Americain.* There wouldn't be anything but the mud and the cold of the trenches for seven days and seven nights. I had gone through that many times before without anything much to make it seem worth while except that I was doing my bit.

**T**HERE'LL be Marie-Louise to come back to now. Before, there was nothing to expect except a better place to sleep; a chance to buy some grub and cognac; and a few letters from "Sis." I kept telling myself to buck up the old morals. Because, as you'll remember, a fellow didn't dare let himself get the "willies" over there when he was going into the lines.

The Plauche house became suddenly quiet. Both Canuck and Madame had stopped jabbering, and were standing in the corner looking at Marie-Louise and me. Madame gave Ribault a sign to tell me what she'd said. Holding the kid close, I waited for the story.

It was a simple sort of story; the way he told it. Still, I got the tragedy of it when the kiddie clung tighter to me as Ribault talked; just as if she mysteriously understood what he was saying. . . Marie-Louise had been begging for her mother ever since she went to Paris a year ago. Of course, she couldn't understand why her mother didn't come back to her. [Turn to page 110]



# Goodness Is

*By Dr. Christian F. Reisner*

**M**ARK TWAIN affirmed, "Be good and you will be lonely."

Thirty-five years ago Sunday School books had all good boys die young because they were supposed to be ready for heaven. Saints were artificial and unnatural hermits instead of friends of "publicans and sinners."

A Sunday School talker once said to a group of boys, "How many of you boys want to go to heaven?" All stood up but one. He was addressed: "Johnnie, don't you want to go to heaven?" The boy answered promptly: "No, sir—not yet." All of us sympathize with that reply.

In the old days men endured anything because heaven was to reward everything. The world was supposed to belong to the wicked; they alone had a good time. This is a pretty fine world, and a good person stays in it longer than a bad one. The Creator made it for man, and heartiest happiness is here possible and our right. We only need to learn how to use it. The world no more belongs to the devil than a razor belongs to rust, a field to weeds, a home to decay, or a room to darkness.

Goodness is merely choosing to run the body and mind as the Maker intended them to be run . . . It insures the best possible physical conditions and the largest usefulness. It is as normal as health and must be guarded as carefully for best results. It fits us as naturally as do the rules for running a Cadillac fit that machine, or the regulations of a master mind fit the organization of a factory.

Men display dullness not smartness in dodging sane laws; they hurt themselves as have many spiteful children.

President James A. Garfield, when a young man, was asked what profession he expected to

follow. He replied: "I mean to be a gentleman." He would specify no further, insisting that other activities were a sideline.

Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain, though previously untrained and always a bit heavy in public speech, rarely fails to sway his audience and carry them with him. A discriminating reporter cooled by experiences explains it by saying, "It is the ancient magic of a good man speaking good things."

Goodness no more restricts than vaccination does, or anti-typhoid warnings do during an epidemic. It is never merely negative, but keeps us busy at productive instead of destructive things. Goodness insures efficiency for all

our faculties as education does the full use of the mind.

When "Babe" Ruth went "bad" he fell down as a player. John L. Sullivan tells us that whiskey was the only thing that ever knocked him out. "Red" Grange, the football star, warns the athlete against smoking, liquor, loafing and night lights.

Banks discharge gamblers. West Point expels a liar, insisting that under test he is likely to become a traitor. Diseases from loose living, practiced in early life, supposedly cured, recurred under the rigors of army life and rendered thousands useless in war days.

**C**HANNING POLLOCK, the successful playwright, says that right living alone equips to compose real "winners." George Cohan promised his mother never to put an unclean thing into his comedies, and his success has been phenomenal. E. F. Albee, who sets the standard for vaudeville in America, enforces rules against "suggestiveness" on the stage. The long run plays are not the off color kind.

Without exception, New York's noted men

## *Goody-Goody Boys!*

Theodore Roosevelt taught a Sunday School class while a student at Harvard. Only goody-goody boys did that in those days, and "Teddy" said that he became one of the best boxers in college just to disprove that notion.

# What?

*The Pastor of the*

*Great Broadway*

*Temple Tells*

*What He Means*

*By a Term*

*Which Has Been*

*Roundly Abused*



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**Dr. Reisner**

were raised in religious homes. Such an atmosphere, and the rules enforced, builds big folks.

Motion picture artists spoil themselves for important parts by putting carousal lines on their faces. Scandal free actors last the longest. Football players must keep in "training" or stay "down" when hit hard. Lawyers who toss many high-balls become too dizzy to climb high. Lawless living surgeons lack steadiness for saving life in critical operations. Dr. Kelly of Johns Hopkins insists that the ministering of religious nurses is unusually remedial. Artists exercising the right of self expression for their baser selves wreck imagination, choose mud for building material and die at the foot of the ladder.

Good folks are not hermits. The Great Master expelled the one who buried instead of using his one talent.

Right livers laugh to keep healthy. They play with the freedom of spring birds.

Francis of Assissi, one of the saints of the centuries, whose life was dramatized this season in "*The Little Poor Man*," played chess. Questioned during a game certain to take two hours, he was asked what he would do if informed that he would die in an hour. Replying thoughtfully, he said: "Continue my game."

Sane goodness is built by following an ideal in one of a thousand different kinds of a life program, and then keeping fit by the exercise that comes from service.

Anything that robs of healthy joy, or stifles the expression of the best in us, or fails to build us bigger, is not goodness. Goodness equips us to do good work along a specific line.

Unless we are good for something then we are good for nothing.

# Doll WIVES

*When a  
Girl Plays  
With a Flame  
It Always  
Burns—  
Even When  
She Calls  
It Freedom*



SOME might have called it chance, but I think it was something else. But I must lead up to it.

I was born in France, in the sunny southern part. My dear father used to say I had stolen some of the sunshine to keep in my eyes and hair and laughter. He died in the great war, my father. And when my sister married an American soldier and came to live in America, I came, too. Our mother had died long before.

I was just eighteen when I married that great big Billy Evans. I adored him to distraction; he was so big and strong and good to look at. He was gentle, too, and loved fun and laughter almost as much as I did.

At least, he did at first. But when we had been married a year—a year of perfect happiness—he began to grow solemn.

"Annette," he would say, "we must save money. We are spending too much."

But I—I would kiss the frown away from his dear face and laugh, saying:

"But, dear heart, what for is money if not to spend! Save! Ah, wait till we are old and gray and sad—then we will save!"

And Billy would laugh and sigh and kiss me. And we went right on spending as we had before.

*i expected to see a fight, but snakes*

We had an apartment like a doll's house, and I used to love to play at cooking. I made the breakfast, but we most always dined out. I liked keeping my hands nice and white, and one cannot do that paring vegetables and washing dishes.

So we dined downtown, here and there. And Billy liked it when men looked at me.

I THINK our trouble began when the Lewises, Tom and Elsie, moved into the apartment next to ours.

Billy did not like them. He said Tom Lewis was a four-flusher and that Elsie was a brainless little simpleton. But because they were gay and liked fun and laughter—good times, as Americans say—I found them amusing.

Elsie and I went shopping together, and to matinées. Oftentimes we met our husbands downtown and dined, all four together. After that, we must go to a show, for they could never think of going home before midnight or 1 o'clock.

It was all very gay. Soon we came to know other





don't always fight.

## Do American Wives Do as They Please?

running around, anyhow. I can't stand the pace. And, Annette," here he squeezed my hand hard while his voice pleaded, "wouldn't it be nice if we had a—baby? Haven't you played around long enough, dear?"

"Oh, no—no—no!" I cried, pushing him away. "Horrid little squally things! I won't be tied at home! I won't—I won't!" I stamped my foot and began to cry.

"There, there!" said Billy, ever so gently. "Don't cry—all right—all right."

The first two nights that Billy worked I spent at home. When Billy came in at half-past eleven I had a little lunch for him, sandwiches and coffee, and his slippers ready by his chair.

**B**UT it was not possible for me to spend many evenings alone like that. I should have died of *ennui*.

So when Tom and Elsie asked me out with them, I went with much pleasure. Billy did not care. He liked me to enjoy myself, except when I stayed too late. He didn't like that, because I was too asleep to get up in the morning and make breakfast.

One night Tom and Elsie and I were sitting in a restaurant where one may dance between courses, when who should approach but—Alec! Alec Lewis with the cute, little mustache—and the smoldering eyes that made me shiver—that so delicious shiver.

And Alec could dance! *Mon Dieu!* How he could dance! And if there is one thing I adore it is dancing.

When I went home that night I told Billy about my good time. And he was very, very angry.

"What!" he shouted, "that mooning nimcompoop! You danced with him? I forbid you—do you hear? Forbid you to have anything more to do with him!"

Now I will not try to defend myself, but I really think that if Billy had been gentle about it instead of violent—if he had said, "Darling, please don't go near that man"—I think I should have obeyed his wishes. But to be shouted at and *forbidden!*—well, I had not lived six years in America for nothing!

American wives do as they please. And I was an American wife!

I never scold or shout. So I just looked at Billy and said nothing. But that very night I went out with Alec, and I let him hold my hand while his burning eyes seemed to devour me.

Billy grew more and more sulky at home. I do not know if he suspected I was disobeying his command or not. He asked no question and I told him nothing.

I saw him very little, because he worked every night.

And I—I drifted along with Tom and Elsie and Alec. We went somewhere every evening. I was very restless. Now that Billy and I were on the "outs" I could not sit at home. I must always be moving, moving—somewhere, *anywhere!* It was like a disease.

I found Alec exciting. He made love to me—violent, picturesque love, like a poet. It was very romantic.

couples like this one. Hardly a night went by that a little crowd of us did not either play cards or go to a show. Or, occasionally, we went to a dance.

One Christmas time at the Lewises we had a party. Tom's brother, Alec, was there. He was young, devilish looking, and had beautiful, wicked, dark eyes.

But Billy did not like him, not he! And when Alec caught me under the mistletoe and kissed me, there was almost a fight right in the middle of the party. For this I was scolded by big Billy when I got him home.

"What for you do such a thing?" I asked. "In France we do not make scenes."

"Well," growled Billy, "in America we do, you bet, when a gink gets as fresh as that little whippersnapper."

"He is not a whippersnapper nor either a gink!" I told him.

It was about this time that Billy got a night job auditing accounts for one or two merchants.

"I've got to make all the money I can, darling," he said, "or we'll go on the rocks."

He kissed me and added: "It's time we cut out this

Nevertheless, I was afraid of him, and never went out alone with him.

Billy got more and more melancholy. He began to look thin, but my heart was hard to him because of how he talked to me. Once he said:

"Look here, Annette, I can't stand this. I am working myself to death, and you do nothing but play around and spend my money. It is not fair. I married you because I loved you. But I want a home, too—a home and children."

SAY not that word again!" I shrieked at him. "I hate you—hate you!"

I had been up late so many nights and had lived such a restless, idle life I was as nervous as a cat. So I got hysterical and Billy went out, slamming the door.

When I saw him again the next morning I would not speak to him, although he tried to be nice to me. He said he would not work that night, but would take me to call on his cousin who had just come to live in town.

"You will like Dora," he said.

"She has some sense—she is not like Elsie Lewis!"

"Elsie is my friend," I said coldly.

"I do not care to meet your cousin Dora. I hate in-laws."

Thus things got worse and worse between us. I felt as if I were going down hill very fast and could not stop. I was not even sure I wanted to stop!

One day Elsie said to me, "Annette, Tom saw Billy at lunch with a woman."

My heart stopped beating, but I answered coldly, "That is nothing to me."

But when I got home I threw myself on the bed and wept. Ah, it was Billy I loved, only Billy. Alec with his black eyes on fire and his soft hands creeping, always creeping after my hands! How could Alec compare with my Billy, whose eyes were like clear windows!

But now Billy had another woman out to lunch. Another woman! And always I had been so sure of his love.

That night I asked him, "Billy, who was the woman Tom Lewis saw you with?"

"That's my affair," he answered. "I guess if you can run around with other men I can take another woman out now and then!"



*I didn't know I was right under the mistletoe—nor care, after I saw how Billy felt.*

"But, Billy," I cried, and flung my arms around his neck, "Billy, don't you love me any more?"

Ah, if Billy had but taken me in his arms then and kissed me, all would have been well. For I was getting very tired of this running around. And I could love no one but Billy.

But Billy, like other men, was deeply grieved at my way of behaving. So he turned away from me and said coldly, "Why should I love you? Do you ever put yourself out for me? Do you ever do anything except spend the money I work hard to get?"

And I, if I could right there have admitted he was



right, and promised to do better, all might have been well. But I could not. I was proud, and it made me very, very, angry that Billy would not be loving to me when I had put my arms around him. I did not like being spurned.

And because I was hurt I cried out to him, "You are a brute. I hate you!" And I ran out, leaving Billy standing in the middle of the room. I went to Elsie and cried on her shoulder.

"Don't you care. There are more men than Billy Evans in the world! Don't let him think you care. Have a good time—that is my motto."

So we went to the show and afterwards had a gay supper.

Now whether Elsie told Alec that I had quarreled with my husband, or whether he divined, as men do, that I was in a reckless mood, I cannot say.

But that night he was so bold that he frightened me. And yet—I so hate to tell this, but it is true—I liked that so scared feeling.

For the first time I went with him alone in a taxi. Always before I had gone home with Tom and Elsie.

We had not gone three blocks when I saw that we were not going home.

"Where are you taking me?" I cried.

His soft, white, hand crept over mine and his burning eyes held me like a bird who is in the spell of a snake.

"My darling!" he whispered. "I can not live any longer without you. You must be mine! That great brute of a husband of yours is not worthy of you. You need a man to love you—one who understands your beautiful soul!"

**H**E CAUGHT me to him in an embrace that nearly crushed out my breath of life. And somehow my own veins caught a little of his fire.

Yet, feebly, I protested, "No—no—no!" To which he answered with a kiss that left me shivering with—I know not which—aversion or ecstasy.

The taxi stopped before a cafe noted widely for its magnificence and its lawlessness.

"A little drink, dear, of—ginger ale—ha! ha!" and he slapped his hip pocket from which protruded his whiskey flask.

"A little drink," he repeated, "and then—I know where a sweet little somebody is going—with me—with me—do you hear!" He whispered it fiercely, a wild light in his eyes.

I followed him into the cafe. I felt as if in a dream, a not too good dream. I felt in his power. And some had part of me—the part that was angry with Billy—was glad with a wicked, reckless, hateful gladness.

The brilliant lights dazzled me. What he ordered I did not care—I scarcely knew. I ate a little; I drank a little—ginger ale—with something fiery in it.

I watched the lights, the dazzling lights, and the gay, sparkling people—women with jewels in their hair and on their white necks. And the black shoulders and gleaming shirt fronts of the men—so many men!—all with eyes on fire, bent upon the women. The women—ah, what of them? Were they, like me, with beating heart and numb mind, fearing, wondering, helpless?

Presently Alec leaned forward and said, "Now, then, my sweet!"

He rose. I sat staring at the shoulders, broad shoulders, of a man. The back of that head—

"Come!" Alec spoke with impatience.

I rose. But still my staring eyes clung to that so familiar form. And then that head turned, and I looked into the startled eyes of Billy!

**I** TOOK it all in. Billy sat at the table with a woman—pretty and petite. She smiled into Billy's face—

I looked away and started after Alec, who was impatiently tugging at my arm. I thought I saw Billy start up. I passed out with Alec, I knew not where, nor much cared.

My heart burned within me. Billy—and myself—what made us as we were! Anything might happen and I should not care now. My heart had burned up and lay in ashes in my breast.

Another ride in a taxi, and now I was following Alec down a long, long, corridor with closed doors on each side—hundreds of them, it seemed to me. My head felt giddy, my feet seemed not my own, my brain was numb.

At last Alec turned, his hand on the knob of one of the hundred doors.

[Turn to page 143]





# Out of

## *A Different Sort of Poem*

I'M "OUT in the Golden Remote Wild West,"  
Where I've struggled for years to be,  
Out where the air has a keener zest  
And the spaces are wide and free;  
I, who was chained to an office desk  
And cooped in a Harlem flat  
Where you had to move the phonograph  
When you wanted to park your hat;  
I, who was chained to an office desk,  
And was harried and shoved and hurled  
Morning and night into subway trains,  
Am now on Top o' the World,  
With room to breathe and a chance to think  
The thoughts that are deep and high;  
And under my feet the good brown earth,  
And over my head the sky—  
The clean blue sky, unsmutched with smoke  
And free of the raucous din  
Of honking horns and of shuffling crowds  
In a city of sham and sin.

Yes, here is the West I have longed to find,  
The West I have dreamed about,  
Where I could possess my soul in peace  
Afar from the "rabble rout";  
Such were the thoughts that I came to think—  
And I sit with a far-off gaze  
And think of the roaring traffic jam,  
And Times Square's lights ablaze,  
And the cops who whistle the cars to halt,  
And whistle them on their course,  
With a lordly wave of a white-gloved hand—  
Proud men of a prideful force.

And I think of the girls with their knowing eyes  
And their natty dress and smart,  
Their beauty perhaps is "done by hand"—  
It's pretty, although it's art!  
And I think of the crowds in the restaurants,  
And the spenders blowing their kale—  
The millionaire with his wife (sometimes)—  
Or the gunman treating his frail.  
And I think of the beat of a million feet,  
Of the surging life that flows  
Through the canyoned walls of the city street—  
And I choke and blow my nose!

Out here is the place where Men are Men—  
Splendid and bronzed and tall;  
But I, who was proud of my five foot ten,  
Am tired of feeling small;



# Bounds

By BERTON BRALEY

I want to stick out in the mob a bit,  
Because of my greater size;  
I want to look *downward* once in a while  
To meet my neighbor's eyes.  
And though this proves me, perhaps, a snob  
Who scorns his fellow men,  
I want to feel better than someone else—  
Not often, but now and then!

Open of heart and open of hand  
Are the folk of the Golden West;  
Neighbors of mine who treat me fine—  
As ever they do a guest;  
But they'd act the same for another man,  
And I somehow like to be  
One of the friends of a friend *whose* heart  
Won't open to every key.

So the thoughts I think are the thoughts about  
The men of the gang I knew,  
Whose hard-boiled shell hid a Regular Guy  
When the shell was busted through;  
And I think of the bridge with Jim and his wife,  
And the pool I played with Bill,  
And I think that somehow a subway ride  
Would give me a bigger thrill  
Than galloping over these western plains  
On a tough-mouthed broncho beast  
(I never did learn to ride with ease)  
—In short, I think of the East!

For "*East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet*"  
—Rud Kipling spilled a mouthful then;  
I'll say he put it neat.

**W**HEN old Manhattan makes you hers  
You never can break her grip;  
You think you're leaving the old girl flat,  
But it's always a two-way trip.  
She's a painted jade with a cruel mouth,  
And her eyes are hard as flint  
But she lures you back on the homeward track  
No matter how far you sprint.  
Though I've done my best in the Golden West  
To think deep thoughts and high,  
I think all day of the teeming bay  
And the towers against the sky,  
And I know for me—it's the bitter truth—  
However I seek to roam  
"Where the West Begins" is the Jersey Shore—  
And the East is *Home Sweet Home!*





# One *DAZZLING* NIGHT

WHEN I DECIDED  
UPON A  
LAST MAD FLING

I STOOD at the edge of the hotel porch, trying to summon sufficient courage to step forth into the sun-baked street.

A lizard wriggled from beneath a nearby stone, paused uncertain for a moment in the hot dust, then scuttled back to shade and shelter.

And this was the place to which I had come deliberately: to live there for two, or perhaps three months, in an effort to recuperate from the effects of three years spent mostly within the confines of New York's Great White Way.

I had not fallen for the lure of the incandescents, the jazz and the butterflies. It had been a case of business.

I was the youngest of a firm whose trade was principally with those living in the hinterland far beyond the echoes of Broadway. Also, I was unmarried. Conse-

quently, the duty of entertaining our customers, who journeyed to the American mecca from all points of the compass, developed upon me.

And the strangers within Manhattan's gates, no matter how loudly they denounced Gotham as the modern Sodom and Gomorrah to the home folk, always demanded their amusement along the lane of a billion lights.


Finally I had broken down under the continuous strain of turning night into day. There had come a bit of nasty cough. The specialists had ordered me to take a long and complete rest—in some hamlet in the high and dry reaches of the Far West, where the lights were snapped off at nine and jazz was confined to the radio.

And I had chosen Clayton as my hideout.

To the time my nerves snapped, the name had meant nothing more to me than a hazy geographical location. But friends who had ventured into the wide stretches beyond the Mississippi had assured me that it would meet my needs; that it was a cow-town where the three hundred sixty-five days of monotony were broken only by the annual rodeo; that so dry and wholesome was its climate that its inhabitants died only from old age or rust.

And Clayton had proved all they had promised—and more. Besides being high, dry, and dull, it was hot beyond description. From dawn till dusk it blistered beneath the rays of a pitiless sun.

In the first day or two, however, the novelty of my



*Wind-blown! But she gloried in every bit of life the desert offered.*

unfamiliar surroundings appealed to me. I thrilled each time a sunburned, silk-handkerchiefed rider swung by through the foot of alkali which constituted the roadway. I marveled at the stamina which enabled those about me to wear their four-pound Stetsons unconcernedly, despite the heat. Rattling spurs sounded not unpleasantly as their wearers stamped their high boot-heels through the hotel corridors.

But novelty soon becomes monotony when the program remains unchanged. This was my sixth day in Clayton. Already the heat had sweat from me the last ounce of interest in my surroundings. However, I had come there in search of health, not recreation. I must stick it out.

Along the strip of shadeless street there was little to catch the eye other than a scattering of slouching natives and a cowboy or two. Not even a "circus pony" to spot the scene with a bit of color.

I TURNED toward the station. Perhaps the Overland would bring some newspapers and magazines from the East; or a letter. The situation forced a grim smile. There was I, George Summers, to whom New York's roistering terrane was an open book, heading for the station to wait for the train to come in—or something.

As I paused beneath the shed to beat off some of the dust I had accumulated, I noted a man down the platform nailing up a brilliantly colored bit of paper. I recalled that the little, local motion picture house gave a performance once a week. The man probably was hanging a poster announcing the big event. Anything to break the deadly sameness would be welcome. I hurried forward. Yes, it was a poster, all right, and announcing the next show.

But as I read the title, "The Bright Lights of Broadway," I uttered a long, sonorous "damn!"

"Excuse me, stranger, but why the peeve?"

I swung, startled. The hail had come from a man in the doorway, a strapping fellow of about my own age, but with a thatch of gray hair which contrasted oddly with the Indian tan of his skin. However, it was his mouth, genial and welcoming, which held me.

"Shake," I blurted, as I also noted that, instead of cowboy regalia, he wore khaki. "You're the first person I've seen who didn't look as if he belonged here."

His grip almost made my knees sag.

"But I do belong," he laughed. "At least, near here. I'm Harley Langdon, of the Costra Ranch."

"My name's George Summers. New York was my stamping ground till I came here. Health and nerves shot to pieces."

"Oh, I get you. You've seen so much of the bright lights our little show isn't going to appeal to you."

RIGHT. I'm sick of them; trying to forget them. If I'd seen fewer of the bright lights I wouldn't be here."

"Too bad. Still—they do serve a purpose." Again he smiled.

"Yes," I said bitterly. "They dazzle so it takes time to see beyond them, into the shadows where the misery lies. I know Broadway as you know your town map. It's one half make-believe and the other half hokum."

"Perhaps," he replied. "Still, I was there once. And I still remember the lights, the music—and the laughter."

There was a wistfulness in his tone which made me a bit ashamed of my brusqueness. But, as I started to stammer some hedging words, he stopped me with a clap on the shoulder.

"Listen, man," he said. "What you need is something to cheer you up; say, a good cigar, some better liquor, and a well-cooked dinner. I just ran over for

the mail. Only twenty miles. My car's behind the shed. You're coming home with me for a long, long talk. First person I've seen from New York in ages. Knock it if you want to, but talk. I'm hungry for Eastern conversation. And besides," his eyes fairly sparkled, "out at the house it's cool and shady."

A few minutes later, in a big car of expensive make, we were headed away from Clayton. I forgot the heat. I laughed at the dust which all but choked us. I paid scant heed to the jolting as we swung from the shabby main highway into a lane which



"My dear, this is Mr. Summers. He

stretched as far as the eye could see between fringes of chapparal and sage. For he kept up a stream of good natured chatter about the town and its people, occasionally dropping a few words about himself.

He was married, the owner of a considerable ranch upon which he had lived for years in a big house which, he assured me, possessed almost city comforts. He raised long-horns for the Kansas City market as a business, and horses to run at the rodeos.



"I've sunk several wells and installed my own generating plant," he concluded proudly. "With an unlimited supply of water, my wife can raise all the flowers she wants to. The power enables me to fight this heat with electric fans and have—well, about every modern convenience. You'll find it's not uncomfortable out there," and he pointed toward where the tops of several structures broke the horizon line. This made me all the more anxious to visit him.



*will remain for dinner," Langdon said.*

A few minutes more of chugging through the dust, and we turned from the rutted byway into the carefully cared for acres which surrounded the ranch buildings. As we jerked to a stop, a Mexican helper slipped from the shadows to care for the car. And a pack of dogs surrounded us, yelping a welcome, as we leaped to the ground.

"That's home sweet home," said Langdon, indicating a low, rambling, red-tiled structure, whose stucco walls

shone dazzling white in the sunlight. Then we swung through high gates into a great, wide-spreading garden, where unnumbered blooms in shrieking hues punctuated the shrubbery on all sides. Had there been trees, other than a scattering of palms, I might have fancied myself back East, in the Long Island playground of some wealthy New Yorker.

Heading along the gravel, we had rounded a tiny fountain which tossed rainbow drops over the goldfish in the pool which surrounded it, when I received the greatest surprise of my somewhat odd adventure. A woman came toward us from behind a bank of gigantic flowering cactii, obviously the wife of my host.

And such a woman! There was nothing about her to even hint that she was native to this prairie country. Tall, stately, with midnight hair and intelligent and understanding eyes, she was the Spanish doña to the life in all but her dress. That, in line and cut, suggested the beach at Miami or the board-walk at Atlantic City. I wondered how he even had persuaded her to live in this God-forsaken stretch of the States, thousands of miles from the kind of civilization which she must have known intimately.

THERE was just the suggestion of surprise in her features, but her smile, like Langdon's, suggested warmth and welcome.

"My dear, this is Mr. Summers. He has just come to Clayton in search of better health. He will remain for dinner."

"We are glad to have you with us," she said, giving me a firm handclasp.

"Do you come from a distance?"

"My home is in New York."

I thought I noted the faintest catch of breath at my reply. Then, "That will make your visit doubly welcome. We have been there, my husband and I. It is a wonderful city. I suspect," and there was a sly twinkle in her eyes, "that Harley's hospitality is tempered with a desire to hear you talk about the East."

"You are too keen, my dear," he laughed. "Undoubtedly there was a bit of selfishness in my kidnaping of Summers. But we must try to make him forgive."

"I'm sure he will when he learns how eager you are for news of the outside world. But go along into the shade. I'll send Chee Wong. We shall meet again at dinner, Mr. Summers."

STRETCHED in a great wicker chair in the cool of a porch fronting the patio, and faced by a fan whose whirr sounded like sweet music to me, I drew a great breath of satisfaction. And I wondered if heaven were a matter of location, or contrast.

"Not bad, eh?" Langdon grinned, holding fire to the end of my cigar.

A patter of slippers, a tinkle of ice, and the Chinese appeared bearing upon a tray the tools of the cocktail maker. Langdon immediately settled down to the serious business of host. And his arms soon were moving up and down to the rhythmic rattle from the shaker.

[Turn to page 120]

# Blue Blood

*"You had to win your own battle, Nan. I couldn't help you."*



**T**HE first real sorrow I ever knew in my life was the day my little black and white pet goat died.

And that was the first day I ever saw Jimmie Dale, too. Dear, old Nanny! It seemed that everything in life wilted and went with her. The sun seemed to go behind the blackest cloud in all the sky and the birds seemed to stop singing in the big elms down behind the barn. And even Cooky, my mongrel dog, slunk into the solitude of his favorite nook up in a corner of the hedge to grieve.

It wasn't as though Nanny had been sick and I knew that she might die, either. After luncheon I went tearing down across the lawn to find her, because I'd promised her a tea party with Cooky, that afternoon. A tea party for just the three of us under the elms, with a bone for Cooky, two battered old straw hats for Nanny, and some cookies and sugar and water for me. Only, of course, Cooky and Nanny would get all the cookies away from me!

I called with all my might and main to Nanny after I got down behind the stables and couldn't see her. There was no answer. I called again—and again. Crossly this time, because it wasn't like Nanny to ignore me so completely. Usually there was a little answering blat and she would come trotting to my side and look up into my eyes as if to say, "Gosh, but you're a terrible nuisance!"

After I'd searched all over the back fields for half an hour I found her. She was all curled up in a funny ball,

her mouth covered with froth, her little black nose all cold and still.

After a while I walked slowly back toward the house, hardly able to stand the ache in my heart. And when I saw Mother on the side porch I ran into her arms and sobbed out my grief. My twin brother, Merle, was there, and at first he wouldn't believe it—said he was glad, because I had let all his rabbits out of their pen.

But after a while he came to me rather shamefacedly and said he was sorry, and that he would help me to bury her. I scorned his offer, for I wanted to suffer alone, and forever and ever.

In the late afternoon, after everyone had given me cookies and been nice to me because I was suffering so, I found the prettiest spot on our place, way down near the back hedge. Then I got a scythe and cut away the tall grass and made

Merle get me a shovel. It was the largest shovel I have ever seen, and made me puff and grunt with every little shovelful. Perspiration ran down over my face, and also over the brown, canvas overalls I always wore. I looked around to beg Merle's aid, but he had disappeared, so I said something to myself aloud and began digging and puffing again.

Suddenly I heard a voice coming from the hedge.

"Whatcha talkin' to yourself about?" it asked.

**I** PEERED into the hedge, then to my left, then to my right, and tried to peep over the top, but I could see nothing. Something like a shiver ran up and down my back, and I looked at Nanny and said tremulously:

"Who is it?"

"It's jus' me," a voice answered from nowhere.

"Who's me?"

A round tuft of brown hair came pushing through the branches of the hedge. As it turned upward, two solemn grey eyes peered mischievously into mine.

"Who's you?" I inquired sharply.

"Whatcha talkin' to yourself for?" he countered.

"I wasn't," I defended. "I was talkin' to Nanny."

"What's matter with it?" he asked, looking at Nanny curiously.

# *and* Red

## *She Lived in the Big White House on the Hill—Above His Little Cottage*

"She's died," I told him. "Whatcha eyes for?"  
"Whatcha diggin' that hole for?"  
"Gonna bury her, o' course," I said, importantly.  
We eyed each other curiously. Then my curiosity got  
the best of me, and I asked, "Where do you live?"  
"Back of your house, in that little brown house."



*"If you love him, that's  
all that matters. Jim-  
mie is good, and clean,  
and real—"*

"You do not. You tell stories," I accused. "No one  
lives there since old Mrs. Ferguson died."

"We just moved in yestiddy."

"Who lives there with you?"

"My mother and father. Who'd you suppose?"

"How would I know," I answered haughtily, with a  
feeling that I was being made fun of.

There was another silence while he gazed speculatively  
at Nanny. Finally he ventured, "You're funny, buryin'  
a old goat."

"It's not an *old* goat!" I flared back.

"'Tis old, and it's gonna smell terrible if you  
don't hurry!"

That was more than my pride could stand. I  
raised my shovel to bring it down on the brown  
thatch of hair in my rage when I heard Merle  
shriek, "D. F. M. S.!" at the top of his lungs.  
Instantly the shovel dropped to my side and I  
looked around, startled. D. F. M. S. was an old  
signal we had between us for two years. It  
meant "Don't For Mother's Sake," and could  
never be violated. It was the only way we had  
of keeping each other from doing something that  
we believed would hurt Mother, and it always  
worked.

Merle came running up to my side and took  
the shovel out of my hands, saying, "You'd hurt him  
terrible if you hit him with that!"

"I was just going to hit him easy," I explained, a  
little ashamed, and looked around for my tormentor.  
He had flown in the moment of safety. But his solemn,  
grey eyes, like street lamps in the blackness of the night,  
stayed in my vision for the rest of the day.

**I** DIDN'T see the boy from down on the back street  
again for several days. Then I came across him  
down in one of our back lots digging long, slimy worms  
and putting them in a battered old tin can. Beside him  
lay a crooked, willow fishing-pole. I tried to chase him  
away, but he just laughed at me and said I must be an  
awfully funny kind of girl, always wearing khaki overalls  
and a khaki shirt.

Then he picked up his can and pole and pick and went  
whistling down across the meadow as though I had never  
existed. Any woman knows what his seeming indifference  
did to me! So it wasn't very long before I had Jimmie  
Dale coming up through the hedge down by the stables  
to play with me. And after a while I got up enough  
courage to take him up in the front yard where my  
mother and grandmother and aunt could see him. I  
wasn't sure just how they would accept Jimmie, because  
he lived on the back street and the children who came  
from down there had never been allowed on our place  
to play with Merle and me. Grandmother had given us  
to understand that children who came from "the back  
street" weren't the kind of children [Turn to page 138]





*It was the picture of a girl appearing in a popular London revue.*

THERE was something about Wrynné that made him universally popular, though what that something was I could not say. For he had his faults like the rest of us and was equally human.

Perhaps it was his debonair, unconscious graciousness, or his sympathetic nature, or his unselfishness. Perhaps it was all these three.

A woman would have said it was because of his charm, his personality, and his looks, but she would have been wrong. For there were no women where Wrynné, and I, and Jackson, and Waters, and "Tiny" Fielding were stationed—that is, no white women, and we who were Wrynné's comrades did not judge a man by his looks. We had other standards. We liked to believe that we each measured up to these standards ourselves, but we knew that Wrynné was better than the rest of us combined.

He was only a boy when I first met him, twenty-four, and filled with a boy's enthusiasm which four years in tropical Africa had not dimmed. He had come out to be the sole representative of British law and order in a remote district, later to be transferred with the rank

I LAUGHED. HE WAS

# A CHORUS

A Thrilling  
Suspicion, Doubt,

of captain to a town in conquered German territory. In this town we encountered each other in 1916, and from the very beginning we were firm friends. There was something about the lad which appeared to me in a way I could not describe. . . I was pleased when I realized that of all of us at the station he seemed to prefer my society, though I was older than he—by twenty-four years.

Later on I realized it was because of the differences in our ages that he came often to sit on my veranda, to drink a whiskey and soda, and to smoke a pipe and talk. He liked to talk. I discovered he was of a romantic nature. He did not hesitate to confide in me his love of sunsets, and stars—the Southern Cross I really believe was the lure which had brought him to Africa—and all beautiful things. He was strangely unspoiled by his contact with life. But in all our conversations he never mentioned a girl, nor once did he speak of love, except in an abstract way. I wondered, yet I was glad. Myself a bachelor, soured toward women, I feared for him when he should fall in love, unless the girl should be worthy. Disillusionment would be fatal to him.

Along about the time I had known Wrynné six months I happened one afternoon to be in the vicinity of his bungalow. It was about four-thirty when he should be having tea, and I decided to drop in for a cup with him. Entering through the back gate of his compound, I walked toward the open rear door of his living-room, my feet, in the sandy soil, making no sound.

He was seated at a table with his back turned to me, busily engaged in looking at a picture in a copy of *Sketch*. At my cry of "Hodie!" he turned swiftly, shut the magazine, and suddenly blushed! In less than a second, though, he had recovered his poise and called to me to come in and make myself at home.

Tea was served. We chatted. I picked up the copy of the magazine at which he had been looking when I had arrived. "Is there a mail in?" I asked.

He looked uncomfortable. "No," he said in a voice



YOUNG; SHE WAS

# GIRL!

## Story of and Prejudice

which was not quite steady. "That *Sketch* is an old one which I got some time ago, but hadn't looked at."

I pretended to accept his explanation; but the issue bore signs of much handling, and one page was badly thumbled, a page in the centre of which was the picture of a girl appearing in the chorus of a popular London revue!

CAN I borrow it when you're through with it?" I asked.

"Take it along with you when you go home this afternoon," he answered readily enough, but added: "Please take care of it for me. There is something in it I want."

That in itself was significant, that and the picture I had seen him looking at, and the blush. I said nothing, though my curiosity was aroused. I hastened to put him at his ease. A little earlier than usual I took my departure and went home.

"Will you be dropping in for a drink and a chat this evening?" I asked before I left.

"I don't know," he replied. "Fielding said something about getting up some bridge."

"Well, come in if you can make it."

I walked home with my mind revolving to the tune of a vague fear. What was the matter with Wrynn? Was it possible he was infatuated with an actress? But it wasn't possible. He had never mentioned any girl to me, least of all a chorus girl. And he wasn't the type that hangs around stage doors seeking to make informal acquaintances. Still I wasn't satisfied. Closer examination convinced me that the pictured likeness of the girl—her name was Lucille Arlton—had been gazed upon often by someone, and the periodical itself was heavy with the scent of the pungent tobacco which Wrynn smoked. Was she a friend of his? Was she more than a friend?

Then I laughed. He was a young man. She was a chorus girl. Perhaps there had been a little love



*The one page was badly thumbled, and showed signs of much handling.*

affair between them when he had been home. But if so, why the blush? Before I reached my bungalow, though, I decided to dismiss the matter entirely from my mind. After all, it was none of my business if Wrynn had known, or knew a chorus girl. The boy had a level head on his shoulders. . .

IN MY bungalow, however, I found it difficult to banish the thought of Wrynn and the girl. I turned again to her picture. A small pretty face with a smile and large limpid eyes gazed out at me. It was rather a sweet face and a good one. But you know how these photographers can pose a person so that a devil appears a saint. . . I admit I'm prejudiced against chorus girls. Twenty years before, when Marie Studholme was still a reigning though a waning beauty, I had fallen in love with one myself, a little thing as pretty and sweet looking as Lucille. That had been my unfortunate love affair from which I recovered with a heart embittered against all women, but stage women in particular. And that was why I was worried about Wrynn.

I hadn't really expected he would show up at my bunga-

low that evening, but about nine o'clock he strolled over. He seemed restless when he arrived, and anxious for companionship. We sat on the veranda, tobacco jar and pitcher of water between us, and, with feet up on the railing for a long time, smoked in silence. It was a night for reverie, brilliant stars in a black velvet sky and a low wind sighing softly in the eucalyptus trees on the edge of the swamp.

Our pipes went out, were filled and lit again; glasses emptied and replenished; and still no word between us two. We were thinking our thoughts. Mine included one that never before had I seen Wrynnie partake so freely of the contents of the bottle between us, and I wondered. . .

Presently he stirred and rose to his feet. He advanced to the veranda rail and looked out and up. "Good old Southern Cross!"



he exclaimed. "Good old stars!" Then, half-turning toward me: "Funny queer old world!"

"What's the matter?" I asked, versed in the ways of men in the tropics. "Getting homesick?"

"Maybe I am, Major. Maybe I am."

"That—or a woman?" I said the last words slowly puffing on my pipe all the time.

He wheeled and faced me. "What do you mean?"

"When a man sits as silent as you have been sitting, and for as long, there's more to it than liver or fatigue."

He turned to his seat, gulped down a big drink, toyed with some things on the table, and drew heavily on his pipe. "Major," he said at last, "you're the most understandin' of men."

And then I knew it was coming. It wouldn't keep. I disregarded the compliment and poured him out another drink.

"I suppose I'm the most blitherin' of blitherin' asses, but it's good to have someone to talk to—someone who—"

"Exactly."

"Major you *are* the most understandin'——" I leaned over and laid my hand on his arm.

"What is it, laddie?"

He puffed on his pipe for some moments and con-

*And she was a woman who could play*

tinued to gaze straight ahead of him. The stars blinked and winked in the sky; the wind sighed in the tree tops; from the "boys'" quarters in the rear came the sound of muffled voices; in the distance faintly borne on the wind the merrymaking at an *ngoma* and the beat of a drum were discernable; and on my veranda was the comforting glow of pipes and the aroma of tobacco. Noises and lights they were which were not noises and

which were not lights and which connoted peace. But at the moment there was not peace in the breast of Wrynn, nor in mine.

"Major," he commenced in that low tone which men use to each other when they are unburdening their souls, "I'm in love."

"Most of us make that mistake sooner or later," I rejoined, dryly remembering my own experience, yet feeling sorry for him.

There was a reproving note in his voice as he continued. "I'm not jestin'. I would to Heaven I were.

though envisioning a dream. But it was his story.

"I love her," he repeated, "as I have never believed it was possible for a man to love. I dream of her at night. Days, she fills my waking hours. When I get my furlough—if this ruddy war ever ends—I'm goin' back to her and ask her to marry me."

"Does she love you, Wrynn?"

He remained silent, staring ahead of him.

"Does she?" I asked gently.

Suddenly he crumpled up and covered his face with his hands. "Major, I've told you I'm the most asinine

of asses. I don't know. I've never asked her! I've never even—well—man, you've heard of men worshipping a dream, fightin' for an ideal, Crusaders goin' to the wars and all that ruddy rot. You know what inspires 'em, keeps 'em goin'. It's some sort of insane love—like mine for Lucille. You see—you see I've never even met her!"

"Never met her!"

**N**O. NOW go ahead and tell me what you think of me!" He was a little defiant, evidently afraid of scorn.

I held out my hand. "If an old man can help—"

He caught it in his own. The contact brought him back to normal a bit. "You've always been a mighty fine friend to me," he said more calmly. "That's why I felt I could inflict myself on you."

"Let's get down to the bottom of the whole thing," I said. "You're in love with this girl, Lucille. You've never seen her. But you have a magazine picture of her—"

"I have several. Her picture has appeared many times."

"All right. Many pictures of her. But you've never met her. You don't know anything about her. She—"

Again he interrupted me. "I haven't met her yet. But I will some day. And I know she'll prove to be all that I have dreamed of her."

"Wrynn."

"Yes?"

"I guessed things a bit this afternoon. I have studied the picture in *Sketch*. It would lead me to believe that you are correct in your beliefs about her. But what's a picture? What does it tell or conceal?"

"Conceal? Are you tryin'—" he had risen to his feet.

"Sit down!" I ordered. He slumped back into his chair.



the part Wrynn believed her to be.

This is serious—now that you must know——"

"Who is she?" I asked, trying to help him along.

"Perhaps you've guessed."

"Lucille Arlton?" I didn't even look up at him.

"Major, I love her!"

There was no mistaking the boy's sincerity nor the reverence in his voice. Reflecting the stars, his eyes shone, entranced. He leaned forward in his chair as

"I'm trying to do nothing. I like you, Wrynn. I'm an older man than you and I've seen a little more of the world. I would wish to see you happy, for I have grown to like you in a way I have never liked a man before, in a way that I might have liked a son. But I never married. I'll tell you why."

AND in the night silence of Africa, which is at once the noisiest and most silent silence in the world, I told him of Nanette and my own unfortunate love. When I had concluded, it was his turn to stretch out a hand.

"I had always suspected there was somethin' of that sort in your life, old man," he said. "But—Lucille is different."

"How do you know?" I asked realizing I was beaten.

He thumped his chest, unconscious of the fact that the gesture was dramatic. "I know it—in here. I can't help it."

And Wrynn couldn't. Romantic; a dreamer; one of the finest men that God ever made, love had come to him. It transcended all else—even reason. There was nought that anyone could say or do to shatter his belief—except marriage to the girl. . . And he was fool enough to marry her, I thought, if she'd have him. And, of course, she would. He had all to offer that the heart of a chorus girl could desire—if a chorus girl had a heart. . .

"Will you help me?" he asked.

"In any way I can. But what can I do?"

"Oh, just allow me to come round here nights and persecute you with stories of my love for her and show you pictures of her."

"I can't persuade you to realize what folly the whole thing is?"

"Never."

"Well, then, Wrynn, old man, whatever I can do—"

"Major, I've told you many times, you're the most understandin' of men."

But Wrynn and I were destined to talk very little more of Lucille. Within a month of the night he confessed his love to me I was ordered home. The day my orders came he had departed on safari. I left, sick at heart, at not being able to say good-by.

On the boat home I thought of him constantly, and of Lucille. He was too good, too fine to be thrown away on anything like her. And I was unhappy. . .

Poor Wrynn. . . But, after all, what could I do?

In London I got my idea.

It came to me the morning I received a letter from him in answer to the note I had sent him on the day of my departure.

Personally, of course, I had no respect for Lucille. She was a chorus girl—as Nanette had been—and as all the world knows chorus girls are—well, anyway it was a line in Wrynn's letter which made me realize what they are, only that was something he did not dream of. It was: "And to think you will be in London when you get this, in the same city with Lucille."

Poor Wrynn! Poor infatuated mad fool! There is only one way to cure him, I thought—and this was my idea—even if it hurts. Lucille was a chorus girl, and chorus girls—

I began making the rounds of the theatres. There

was a revue. In that show was Lucille, a dream of loveliness—on the stage. . . I sought out some friends. . .

I was unable to manoeuvre things for nearly four months, delayed by the fact that the show she was playing in closed and I had to wait—not to be too conspicuous in my actions—until she appeared in another. Then I put my plan into effect.

It's really wonderful what a middle-aged bachelor of independent means can do. I spent money freely. With the aid of the friends—all younger bachelors—I developed into a "man about town". I frequented stage doors. I succeeded in getting up little supper parties at which the guests were ladies of the chorus. I con-

trived, at last, to have Lucille as one of the guests.

I HAD not learned much about her except that she lived in a flat near Baker street. And so I was worried and unhappy, for Wrynn was still in love with her.

I had to kill that love—even if it meant that in so doing I lost his affection and respect and esteem. . . I was worried, too, because my leave was so short. I would have to return to Africa soon. And if my purpose were never accomplished. . . !

Wrynn never will know, unless he chances to read this, which is unlikely, since our paths are so far divergent, how much I went through to try to repay him for a good service he once did me!

It was a gay and merry party which Lucille attended, a party marred to some extent— [Turn to page 96]

## The \$5,000 Story Contest

*Have you written your story? Are you planning to? You need not worry about competing with famous authors. We are not interested in big names.*

*Read the stories in this issue carefully. Then if you have a January SMART SET read the instructions given there.*

*The requirements are very simple:*

*We want stories of life written in the first person style. The length should be not less than three thousand nor more than six thousand words.*

*Manuscripts should be typewritten, double spaced. Use only one side of the paper. If typewriter is not available, use ink and be careful to write so that the story is easy to read. Address it in care of the Contest Editor.*

*The Contest will close February 15, 1926. Prize winners will be announced in the June, 1926, issue, when the first prize story will be published.*

*The editors will be the judges.*

*Every month you will find something new to stimulate your interest in SMART SET. It's a game of a sort. I'm always trying to find something you haven't thought of, so that you can try your hand at a new idea!*

THE EDITOR.



# Ben Hur

## "The Jewel on the Screen"

*Bethlehem and Antioch;  
The star that sent its ray  
To shine above Jerusalem  
And change the night to day.  
The coming of the Savior;  
And each inspiring scene  
Enacted in a setting  
Like a jewel on the screen.*

*The galley fighting pirates;  
And a romance that is sweet;  
The chariots in action,  
As they race in thundered heat.  
Stupendously presented,  
And with thrills that never cease,  
Of the grandeur that was Roman,  
And the glory that was Greece.*



Max Meade and  
Ramon Novarro  
in the Metro-  
Goldwyn - Mayer  
Production.



*From left to right: Florence Vandivere, May Betteridge, and Charlot Byrd, who have parts in William de Mille's "The Splendid Crime," toe the mark in a striking pose.*

# Mid-Winter



*Phyllis Soule and Eleanor Mack don't mind the Winter in Mack Sennett's Comedies.*

*Below: Jocelyn Lee, who spends her time on the beach between calls in Cecil B. de Mille's productions, seems to be taking it easy just now*



# MATHEMATICS

*Mavel Morell believes  
in a background,  
just the same.*



Film Folks Doing Some  
Christmas Figuring on  
California Beaches

*Below: Jean Crawford,  
with Metro-  
Goldwyn, gets tired  
standing so long*



*And then comes  
Josephine Norman, a  
de Mille beauty.*

*Gwen Lee, with Metro-  
Goldwyn-Mayer, figures  
a great deal in this shot.*



## *The Big Parade*

*You'll laugh at all the comedy,  
And gasp at scenes of war;  
You'll see the kind of picture  
That you've never seen before.  
Three buddies in the Argonne,  
Where the bullets spurt and hem  
In a tale that holds you breathless  
While you live it through with them*

*The love scenes are as tender  
As the fighting is intense;  
Machine-guns tear the background  
And the enemy's defense.  
Emotionally vivid,  
You will want to break in cheers  
At the rollicking manoeuvres  
Of the modern musketeers.*



*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Production with John  
Gilbert and Renée Adorée.*



A READER'S PROBLEM

YOU MAY BE ABLE

TO SOLVE

# *Can He Support Me?*



I WOULD be the happiest girl in the world if I could solve this one problem.

How can I convince my fiancé that I should keep on with my job after we are married?

Brooks and I have been engaged for six months and do not wish to wait much longer, but we cannot agree on this one point.

When I first became engaged, I indulged in rosy day dreams and castles in the air, castles full of happy, laughing children. But being a business woman, I soon began to wonder where the money to build these castles was coming from. Brooks is a dear, impractical boy, a Southerner full of old-fashioned "I-can-support-my-wife" and "a-woman's-place-is-in-the-home" theories that came out of the ark with Noah. I love him to idolatry, no matter what he thinks, and I would gladly yield to the demands of his pride. But my sense of mathematics and the example afforded me by the life of one of my sisters warns me that to do so would be unfair to the coming generation.

My sister Anne married George Kane on nothing. After twelve years of earnest struggle, they still have the shadow of the wolf upon their door-step. The six little Kanes enjoy none of the advantages of our ancestors, and Anne herself is slowly sinking beneath a burden far too heavy for her frail strength to bear. Every time I think of my sister, wearing my old clothes, living in an ugly house in a street congested with uncongenial neighbors, and worrying constantly about the future of her children whom she adores, I feel a new resolution rising within me to combat Brooks' "a-wife's-place-is-in-the-home" theory. Any girl who holds a secretaryship at thirty per has learned that dreams almost never come true unless the dreamer gets busy and assists destiny a lot. Not for worlds would I be Anne, with six beautiful children and no funds to give them the clothes or home

or education or companionship that should be theirs. I have the pep to work for a few years and save my earnings for the sake of the little Reeds when they come.

Brooks' family says that I should have confidence that he will rise. So I have, if he is not overburdened nor haunted by phantoms of unpaid bills. Of course he will rise, if he is able to keep up with his necessary business expenditures and retain his club and college friends! But he can scarcely do all this and have a family on forty dollars a week.

HE IS but twenty-six and I am only twenty-three. Why is it impossible for us both to work and save for a few years together? We would lower our social positions? Not so much as by living where twenty per cent of our income will pay our rent, I think.

Mother shakes her head and warns me that the seventy dollars we would make may become so essential in our scheme of things that I may never feel free to stop working and then the little Reeds might not appear to gladden our lives. She points to Cousin Harriet and Cousin Lois, both of whom are having careers but have hardened emotionally. Neither feels the need of so much as a kitten to add youth and gaiety to her luxurious suite in the apartment hotel. "Youth is the time to struggle to make ends meet, to learn to survive domestic crises, to enjoy your children and solve your daily problems together," she has said to me more than once.

But to me, the prospect of Brooks in a worn overcoat, a coal bin empty of coal, mountains of dirty little clothes and no laundress to care for them, constitute problems a woman may well afford to miss. The birds build nests for their young before they try to raise a family. Should not women be equally prudent?

*What Shall I Do?*



*I didn't have to ask—  
didn't have to wait  
until she told me.*

# SOME Men

*Money!—a  
Man's Weakness  
—and the  
Echoing Voice  
of the Past*

told me so; asked if that meant that his job ended. What do you think, Doc?"

And I didn't think.

"I've done my duty as I see it, Duke. He's in your hands now, not mine."

"I had a talk with him—just a hint, you understand—but I told him he could stay on as long as he liked. Nothing to take on the property." His laugh was a hoarse affair. "Nervy of me, trying to succeed where you failed. By George, I'll even buy a house from him. There'll be a big surprise at the dinner for you, Doc. Don't forget."

"I won't—and—good for you, Duke,"

I said, and somehow I felt better when I hung up the receiver. Duke Fitzgerald was one ex-convict with a heart of gold.

The day went, a damp, dismal thing, that fitted in somewhat with my own spirit. Inwardly only, I felt this latest blow; outwardly, well, it wouldn't be fair to the others, and I had fifteen in the house at that time. Some needed considerable watching; others had to be talked to. They were as changeable as the weather, those first few months on the straight and narrow. And me! I had to be the weather prophet. There were pool and billiards downstairs; checkers, dominoes, and a hundred other games in the big front room. Cards, we didn't have—not that I objected to them, but the great national game is for them who have made good; understand the difference between a dollar and a nickel. As yet the boys had no realization of money values; they would learn that with their increasing salaries. "Come easy—go easy" has no place in the curriculum of the good citizen. Just one motto decorated the wall of my house—*Be a Good American Citizen*. I guess that covers all religions and all creeds. If you can't be an honor to your country, you can't be an honor to your God.

OF ALL the cases since I established my mission house in the Bowery for those others who had paid the price of crime, the one of Archibald Trevor was the hardest to figure out.

I had found a place for him with Duke Fitzgerald, one of my boys that I had set aright, and when he failed to put across a big real estate deal he had told me he was through. I was uneasy. Mrs. Trevor and the two kiddies, I had staked at a boarding house. What would become of them? Trevor had been seen the night before with a well-known crook.

THOUGH the book was closed, I couldn't write Archibald off my mind; yet I turned to pleasanter thoughts. One week more and I'd see the crowning glory of my years of work—Duke Fitzgerald! That was it; I'd have to call up Duke—do my duty as I saw it. I was no longer responsible for Trevor. But I put the thing off until late that afternoon.

And Duke gave me a surprise.

"Trevor's left my house, Duke," I told him. "Gone without the shake of a hand." I didn't need to say any more; Duke would understand.

"I know it," he shot back at me across the wire. "He

# Tell

## A STARTLING STORY OF THOSE WHO WALK WITH DEATH

It was a bad night out. Big robberies would take place in the upper city; small, unread ones in the Bowery. The "Weather Men," those who work by the elements, would be at large tonight. Restlessness prevailed within my house. There were those who longed for the dismal streets and the lure of the past. Hard to understand, perhaps, but it's gospel just the same.

IT WAS early—along about nine o'clock—when I was sitting in my sanctuary. Often I had visitors on such nights—tired, worn, frightened little old ladies who pleaded for a son who was prowling through the deserted streets, with evil in his heart; shabby little women who were old at thirty, whose husbands were "Weather Men" or—worse, perhaps—drunkards; even children who sought fathers—vultures of the night, who thought not of those who waited, but hoped for gain through another's loss. Here, truly, was the underworld. Here was that great, sinister, misunderstood part of a great city.

Above the patter of the rain I heard the knock, the faintest touch of knuckles upon wood. A quick step, a turn of the knob—for that door was never locked, day or night—and I confronted blackness. Then I saw the figure. A little woman, extremely stout, I thought at first. When I led her in I knew different. A pitifully weak slip of a woman; clean; every sign of prosperity—even though momentarily, no doubt. The bulk across her chest was a baby; the lighter outlines that seemed to widen her skirt, a small child.

"I had to come, Doctor—I just had to come. You'll save him for me. It's my fault." She began to cry, and the baby in her arms awoke and gazed about the room. The child at her skirt looked up at me a moment, then cried in sympathy with her mother.

I didn't have to ask—didn't have to wait until she told me. Somehow I knew that this was Mrs. Trevor.

"You see, Archie came to see me every night—me and the children." She burst into her story rapidly. "I've stuck to him through it all—through everything."



And that last word was pages in its emphasis, chiseled in the tragic darkness of that still pretty young face that was streaked with tears and rain. "And you—he thought more of you than any man. Money! We were to have plenty of it—honest money—thousands, I think—through a sale. I tried to believe; I tried to feel that we would, though it seemed too much after what we had been through. And then I, too, believed and talked foolishly."

"Foolishly?" I encouraged as she paused so long.

**Y**ES—what I'd like; what I'd have for the children. Always, his debt to you came first, but after that, oh, I let him know—when money seemed certain—I let him know how I had suffered—then." She was crying again now—sobs that were torn from her soul. Suffered! Yes, I could easily believe that.

"Then?" I took the child on my knee and played with her.

"Then—the money didn't come. The man bought another place. Archie read the disappointment in my face."

Archie! I sat up straighter. Not for a minute had I ever believed that was his real name.

"And now, what would you have me do?"

Her heart was nearly broken; her frail body hardly able to bear her burden longer. And I—I must tell her the truth. Each man's destiny lies in his own heart.

"He's rented a room—had it for a week—not far from here, and I was telephoned tonight." Her words came in such sharp jerks that I only caught the high spots, but it was enough.

"I was telephoned . . . a man named Maul is framing Archie . . . the police are going to be there . . . see, here's the number . . . can't you save him—now? It's so much my fault. I let him know how much I wanted things, and he thinks he's doing it for me. And—you see, I love him so."

She did. I could see that. But what could I do? He had chosen his bed of thorns; that they were to prick so soon might be helpful instead of harmful. The great gray walls always loom up. It is only a question of time—hours or years. What does it matter?

**T**HEN I decided. The little woman was so pitifully helpless! The children there, the thorns of her cross. I stood up. Where is this house—where is this man? I was nearly through with Archibald Trevor, but I would say a word at parting.

And she told me, desperately clutching at my sleeve. "You'll come with me to him—plead with me—help me?"

"You must go alone. Take a cab, and talk with him. If he does not listen to you and the children, then I will take care of you—and of him," I added very low. My fingers clenched until they bit into my palms. Wrath is a bad thing—a terrible thing for one who tries to do the work of God. My weakness—my failing; the echoing voice of the past; a thing, perhaps, that makes me better understand the weakness of others.

I spoke quickly, impressing upon her every word. When once I had taken the lead, she bent to my every wish. A broken slip of a girl, that would no doubt have more strength of spirit if she had more strength of body.

I saw her and the children into the taxi; then I returned, slipped into my raincoat, my huge black slouch



*Of a sudden, the woman spoke. "Archie's right!"*

hat, and made my way on foot. The cool rain, the silence of the city, and the thud of my feet upon pavement were the needful remedy to hot, racing blood.

She must have had a good half hour with Archibald before I reached the house. Had she won the battle? Had the man awakened to his responsibility that was above self? Did he see into the future and recognize the stamp of dirty money across his children's faces?





I gasped; I was too late. Police were in the street, a half dozen or more, slipping in and out of the shadows, watching that very house—the house in which Mrs. Trevor and the children now confronted Archibald. Had he already committed his crime, and were the police watching for his attempted escape? Were others searching the house? Only one answer to that. I'd seek my information on the third floor. Mrs. Trevor would need me.

I crossed the street and strode straight toward the gloomy, ill-lit hallway of the dingy tenement.

A brass-buttoned, blue-coated guardian of the city stepped from the shadows of the partly carpeted stairs and blocked my passage.

"Where'll you be going now?" His hand stretched quickly out and flipped up my hat? "Gawd!" His eyes went up. "Doc Fay!"

"Exactly, Murphy," I told him, my voice steady. "I have business above."

"You have." He scratched his head a moment. "And so have we—dirty business. But—" His hand rested

on my shoulder as I started by, and then I spoke:

"If you are laying a net for people, the more you get the better you're off." I looked him straight in the eyes. "There's certainly no objection to a—a man walking into the trap."

"I guess you're right, Doc." He spoke very slowly. "Nothing was said about anyone going in; generally, though, we keep—but if you're set on it, nothing but good can come of your visit."

"And that, I think, was one of the finest compliments I was ever paid. I half turned as I wrung Murphy's hand. Over my shoulder I caught the bulky figure of Lieutenant Shea. But I didn't wait. Before he was in the doorway I was bounding up the stairs, two at a time. What would I do when I got there? Nothing probably, and yet—I was panting when I reached that little back-room door and burst it open.

**A**RCHIBALD held one of the children on his knee; the other played at his feet, while the girl wife clung half to her husband, half to the back of an old broken rocker. But the child who played at the feet of the father, that was what brought the sudden rush of blood to my head. The child played with a neat, rounded bundle—a bundle that I recognized; a bundle that would just fit into the long grip in one corner of the room. That bundle was a set of burglar tools. And the police were below.

"The police!" I cried. "Archibald—have you—?" I paused. No more would come. The child rolled the bundle over and looked up at me.

"Not yet—" Archibald tried to meet my eyes, and I saw too that his face was very white, and his eyes very misty. And then in sudden fury, "It's Maul . . . he did for me, because—oh, the other night I—" the wrath went out of his face; he looked at me, straight in the eyes this time—"I threatened him, Doc, and I'm glad of it."

Threatened him—yes; I knew that—had heard that. The thing was easy to explain: Maul's hate had borne fruit quickly. Someone had been found who could serve his purpose as well as Archibald. The money split would not be so great; besides, there would be vengeance, and Archibald out of the way. For a criminal is not easily dropped by his pals—not when there is money to be made.

"You've done your best, Doc." He strode across the room and stood before me. "Thanks to you and the little woman—and even Maul. I've been clean in act if mighty dirty in spirit. It's too late for another chance, and I don't deserve one. I've been a cad. The cops know me and they want me, with this here." He jerked a thumb toward the rolled outfit on the floor. "They'll ride me for a stretch. But when I come out, I'm coming back to you, clean up the books, and—if you'll have me."

**B**UT there was never a word that through his defense of me that night on the steps he was paying the price. Maul had simply planted him there with the tools and slipped the works to the cops. Someone else—a third party in the game, no doubt—had played Archibald fair and telephoned his wife.

"Take the little woman with you, Doc, and go. God knows what will become of her! I—" He broke at last, went and leaned against the orn and mouldy wall.

I had something on my mind. Of course I couldn't be blamed for it, but in a way I was responsible. His defense of me . . . his threat to Maul. It had been years since I found myself indebted to another man. And I wondered. Had it perhaps happened before—to my other boys? Were there men who hated me had've enough to frame a man who [Turn to page 128]

# *The* WITCH

*Because She Was  
A "Vamp," They  
Accused Her  
of Murder—  
and Then  
an Amazing  
Thing  
Happened*



IT'S peachy to curl up on the window seat on a rainy afternoon and read a mystery story. It's peachy—until you've lived through one: then you find it rather tame. You're so apt to feel superior to the struggling author. You think: "Oh, this is all very well, but it's not real. Now, with our Witch Woman . . ."

For, you see, the Witch Woman episode was a real, living, breathing mystery which turned our neat little suburb upside down and sidewise and every other way. It all started last fall when I was home visiting Mother. I left Elmdale drowsing through the early sunny September, a securely complacent town; I returned to find it a seething pot of suspicion. Everyone was talking about her—the new woman. Of course it would be a woman who could so upset the morale of so temperate a suburb. I would never trust myself to ask Jim about her; I would never let Jim think that I think that he might possibly be interested in another woman!

So at the earliest moment I called Charlotte. Charlotte knows everything.

"Say, old dear, who's the new lady in town?" This after the "Yes, dears, I've had the most wonderful time!"

"Why, Toots, where you been? You don't mean to tell me you don't know?"

*"Dr. Deering's been found at the bottom of the quarry, deader'n a door-nail!" Carrie finally said.*

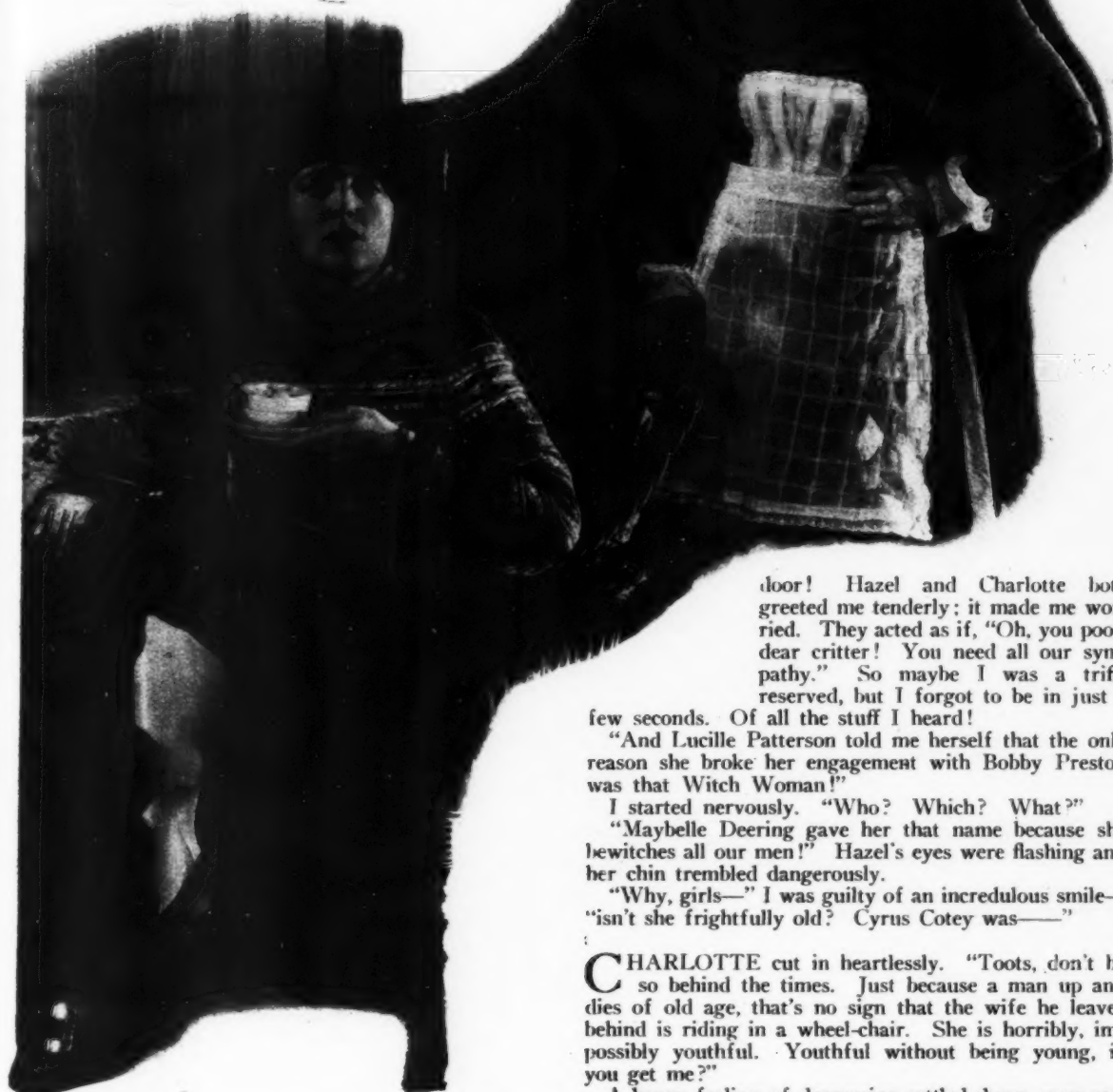
Charlotte was being exasperating and I intimated as much. She laughed cynically.

"Well, darling, Jim does, if you don't." I made my first mental note. "Her Honor is Mrs. Laura Platt Cotey—Cotey Caskets, you know? She has leased the old Harmon place and if she likes it here, she's going to build."

Cotey's Superb Caskets! Who didn't know them—who could pass a bill-board and remain ignorant of their worth? Guaranteed against worms and . . . ugh—horrid things, caskets. Still, the Cotey product formed one of the biggest accounts of Jim's advertising firm. No wonder Jim had to be polite to the widow of old Cyrus Cotey.

"And, dear, it's just about time you were coming home, because Mrs. Cotey is playing Juliet to your husband's Romeo in the Country Club Follies, and you've been voted for Topsy in the Uncle Tom Cabin skit. But,

# Woman



then, I suppose you know all about it, so there's——"

Was Charlotte being catty? My heart sank like a lump of lead. I didn't know one single thing about it! Jim had never even mentioned it.

"My dear, I'll be right over this minute!" I replied briefly, and shutting my eyes to all sorts of glaring duties I raced out of the house and over to Charlotte's where I knew I could get the whole story. I owed it to myself to be well prepared.

Who was there ahead of me but Hazel Stevens, who, besides being quite a chum of mine, lives right next

door! Hazel and Charlotte both greeted me tenderly; it made me worried. They acted as if, "Oh, you poor, dear critter! You need all our sympathy." So maybe I was a trifle reserved, but I forgot to be in just a few seconds. Of all the stuff I heard!

"And Lucille Patterson told me herself that the only reason she broke her engagement with Bobby Preston was that Witch Woman!"

I started nervously. "Who? Which? What?"

"Maybelle Deering gave her that name because she bewitches all our men!" Hazel's eyes were flashing and her chin trembled dangerously.

"Why, girls——" I was guilty of an incredulous smile—— "isn't she frightfully old? Cyrus Cotey was——"

CHARLOTTE cut in heartlessly. "Toots, don't be so behind the times. Just because a man up and dies of old age, that's no sign that the wife he leaves behind is riding in a wheel-chair. She is horribly, impossibly youthful. Youthful without being young, if you get me?"

A heavy feeling of depression settled down upon me. To come home to this! After having such a heavenly time with my family! I said something to this effect, but neither of the girls were understanding. They intimated that I might better have stayed home and watched my husband. I departed, holding my head rather high.

Jim was so darling all evening that I very nearly forgot the worry I had been carrying all day. He told me in detail about the Follies and apologized for not writing about my part and his. It was the contest. The contest was taking every single minute of his time, he said. Here was September and October gone, with only one more

month to go, and no one had landed the plum yet. I was so interested in the various possibilities he pointed out that I found myself growing natural and unsuspecting. We talked away at a great rate, and I could see that Jim had the right hunch in concentrating on *Wesslyn Towers—Plumbing*. You see, each year Jim's firm gives a thousand dollar prize for a new national account brought in during certain months. A national account means ever so much more than a mere local one, as it appears in the big magazines, and is nationally known. It's the advertising that counts, so all the men in the office are hot on the trail. I applauded my husband for his keenness, because it did seem that he was right, and now was the ripe time for landing the big plumbing concern.

"Their new offices are about ready, and the headquarters of the company will be established here by the first of December. At present Chicago is still handling all their stuff, but they've gotta come across and give us some once they take up residence."

"Well, honey, can't you just go up and speak to Mr. Towers about it?"

Jim looked at me pitifully and groaned. "Yes, I could *not*! If anyone can get within forty miles of the old boy I'd like to know it! He's hedged in by a million secretaries."

Then he told me a lot more about this young business man who had got to the top in so short a time. And we made up funny schemes for getting to him, each funnier than the last. "Gee, it's great to be crazy," giggled Jim. I amiably agreed and we drifted toward more serious topics.

The next evening there was a rehearsal of the Follies and we drove over to the club early, so that I could visit with the crowd and get caught up on all the latest news. News! There was no news but Mrs. Laura Platt Cotey. How the girls detested her, and how the men yearned for her! I got so excited that I could scarcely wait to meet the lady. She swam in on the arm of our president, old Mr. Carter, who's old enough to know better, and she was no sooner inside the door when the men made for her side in running jumps, leaving us wives-cold.

**H**AZEL confided gloomily that she thought it was her hair. Looking critically, I was convinced that her hair certainly had a good deal of force. In the midst of our bobbed hair era, to have a tall, willowy mysterious gray-eyed female, who owned a milky complexion and the sleekest black hair you ever saw, drift in, why, anyone might know there'd be a stampede.

"Yes," I conceded, "that hair is worthy of notice."

Slicked back from her forehead as tight and smooth as the skin on an eel and drawn into a

huge coil on the nape of her neck, it was the most arrogant hair I have ever seen. Her ears were rouged artfully so that the lobes were pink pearls, a perfect background for the deep blue of the dangling sapphires.

And manner! Widow Cotey was Helen of Troy and Cleopatra and George Sánd all rolled into one.

I felt real quiet and bored during the remainder of the evening. So did the rest of the girls, I noticed.

**T**HOSE eyes! That face! Her snaky slink!" Maybelle Deering gloomily patted her own one hundred and eighty-seven pounds of flesh. "They mean trouble. She is a regular Witch Woman! A seducer of men!"

I truly felt for Maybelle. It must be bad enough to tip the scales at two hundred, but add to that the misery of watching your own popular husband fox-trot with a skinny vampire, and I guess it must be the last straw. Not that Maybelle can't dance—but you may know she isn't exactly sought out at the beginning—she's what's left over. And there was our Doctor Fred dancing on air, with Mrs. Laura Platt Cotey in his long, surgeon's arms.

Yes, I might spend sympathy on Maybelle, but at least Doctor Fred wasn't playing Romeo to that abandoned creature's Juliet. The way she made eyes at my husband! Wonderful acting, the men called it. Watching their scene, I felt Hazel's hand slide into mine, and her voice in my ear.



And manner! Widow Cotey was Helen of Troy



"Never you mind, Tootsy; she's only an old hen!"

But I soon was given a chance to feel bad for Hazel, all because the Witch Woman sent out bids for a dance. Now, none of us wanted to go—none of the girls—yet we didn't dare stay away, because the rest would know we were afraid to risk our husbands. So naturally we all pretended to be overjoyed at the prospect.

The dance was really smart. As usual, our hostess was the center of a tight group of men. And quite as usual we disconsolate young matrons sat viciously wishing she'd get a mosquito bite on the end of her nose—only it happened to be in November. Such a spirit of uneasiness beneath the gay surface!

Hazel came up to me about the middle of the evening, her face shiny with heat, and begged: "C'm on, Toots; slip into the library with me and stand guard while I park this darn corselet. I'm due to drop with the heat."

"What'd you wear so many clothes for?" I asked idly as I trailed along in her wake. "Whyn't you go up to the dressing-room?"

"Stand here, and I'll slip behind the screen. Wore the blamed thing because I'm getting so fat. Got the next with Tubby. If I go way

upstairs, I'll never get back in time. Ugh, that cat'll get him, sure as there's a loophole. Me your garters, Toots; there's a dear. You can get a good twist on 'em, and mine always come down after I dance a while. Go on, have a heart!"

Really, Hazel does take so many things for granted. But we women ought to stand together, so I slid off my orchid garters and was passing them over the top of the screen when the portières at the end of the room parted and who came in but the Witch Woman and Jack Stevens! My mouth opened and I almost squeaked. She was leaning heavily on his arm and blowing smoke right up into his eyes, and he looked very foolish, and very much as though he liked it. Now if Hazel did that—but then he howls if he even sees Hazel take a cigarette.

Hazel, busily crawling into her dress behind that blessed screen, saw nothing. I stood glued to the spot staring.

Mrs. Cotey's glittering chains of emeralds caught the deep red from the fire and threw it back; they were so expensively conspicuous that I found myself trying to figure out how many guaranteed caskets old Cyrus had had to turn out to buy 'em for her. Quite a few, I'll bet.

I WAS so busy figuring that when she spoke it startled me.

"Ah, my dear!" Ever hear a syrupy voice? "There is still some pagan in you . . . All through the years it has lived. . . ."

"Sssssh! Don't move." I fairly breathed it around the corner of the screen. Somehow I didn't want poor Hazel to see what I was seeing.

Jack said something in too low a tone for me to catch, as he bent over to fill his cigarette case from the box on the table. Mrs. Cotey's white shoulder was perilously near his lips as he straightened up. Oh, dear . . . if he should . . . I held my breath. But he didn't!

He faced her and she looked at him tantalizingly out of her greenish eyes. She smiled slowly and Jack put his hand on her white arm eagerly.

She laughed delightedly. I squirmed. Oh, my! Hazel simply must not see! "You eager boy . . . you boy, you . . ." her tone was a caress. "Yes! I'll tell you now, if it will make your evening happier. It's all arranged . . . Our secret, yours and mine, for just a little while . . ." she laughed snikily. Did you ever hear anyone laugh [Turn to page 98]



and Cleopatra and George Sand all rolled into one!

# *An Absorbingly True Story of*

## THE Woman *Who* TOOK —and the Man *Who Gave*

**N**O GIRL ever had a better opportunity than I to make something glorious out of her marriage. Roger loved me madly, and of course I loved him, for had I not taken him from all the other girls?

Once married, I started in to make all the mistakes a young wife can make. My whole attitude toward life was a mistake, springing from a most unfortunate disease which love sometimes creates. I refer to "swelled head."

I had a very severe attack of this disease. You see, instead of being proud of my husband, I began to think he must be very proud of me, since he had chosen me instead of some more beautiful and clever girl. I began to wonder if he really appreciated me! Then Roger would come home, bringing me flowers or candy or some little gift, and would pour out his love extravagantly, so that any girl with a bit of sense would have felt that she was more than appreciated, but these things only made my head swell the more.

Roger seemed satisfied to love me humbly and to let me queen it over him, and I took full advantage of his submission. But, downtown, in business, he was a very different man! How ambitious he was! How determined to succeed, to make lots of money for his little queen!

I knew little of the duties of queens, else I would have understood that queens were supposed to give help and encouragement to those who toiled for them. While Roger was working hard, striving for advancement in his business, I spent money extravagantly.

If I had stopped with this, it wouldn't have been so bad, but I even made it hard for him to do his work, for I insisted that he take me out to dances and parties in which he had no interest, and he often went to work with his head aching from loss of sleep.

Then came a time of great business worry. Roger, who had always had such exuberant spirits, would sit



*And all of a sudden I saw him as he really*

and think deeply, pale and nervous. I grew cranky. "For goodness sake," I would say, "drop your troubles and be happy when you're home. It's very poor policy to bring your business troubles home."

"It's very hard not to," he would answer.

At dinner he would sit pondering.

"Oh, heavens," I would exclaim, "do cheer up! It's bad for your digestion to be worrying while you eat. I've read of great business men who never brought their troubles home."

"Bunk," said Roger, bitterly.

I felt offended and went to bed early, leaving Roger to worry alone over his problems.

One evening Roger came home looking exceptionally worried, but still he had not forgotten to bring me something. He kissed me and handed me a box of candy.

# a Wife Who Pitied Herself



was, and he slunk away like a beaten puppy.

"Candy again," I said, tossing the box upon the table. "Why didn't you bring flowers? That's three times in succession you've brought me candy, and you know I don't care much for candy any more. I gave the last box to the laundress. Besides, I've no flowers to wear to the dance tonight."

"Dance!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, we're going to the Palace tonight. All our crowd will be there."

Roger groaned. "Dance! I could as easily fly as dance tonight."

"I don't see why you let your business get such a hold on you," I said crossly. "Other men aren't like that. Anyway, if you won't come, I don't see that that's any reason for my staying home. And I'm certainly not going to forego an evening of pleasure for you. So there!"

## WHAT ELSE COULD HE HAVE DONE?

I went to the dance with a group of friends, and I came home with Len Wilker, a dashing young divorced man who was the lion of the hour among the girls.

This was the beginning of a new life for me, a life apart from my husband, who sat at home night after night, covering pages with figures, writing letters and working out plans. Sometimes when I came home from a dance or a drive with Len, Roger would be walking the floor distractedly; sometimes he would be asleep with his head on the table. Other times he would not be home, but would come in soon after, having been for a walk to cool his aching head. He would clasp me hungrily, while he covered my face with passionate kisses, but I was not thrilled by them any more. My mind was too full of the things Len was always saying to me.

At first Len's flattery was subtle, but he soon grew bold. In the beginning I was a little shocked, but I soon got used to his words. His light caresses thrilled me, but I assumed a very proper attitude and told him he must not think of such things. However, I found that I was thinking of them myself, and I was very glad that he did not forget them. I began to imagine myself a misunderstood, unappreciated wife, and I thought Len the only person who truly understood me. I thought

that I was in love with Len, and I pitied myself for being tied to poky, troubled Roger.

One night when Len brought me home we found the living-room deserted. The table was covered with Roger's papers, and I knew that he had gone out for a swift walk.

I yielded to Len's kisses, answering his ardent whispers breathlessly, then warned him, "You must go now; my husband may come in any minute," and looking up, I saw Roger standing in the doorway!

Len and I fell apart, and Len bowed good-night with perfect coolness and attempted to leave. Roger, however, took a step forward, caught his arm, and actually snarled into his face. Len attempted to shake off his hand, but Roger only gripped him tighter and shook him. Len paled; I could see terror in his face and I

despised him. And this hatred came very suddenly.

When Len was released he would have slunk away like a beaten puppy, but Roger caught him again, this time hurling at him such vile epithets that any man with a spark of manhood in him would have defended himself, but Len only cowered under Roger's wrath. Roger struck him, and Len, with a cry of fear, struck back, upon which Roger exultantly showered blows upon him. Len fought desperately, but at the first opportunity he made a dash for the door and disappeared into the darkness.

**R**OGER kicked the door shut, and stood looking at me—the first cold, unfeeling look he had ever given me. It went to my heart like a knife. I would not have believed that Roger's eyes could be so steely, so hard.

His face expressionless, he gathered up his papers and went upstairs. Suddenly I saw what a man he was, what a prince beside the weak creature with whom I had been playing. I ran toward him, crying, "Roger!"

He turned on the stairs and looked down at me as at some annoying stranger. "Yes?" he asked, politely.

I could not endure that, for into my heart had come a belated flood of love and understanding and I saw Roger for what he was—the patient, adoring lover of an unworthy woman, and I made a mighty resolve that I would make up to him for all the unhappiness I had caused him.

I rushed up the stairs and flung my arms about him. "Darling, don't feel bad about it!" I cried. "Don't think worse of me than I am! He is nothing to me—I despise him! I—"

"I don't care to hear about it," Roger said coldly. "What you do is of no interest to me any more. If you prefer other men I would not keep you against your will."

"But I don't prefer them!" I cried. "Just because you saw a man kiss me—"

"It is not just because I saw a man kiss you," he returned, trying to be calm, but unable to control his voice. "I could forgive that and much more if you asked me, but I see that I have been a fool to forgive

you all these years when you were not even asking for forgiveness—did not even know you needed forgiveness."

He went on to the top of the stairs and into his room, while I stood looking after him, dazed. When his door closed I could not stand it.

"Roger!" I cried, running after him. He opened his door and stood there, his attitude showing that he did not wish me to enter his room.

"Forgive me, Roger!" I cried, now thoroughly terrified. "I know I've been selfish and horrid and haven't appreciated you and I ought not to have gone out with another man and left you alone, but I never loved him and—"

"I do not care to hear about it," Roger interrupted. "I could forgive your philanthropy if my forgiveness were not already exhausted. All during our married life I have been busy forgiving you, though you never asked me to. I have forgiven a thousand hurts. Little things, perhaps, just as hard to forgive as what I saw tonight. By your hardness, your lack of sympathy and feeling, you have shown me over and over again that your heart was not mine, just as plainly as you showed it by kissing another man. Your heart has never been mine!"

**I**T HAS! Oh. Roger, it has!" I exclaimed. "Len never had my heart!"

"I did not say that another man had your heart," he explained. "I merely said that your heart was never mine. You were selfish: your desires were all for yourself. You have never tried to understand. Don't magnify what you did tonight. It is not a bit harder to bear than all your acts, all your attitude toward me. Good-night."

He closed the door gently, and I was too crushed to protest. I cried myself to sleep in loneliness, hating myself.

As I dressed the next morning a strange exaltation came over me. I must show Roger now that I really did love him and that he would not need to forgive me any more! How gentle and patient and understanding I would be!

Roger was already eating his breakfast and did not seem to see the pleading look I gave him as the maid



*Here was the only person who really understood me. "Sure, I'll go," I told him.*



brought in hot toast. When she had gone I leaned eagerly toward Roger. "I want to help you, dear," I said.

"That's very good of you," he said, absently, scarcely noticing me. "I must hurry now. Good-by."

I jumped up, helped him with his coat and caught his hand to my lips in parting.

"I'm sorry; forgive me!" I whispered.

"Certainly," he answered, indifferently, and was gone.

I was left desolate, chilled. Roger had spoken as though I did not matter, as though his business were all important and I but an incident to him. He had never acted so before! Could it be that I had driven him to

regard me as but a secondary interest in his life? Was he going to devote himself to his business now? Why did he speak to me in that unfeeling tone? Suddenly it dawned upon me that that was just the way I had always spoken to him. When he had been tortured by business cares I had been gently polite but quite unfeeling, as though they really didn't matter. Now that I was tortured by a sense of my own unworthiness he acted as though it didn't matter.

FOR days we went on with this politeness, while I worried and fretted.

Then came the crash—Roger's business was practically bankrupt. His face was hard and white as he told me about it.

"I feel like giving up," he said, despairingly.

"Of course you won't give up!" I exclaimed. "You're bound to succeed in time. A man like you can't be kept down."

He looked at me queerly. "I'll have no money for you," he said. "I don't know how I'll manage for rent and groceries."

This rather staggered me for a moment. I hadn't thought of those things! They had always seemed to take care of themselves.

"We'll manage somehow," I said.

Oh, Roger, I want to help!"

He nodded politely, and all he said was, "Very well." With that he went away, leaving me hurt and unhappy. At one time he would have told me that I was a wonderful little wife. Why didn't he say that now, when I longed so much to hear it? Then I remembered with shame my ingratitude for his many little gifts, and I cried miserably, until I looked a fright. However, I knew that tears would not help me, so I began energetically to plan and to carry out my plans. I let my maid go and I did the housework myself. We sold part of our furniture and moved to a smaller house, but even then we could barely meet our expenses.

For the first time in my life I had a real job on my hands, trying to make every dollar go as far as possible. Now, instead of expecting candy, flowers, jewelry and useless trinkets, I was thankful when Roger gave me money to buy a ton of coal and a bag of potatoes. In my anxiety over Roger and in contriving little ways to save money I began to forget myself and to find that I was not the most important person in the world. Now that I seemed to have lost it, how dear and precious my husband's love seemed! I was determined to win it back but all my efforts made no impression on him.

ONE day I flung my arms about Roger and kissed him. He answered the caress coolly.

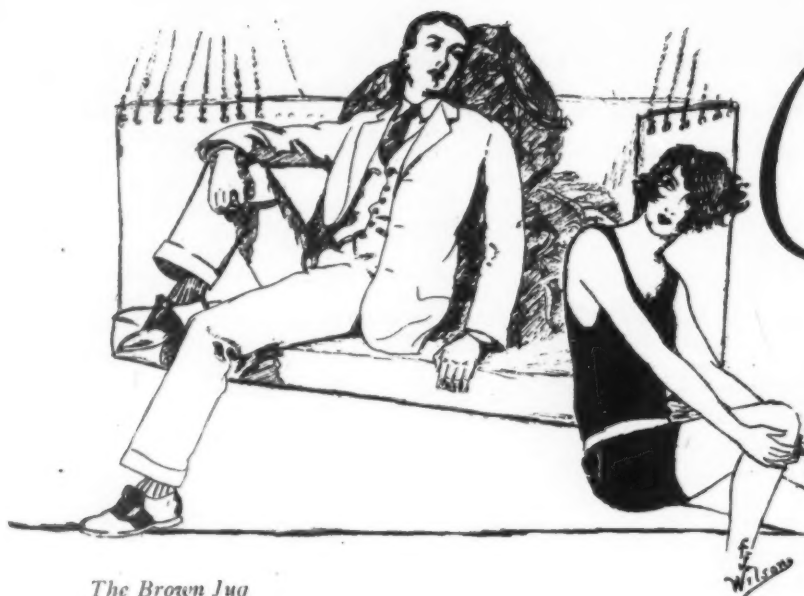
"Oh, Roger," I whispered, "I love you so!"

"And I love you, dear," he answered, with none of his old passion.

"You are a [Turn to page 128]

"Dance!" he exclaimed.  
"Yes, we're going to the  
Palace tonight. All our  
crowd will be there."





# Collegiate!

## PICK-UPS BY THE

*Campus Collegian*  
U. of Toledo.

**R**EMEMBER when we first met in the revolving door at the Post Office?"

"But that wasn't the first time we met."

"Well, that's when we began going around together."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Brown Jug*

**I**S ALICE dumb?"  
"Dumb? Why, she asked me who this girl Excess was that all the boys were drinking to."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Daily Cardinal*  
Wisconsin U.

**A**RE you a fraternity man?"  
"No, I bought this cigarette."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Slippery Rock*

State Normal, Penn.

**H**ER: "Say, Howard, did you know that you can get a good chicken dinner for ten cents down town?"

Him: "Where?"

Her: "At the feed store."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Daily Northwestern*

**M**RS. NULYWED: "Nora, why didn't you brush down those cobwebs?"

Nora: "Indeed, ma'am, I thought they had something to do with the radio."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Purdue Exponent*

**D**EAR Susie: Is it proper to use glasses at a musical comedy?

Yours, JACK.

Dear Jack: It is not proper, but sometimes shows good form.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Athenaeum*

U. of W. Va.

**C**O-ED: "Don't you think the violinist's obligato is beautiful?"

Ed—"Can't say; wait until she turns around."

*Vassar Vagabond*

**S**HEIK: "You certainly are a nice girl."

SHEBA: "Yes, but I'm getting darn tired of it."



# Collegiate!

## CAMPUS POLICE

### The Gleam

Western Union College (Iowa).

FOR hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat 'strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed.

Finally: "I wish I had money, dear," he said; "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, rising, she sped into the house. Aghast he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Campus Collegian

U. of Toledo

CO-ED: "I saw five of your fraternity brothers at the dance last night."

Stude: "But I didn't know that you knew that many."

Co-ed: "I don't, but I recognized your ties."

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Athenaeum

U. of W. Va.

JOHN, I smell cider on your breath."

"Nothing of the kind, sweetheart, but my collar is so tight it squeezes my Adam's apple."

SHE doesn't like a shady joke,  
She doesn't hike, she doesn't smoke,  
She doesn't swear, she never flirts,  
She doesn't wear those shortened skirts;  
She doesn't dance, she doesn't sing,  
And goofs in pants don't mean a thing;  
She doesn't use those beauty salves,  
But don't refuse to show her calves—  
You ask her name? Well, that's a wow—  
She's not a dame; she's just a cow.

\* \* \* \* \*

### New River State Collegian

SIGN on back of Ford—Shake Well Before Using.



JIMMY  
SHEPHERD

### The Denver Parrakeet

HERE lie the bones of Johnny Jones  
To grace this quiet spot;  
Poor John was lit when he was hit—  
Too bad his lights were not.

HERE James James sleeps and never wakes  
To see the rising sun—

The car in front had four-  
wheeled brakes  
And poor J. J. had none.

JOHN HILL drove  
o'er a beetling cliff  
To test his new balloons,  
And now he plays a silver  
harp  
On Sunday afternoons.

BENEATH this patch  
of quiet sod  
Lies the mouldy form  
of Oliver Odd;  
He long has left his hectic  
whirl—  
At sixty per he kissed  
his girl.



*Purdue Exponent*

**F**IRST He: "You can eat dirt cheap in that restaurant."

Second He: "Yeah, but who wants to eat dirt?"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Denver Parakeet*

**S**HEBA: "I have absolutely nothing to wear."

"Well, put it on and let's go."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Bulldog*

Hendrix College, Ark.

**W**ILTON: "But what makes you think that you can write popular songs?"

Dizzy: "Oh, you don't know what silly ideas I have."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Denver Parakeet*

**P**ROF: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the two sides of this triangle?"

Stude: "I don't have to prove it; I admit it."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Vassar Vagabond*

**M**ARY had a little lamb,—

You've heard it oft before,—

And then she passed her plate again

And had a little more.

\* \* \* \* \*



*Harvard Lampoon*

**L**EGGO my skirt, Roger; you'll tear it!"



*The Broken Jug*

**I** THINK the Charleston is awful."

"I can't learn it, either."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sun Dodger*

**L**ET'S do something odd, something eccentric."

"All right; let's go down to the restaurant and hunt for gum under the tables."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Purdue Exponent*

**YOU NEVER CAN TELL!**

**S**HE was sweet. Pretty. Eyes like saucers  
With a sparkle that thrilled us. A  
Rosebud mouth. Features that would have  
Made Michael Angelo sigh. And golden  
Bobbed tresses we longed to touch.  
Something about her that reminded us of  
A dream fairy come to life. Really, too  
Gorgeously attractive to be human.  
And as she tripped gracefully across the  
Floor we wondered—"What a lovely  
Creature. So dainty. So refined. So  
Dignified. So innocent-looking."  
We yearned to hear her sweet voice. We  
Imagined it was that of a nightingale.

*Just Then—*

The barber called—"Next!" Up she stepped,  
Seated herself in the chair and in a  
Voice like that of a prize fight  
Announcer—he rent the air with:

"Gimme a shave on da neck,  
An' make it snappa!"

Blah! Another vision gone bloeey!

Moral: You Never Can Tell!



# Shall I Try to Keep Up?

*Here's a Problem Which  
Will Make Both Husband  
and Wife Think. Read It  
and Then Write to Me.  
Can I Tell the Writer That  
You Say She Is Doing Right?*

**M**Y HUSBAND is an army officer and, as such, is supposed to have social standing. My problem is not how to keep up our social standing, but how to get rid of it gracefully.

If people only knew that we have to economize as well as others, and at times in more or less sordid ways, to keep up appearances, they wouldn't think so.

I have three children and I am not ashamed to say that I work for my living. By that I mean I cook for them, do all their washing and ironing; in short, take entire care of them and my home. Many friends of mine and my husband's know this and they either "think it's awful," or admire me, according to their different dispositions. I always go through the same experience whenever we go to a new station. At first the post-women shower me with admiring remarks. They "think it's wonderful," that I can take care of my children and do as much as I do. When the admiration reaches its height, it is always followed by a reaction. This is brought about by a very human quality coming out in women.

When their husbands admire me and begin to draw comparisons between me and their own wives, who, I am sorry to say, find more time for bridge, Mah-Jong, golf, or riding than housework, the reactions step in.

They say to each other, "It's awful for a woman with her social position to work as she does. Surely she could afford some help!" or, "Well, she won't be young-looking very long, working like that. She already looks thirty-eight instead of twenty-eight."

My husband, whom I adore, is made unhappy many times by what he feels people are saying. He feels that his brother officers think he is too much of a "tight-wad" to get a servant. I know this, because of what he said to me one evening not long ago.

"Well, dear, you just tell them that your wife is the 'tight-wad' in the family," I told him.

He doesn't look worried, though, at the end of the month when the bills come in, for he knows that I haven't bought a two hundred dollar evening gown which will have to be paid for on the instalment plan! Many army officers have married rich women, and they are the ones who set the standard of social life for us. I really believe that this false social standard is in every way responsible for so many army scandals. We, who have only our pay, find that only by the most rigid economy can we "get by" from month to month.

"The Service" demands that an officer shall be well-dressed, but should "The Service" demand an officer to maintain an establishment beyond his means?

I was born and brought up in the army. My father is a high-ranking officer, and as he was fortunate in his marriage, I was never made to feel the necessity of doing anything.

And then, a neighbor of mine came in the other day while I was ironing. She looked at me and said, "I don't see how you do it! Do you enjoy ironing?"

"No," I said, "I can't think of anything I hate to do so much, but if I sent the children's clothes to the laundry, they would



*I wonder if she's right,  
after all! I wonder if  
I am "out of step" with  
the others.*

be ruined. I can't get anyone to come in to do it, and as

they only have ten suits each, I can't spare their clothes that long for they wear two a day. You see, two a day, would mean five days, so I couldn't do with less than two laundering days a week. Do you see?"

She said she did, but I guess she didn't, for she said next, "I don't see how you can be happy doing things you hate to do all the time."

"Oh, I get out once in a while," I answered; "besides, I think you can make yourself happy or unhappy according to your attitude towards life."

She tried again to discourage me, this time in another way. "You're so good-looking! You're wasting your youth in your kitchen."

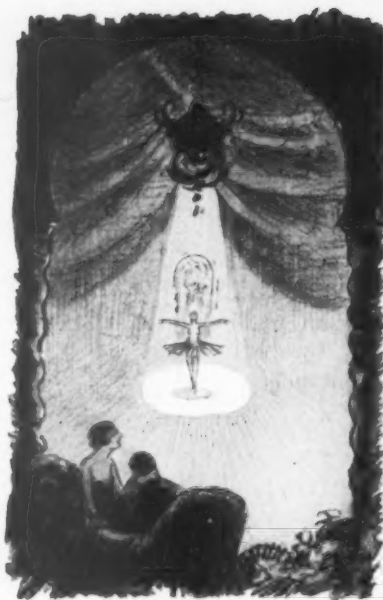
**W**ELL, I said, "you can't eat your cake and have it, too. You know the old saying, and I would rather have peace of mind than good looks any day."

"But your husband would love to take you out oftener—he is so proud of you. You are awfully good-looking, you know. You aren't being fair to him."

I wonder whether she was right after all! Her arguments are unassailable, I guess, but I have a feeling that I am living while many other women are only existing, if you know what I mean. But many times I wonder if I'm only "out of step" in this army, or if I am the one who is really keeping time to the music?

This problem knocks at my front door every day. I usually answer it from the kitchen door! I could write reams on the subject. I have one objective in life: to have a home—a permanent one some time—and I can't do that unless I am willing to deny myself much.

Why should I receive disapproval from my army friends when I am only doing what thousands of women in civil life do as a matter of course? Perhaps you can help me.



*"With you~  
in some  
old Palace"*

*"EVEN today I am haunted  
by the sense of having been  
with you in some old Palace of  
the Orient—and you the Princess.  
What could have made the room  
—and you—so mysteriously won-  
derful last night?"*

FROM HER DIARY:

*"THERE was something new in his  
eyes last night. Could the temple in-  
cense have caused it? . . ."*

**EVEN** when royal splendor was their setting,  
beautiful women of centuries long past  
enriched their background by the subtle power  
of temple incense. Vantine's Temple Incense  
preserves the ancient secret of creating the  
romantic atmosphere that makes beauty love-  
lier. Six subtle fragrances at all drug and  
department stores.

**Learn how incense can enrich your charm.**

*Six sample fragrances sent  
on receipt of ten cents.*

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.

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71 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



## 1,001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued from page 36]

some of them beauties famed in those mysterious circles where show-girls who are never "billed" on programs or in advertisements are more talked of than the stars.

The opening was a great event for her. She was excited, scared. But she got through the routines without more than the expected growls and curses from the director, who "ran" the numbers from a wing, coatless, hoarse and profane.

That night, Jane went to her second-rate hotel and slept the slumber of the just and the weary. But she awoke with the feel of a queen—for she, Jane of Peoria Street, was now an accredited "actress"; she was a member of a company due on Broadway, itself; she was in and on her way; she was on top of the world and sitting pretty.

Beside her, as she awoke and thus ruminated, lay, still sleeping, Yvonne Richfield. Mark well the name, you readers who have followed so far the fortunes of little Jane.

**B**ESIDE her, still snoozing the sleep of the indolent chorine, lay Yvonne Richfield, fellow "pony" in the "Frolics of 1918".

Jane had "doubled up" with Yvonne quite by random chance, for economy's sake, as was the custom among the merries. She had met her every day during rehearsals and had struck up a casual friendship with her. The suggestion to share a room had come from Yvonne, a dancing girl of several seasons' service in the revues. Yvonne had her own apartment in New York. The teaming arrangement was offered only for "the road", which was to consist of the single week at Atlantic City.

The two hadn't grown especially confidential as yet.

As Jane sat there, on the edge of the bed, beside the prone pretty form of the sister-pony, as she sat there smiling to herself over her estate as an insider in the fascinating and coy "profession," she scarcely thought that the girl who breathed there softly in the morning slumber would turn her life topsy-turvy, would mark her and mar her and scar her beyond rescue and beyond redemption.

So little do we know what fate holds for us. So little do our plans and intentions often mean against the whimsicalities and quirks of chance and circumstance. So much are we the creatures and victims of combinations of disassociated, unsummoned trivial haps and bits which, closing in against us, are as the Lilliputians who bound Gulliver—and held him helpless.

Yvonne stirred presently, stretched her shapely arms, yawned, turned over, opened one eye and then the other, pulled herself up, reached for a cigarette, and, after the third puff, woke up.

"H'lo, sapadil," she greeted Jane, "how d'you feel on the morning after your great debuting business?"

Jane chuckled, gurgled and assured her sleeping partner that every little thing was hunky.

"Kid, you ain't been nowners yet," said Yvonne, through the smoke. "Wait'll you've got your big Broadway opening behind you. Then you'll begin to live—what I mean live! From the little you've told me, you've hit some high spots for an infant, but that don't mean you know anything or have seen anything. There's only two places in this world—Broadway and the rest. Manhattan Island is cut off by three rivers. Anywheres you are that's across any of 'em from Manhattan is Bridgeport—or Coshocton—or don't matter where; it ain't New York. And that means it ain't at all.

"There's only one kind o' hits—New York hits. There's only one kind o' steppin'—New York steppin'—the rest is crawlin'."

"Now, I've been through the mill. I know Broadway, every angle of it, and it's a diagonal alley that's got more angles at every corner than all other streets on earth put together—triangles, crooked angles, sharp angles, wrong angles, short cuts, twists, slants and steers. It's no spot for jaywalkers, unless they're Broadway-broke. The traffic gets rubes goggle-eyed an' something hits 'em while they're dizzy from the tall buildings, the speed and the lights.

"You need a guide there wors'n you do in the Alps or in the jungles. And li'l Yvonne is prob'ly the slickest. I like you. And I'm goin' to take you under my wing an' lead you around to where the cuckoo builds his nest and the goose lays those golden eggs.

"You might get a small-time touch o' what it's all about here this week, because, while this isn't Broadway by a long shot—as giddy as it might make you think it is—you're with a Broadway show and a Broadway bunch and a little of the atmosphere might smear o.

"But—oh, you next week!

"Say, stupid, I've got a little apartment that's nobody's business. For a struggling young lady knocking off fifty smacks per Saturday in the envelope, it's what you might call a pretty nifty layout. I pay my maid and chauffeur forty. With the other ten I keep myself and buy sound securities against a rainy afternoon, sometime, when I can't play the mid-week matinee—see?

"No, I guess you don't. But your pretty eyes'll open up. You're not exactly a dummy. I guess you know something or two, at that. But you still don't know much, as much as you think you know, or as much as maybe you do know—because you don't know it the Broadway way.

"But I need a little pal, and I've picked you. All that goes with that goes for you, including the post-graduate course in what it takes and where it leads to. *Sabe? Versteht?* Get me? You'll hurdle all the blunders and guesses and maybes. I'll slip you the lowdown right to the higher-ups. Nobody's goin' to boob you or give you the famous runaround that's all cut out and dried for first-timers and kittens.

**IT'S HARD** enough when you come in like you're comin' in—with a blaze o' glory. Lord help you if you land without an invitation. Broadway's tough spot to come to askin' favors. By the way you'll be sittin', ol' Broadway'll be in your lap. Broadway takes the world, but it gives what it takes to its own. Broadway's darlings are Broadway's chorines. You can hear all you like about the wicked outsiders that pester the stage janes. But when it's all said and done, they get their main play from those who know 'em best, and who pan 'em the hardest (to listen to 'em).

"The stories I could tell you are fabulous. But you wouldn't believe 'em. Nobody does—who hasn't lived 'em. Everybody's read those tales and heard others like 'em. Yet, when it comes to a showdown, they hit up a wise expression and say 'Go on, don't bull me—such things only happen in the magazines and the movies.' You prob'ly think so, yourself. Well—you'll see. Stick close to li'l Yvonne, chicken—you'll see plenty."

The week at the shore was, indeed, a starter and a startler. Jane, thrown in with a flock of high-stepping beauties, most

[Turn to page 84]

# LOOK YOUR BEST Every Day

Choose a shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder scientifically blended to match your skin ~ ~ ~

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Widely known cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.



Will your skin stand the close inspection of your escort's eyes? Will your powder be so perfectly matched to the tone of your skin that it will not look like powder—but your own complexion?

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She does, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. These women thank me for telling them about

Pompeian Beauty Powder. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly.

Choose the correct shade for your complexion from the shade chart. In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair

and eyes to me for special advice.

## SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

**Medium Skin:** The average American skin tone is Medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

**Olive Skin:** Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

**Pink Skin:** This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use *Flesh* shade.

**White Skin:** This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

*Madame Jeannette*  
Specialists in Beauty

P. S.: I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder.

## SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c. box of Bloom with 1926 Panel, Beauty Powder and other samples

In addition to sample of Beauty Powder and to help you realize the exceptional quality of Pompeian Bloom, we make this special offer above. The 1926 Panel is the most beautiful and expensive one we have ever offered. Size 27 x 7 in. Art store value 75c to \$1. Sent for two dimes along with 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom and valuable samples of Beauty Powder; Day Cream (protecting); and Night Cream (cleansing); and Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet.

Tear off, sign and send

Madame Jeannette,  
The Pompeian Laboratories

2201 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, other samples, and your beauty booklet.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Shade of powder wanted?.....

This coupon valid after July 15, 1926



Miss E. S. B.—a striking example of the loveliness of rich brown hair, sparkling brown eyes, and slightly olive toned skin. The *Rachel* shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is ideally adapted for her skin-tones.





## For 44 Years A Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I first went to France 44 years ago to learn the utmost in beauty art. I have been there 33 times since to keep up with later discoveries. I spent my 1925 Summer Vacation in Paris.

The result is history. With those helps I became a famous beauty. I gained a glorious career. And I still appear daily before thousands who see me looking like a girl.

Now I am placing those supreme helps—the best I've found—at every woman's call. All toilet counters supply them in my name. Now every girl or woman may have the benefits of my 44 years of searching.

Today I mention only one—Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Youth. This is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. No woman can know what a clean skin means until she tries this cleanser. And a clean skin is the first step to new beauty.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All the dirt and grime, dead skin and clogging matter depart with it. You will see your face skin in a new light when you use it.

Beauty experts the world over now employ and advise this formula. But they charge too much. I supply it through toilet counters at 75c per bottle.

Send coupon for a sample bottle and my Beauty Book. Learn what Facial Youth means to you. Then I think you'll wish to try my other beauty helps. Clip coupon now.

### For Trial Bottle

31-SS

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c for postage and packing on a sample of Facial Youth.

## The Dreamy Depths of Shadowy Eyes

enthrall and allure because their brilliance and expressiveness is brought out by luxuriant lashes.

YOUR eyes will take on fascinating depths and intriguing brilliance if you darken your lashes with WINX. Touch them up lightly with brush attached to the stopper of bottle and they immediately appear much longer and heavier. Two applications a week keep your lashes shadowy and your eyes lovely all-year round.

WINX is a harmless water-proof liquid that dries at once and cannot run or smear. Complete, black or brown, 75c, U. S. and Canada. At drug and department stores or by mail. Send 12c for sample.

ROSS COMPANY

249-B West 17th Street

New York

**WINX**  
Waterproof



## 1,001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued from page 82]

of whom had, like Yvonne, "been through the mill," joined mildly in their pastimes, a party or two after the show, mingling with the usual run of the mill of stage-door habitués and the better grade, those who didn't have to hound any stage doors.

There are so many ways that men who have the means and the dispositions, the desire and the sophistication, can meet chorus girls, that a book could be written on the subject. Nothing that Jane told me of the overtures, the approaches, the ramifications of the technique practised in her first week as the member of a tiptop show was new to me—I had seen all that "work" myself, many times over, and then some.

ANYWAY, none of it in Atlantic City led to much in the way of adventure worth detailing, although to Jane, keyed up, exhilarated, excited, it was all hectic and thrilling despite her experiences in South America and the few shabby episodes of her pre-engagement days dubbing about the Big Burg. She realized too well the truth of Yvonne's easy statement that New York means nothing but shadows and cold shoulders for those who come, unasked and asking; she knew, already, that her return there would place her altogether differently, even if she had not the chic and shifty Yvonne to take her through the doors marked "Private," which are only for the expected, the invited and the favored.

The arrival in New York, in itself, was far from spectacular. Early in the morning, on a Sunday, after a few hours of sleepless goings-on during one of those theatrical "jumps" neither long enough to be restful nor short enough to be negligible! The girls had gossiped and played poker in their pajamas until the train hit the Hudson River tunnel. They had their Pullmans to themselves, for there were enough of them to take up several sleepers. Yvonne and Jane dressed, and in front of the station her friend steered our youngster toward a smart little closed town car, quiet, elegant, rich; it might have been the equipage of a society matron or a conservative banker.

The chauffeur saluted and opened the door. The bags were piled in front, and in five minutes Yvonne was gesturing Jane out and into an impressive-fronted apartment building east of the "Main Stem," as the girls called Broadway.

A French maid let them in upstairs, and Jane, the Peoria Street exile, found herself in a tastefully, snugly-fitted five-room nest. The furnishings were obviously fine and costly. There was nothing bizarre or garish—none of the storied vulgarities of the tinselled or even gilded merry-merry were to be seen. Yvonne had admirable touches for selection. Nothing in the apartment was conventional—like the car—but nothing was tawdry or circusy.

"Well," chuckled Yvonne, "this is the hut . . . like him?"

"Oh, I think it's adorable," gasped Jane. "It must cost an awful lot to—"

"Nix. Who asked you? We'll settle up some other time. When your share gets over your head, kid, you squawk—until then, let the overhead be my worry . . . Now pack out, take that room in the L—the pink room—suits your complexion; hop in a tub, pretty yourself up, and then we'll knock off some breakfast."

Before the day was out, Jane had already begun to gape and gasp at some of the wonders being unfolded to her—even before the "metropolitan premiere." She suspected, of course, that her hostess did not meticulously draw the line at the threshold of the door beyond the copy-book maxims and the Sunday school mottoes; but, even so, it was dazzling, the way this girl

seemed to hold up her pert head, retain the respect of her neighbors and servants, and not seem to fear any bolts from an avenging sky above.

She was not brazen or out-and-out past the pale, like those of Jane's co-entertainers in the Rio resort, who made no pretenses of being other than hussies. Yvonne camouflaged with her palatable slang any references to those things which are downright interdicted—and which every child past the crib understands or senses.

She offered no lying subterfuges; neither did she brag of any sins.

In all it was a quiet day. There were no guests. The girls returned to a sound slumber, fairly early. Monday was taken up with last-minute fittings for revisions in costumes and shoes, some postscript rehearsals, and then the processes of the actual reading for the great appearance.

If Jane had thought the Atlantic City first performances was "something," this Broadway debut sent her pulses pounding and her heart palpitating. Not that the audience looked any different—in truth, she couldn't see past the foots. But the feel of it, the tension, the buzz, the whole sensation of being there—Jane of Peoria Street—dancing and sliding through her routines before the cream of New York—Fifth Avenue—Park Avenue—Broadway! For only the cream can get seats for the big Times Square openings, especially the musical ones, for money or influence. Men sell their bonds and women their immortal souls to attend them.

It all went very briskly and very smoothly. The applause was terrific. If this was the adamant New York, the opening-night vociferation didn't hint at it. Every principal was greeted like a returning conqueror; the encores came thick and numerous; the opening show ran past midnight.

Well—that was over!

Jane was now a blown-in-the-bottle Broadwayite, a personality, an entity; she was in the deathless records of that street of records; she had been "on"; henceforth it would all be reckoned and motivated in terms of "one of us" in place of "one of them."

"We've got a couple of gentlemen waiting for us," said Yvonne. "I didn't want to get you all woozy by tellin' you before, for fear you'd step on your feet and gum up the numbers. But I brought you along one of my gowns—the Alice blue one; it'll fit you like the rest o' my things . . . Slip into it, fix up your pretty face as befits, and step on the gas—our boy friends are out in a car, around the corner."

Who these men were, what the plans for the rest of the evening might be, the girl did not discuss. Nor did Jane ask. She was no frightened mouse. She had been out with many men of many molds—and in with them—and the gentle art of self defense was no foreign-language book to her. There was no trepidation in her mind as she hurried into Yvonne's clothes.

NOR was there much occasion for any, either.

One of the men was a broker, the other was a wholesaler of something. They were in a doggy closed car, not flashy, not too sedate. They seemed to know Yvonne from more than one previous meeting. They greeted Jane hospitably, introductions were exchanged without any asides or "wiles" such as are often regarded necessary in narratives of such meetings; and the chauffeur drove to a restaurant, right on Broadway, itself, not far from the theatre.

It was a wide-open place, teeming with  
[Turn to page 88]





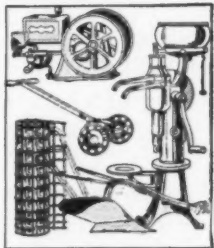
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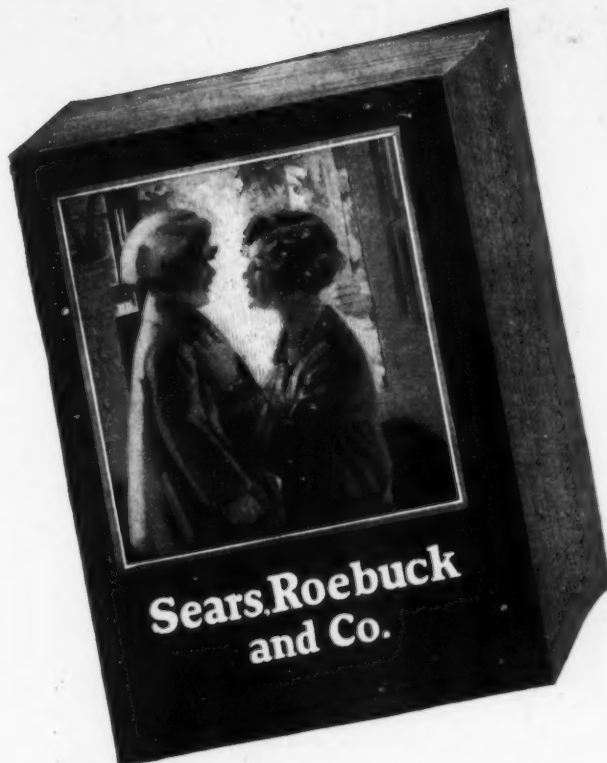
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*More Prizes This Month  
for Letters on—*

# Why I Lost My Wife



**L**AST month we offered \$100 for the best letter on the subject "*Why I Lost My Husband.*" This month I want to hear the other side of the story.

Let's get together and find the root of our marriage troubles. These letters ought to help a lot.

Won't *you* sit down and write yours now? Of course this contest doesn't reach all of us directly, but we are all going to be interested in the letters just the same.

When the first glamorous year of married life has slipped away and the rut of commonplace things begins to deepen, trouble seems to start. What is it? Where does it come from?

That is what I want you to tell me. Be frank and you may help others who face the same obstacles. Last month I asked wives to write. Now I want you men to air your grievances—or faults—or whatever may have led to indifference and discontent on the

part of your wife. Give us your angle of it.

Everybody has an extremely vital problem to solve. You don't always like to sit down and write it out, but it will help a lot if you do.

You and I live in a very confusing world. We try as best we can to adapt ourselves to conditions—but sometimes it is like battering our heads against a stone wall. Just when everything looks bright a storm breaks and we don't know how to face it.

**WE** WILL give \$100 for the best letter of not more than five hundred words on the subject, "*Why I Lost My Wife,*" and \$50 each for the four next best letters. We will publish the winning letters just as we did those on PETTING. We will also review what the majority of the answers tell us.

The contest closes February 15th. The editors will be the judges. Let's make this discussion a big success. —THE EDITOR



Laura La Plante, star of Universal's forthcoming special, **THE MIDNIGHT SUN**, finds Kissproof Lipstick and Rouge a dainty necessity. "I prefer them to all others."

Sincerely,  
Laura La Plante



## Kissproof laughs at winter's roguish uncertainty! — —

**W**INTER—with its joyous rounds of parties . . . its evenings at the theatre . . . its bridge . . . its luncheons and teas . . . ! Winter—with its moist flurries of snow . . . its crackling fireplaces . . . its roguish uncertainty . . . !

Then — even more than in summer does the fastidious woman choose those dainty necessities which retain her loveliness despite the pranks of winter weather.

For instance, when you use Kissproof Rouge Compacte, yours is a glorious peace of mind. You know your cheeks will be vivid, glowing, fresh — in sunlight or under the candle-light's gentle glow — unchanged by storm or snow, untouched by the sudden heat of the home.

Also, in your treasure chest of loveliness you should include Kissproof Lipstick. You will find it exotic—adherent yet daintily lovely, never conspicuous or obtrusive. It will hold the magic glow of color on your lips, whether at tea time and twilight, or under the dazzling glare of evening lights. It will give new and rare loveliness to your lips. Moreover, it will give you the perfect assurance of feminine loveliness which is so desirable, no matter where you are or what you are doing.

Be sure to include Kissproof toiletries in your daily ritual of loveliness. They solve the problem of feminine charm. They weave the spell of enchantment around you!

Don't wait! Go to your favorite toilet goods dealer. If he cannot supply you write to us. We will send you these magic bits of color. The price of Kissproof Lipstick in a dainty metal case, is but 50c. Kissproof Rouge Compacte attractively encased is surprisingly priced at 75c. Or send us the coupon for a liberal week's supply.

**Delica Laboratories Inc.**  
Paris, New York, Chicago.

### Given!

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1322  
4003 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: — Please send me free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick and Kissproof Rouge Compacte. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....





# Restore Gray Hair

—Bob It!

—Look like a girl again!



**WOULDN'T** it be wonderful — if you could take 10 or 15 years off your age with a head of smartly bobbed, youthfully colored hair?

The first step—learn how to get rid of the gray, and that's easy. There's a famous cosmetic preparation which scientifically restores original color. It's a general beautifier, making hair glossy and fluffy. Doesn't interfere with shampooing, curling or waving. It transforms your appearance, bringing back the greatest glory of youth.

## Learn by trial—free

I—Mary T. Goldman, inventor of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer—offer proof that what I say is absolutely true. I ask you to accept a free trial bottle to test on a single lock. Then judge by results.

What you get is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty. What you do is comb it through your hair and watch all gray go. Then, when you know that you needn't have gray hair, get a full-size bottle from your druggist or order direct:

## Mail "Free Bottle" Coupon

Use X to indicate color of hair. Patented Trial Kit by return mail, explaining all.

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

Please print your name and address—

MARY T. GOLDMAN,

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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**Art Corner Your Pictures—Album**

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

5 Styles **Art Corner** 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only simple, easy, artistic. No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dozen brings 10¢ and Samples to try. Write: **ENCL. MFG. CO.**

10¢ Buys 100 Dept. 58, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

# DIMPLES



It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Women appear ten years younger. Plain girls acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their magnetic beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now, for the DOLLY DIMPLER is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples. Invented by a woman. Patent applied for—nothing else like it. Used by beauty specialists and movie actresses. Easily used at home. Results positive. Complete outfit, including instructions for use, mailed sealed in plain wrapper, for only \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. for \$1.35.

Sold only by **DOLLY DIMPLER CO., 270 McDonald St., Dayton, Ohio**

# 1,001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued from page 84]

guests; most of them were in evening dress, all of them were properly behaved. There was champagne—it was before prohibition had begun to function. Both girls danced with both men. They banded small talk, not too cautious but never shocking or pointedly impolite. Some delicate food was brought on. There was another dance or two. Then back into the car, to the door, a pleasant good-night—nothing further asked or offered or suggested—and the big car ground into gear and rumbled off into the New York night.

Jane stood, a trifle stunned. So—this was Broadway? So—this was the most famous mouse-trap on earth? So—this was the giddy life of the Broadway chorus beauty, the acknowledged and accepted one, during those Arabian Nights hours "after-the-show"? So—this was—

"Snap it up, young lady," interrupted Yvonne. "Even o'clock rehearsal, dog-gone it... let's get a flock o' snoozing business."

And that was Jane's first night on Broadway.

She thought it over from many a viewpoint after she snuggled between the soft materials of her guest-bed. She couldn't answer the riddle. Of course she had heard many things, and most of this hearsay was so intimate and so plausible in the circumstances that it must be official. This couldn't be all there was to it—ever.

But that was all there had been to it this time, that was sure.

And—such a night. An opening! And with two typically rich spenders and with Yvonne, surely a representative Broadway chorus charmer—yes, one who lived far beyond her stage income, who had jewels and a car and a lavish apartment; who knew such men, who communicated with them, who associated with them in the night places which were Broadway's own and which were being advertised in no end of writings and dramatizings as trap-doored dens of iniquity and ruin.

Why, no village maiden could have asked much more respectable—much more respectful—attitudes from blushing high-school swains on a twilight buggy ride.

Surely, this couldn't be all there was to it.

And, surely, it wasn't.

Don't get the impression here that Yvonne had any sinister motive against Jane, that she was "building her up" for any purpose of her own gain or through any innately vicious joy over initiating a young and new and comparatively innocent stranger into the pitfalls of the Broadway she knew so well and through whose "mill" she had come.

No such thing.

**YVONNE** liked Jane. For social purposes—it is hard to explain this fact, but it is an axiom—most people feel the urge to form friendships.

Perhaps as many men and women can trace their ruin back to that natural, if not easily explicable, human whim.

Big parties are easy to understand—they differ entirely from the privacy of pairing off. Pairing is even more analyzable, for it is nature's first primal and elemental impulse. But—why the two-and-two that we all know holds such a firm place in our social doings, no matter what class? Five is unusual, six is rare; but four is not only common—it is the natural quota and forms the accepted and arranged-for quorum in almost all gettings-together which do not demand that the combination be limited by its nature to just two—a man and a woman.

Jane had been taken in as Yvonne's girl-

friend—every girl feels the need of one. Since Yvonne did not restrict her affairs to her own sex, and since she liked to "go out," to mingle, there must now be four—a companion for each. In every sphere of existence we know of girls who say to men and men who say to girls, "Can you bring a friend for my friend?"

Yvonne "dug up" a number of men friends for her girl friend. Not all of them were as subdued and easily left at the door as the first, but none of them played too roughly to be put off, discouraged, dissuaded without the necessity of "scenes." Jane soon learned to talk the language of the "Main Stem" in its many moods. She also learned many of its secrets which had been closed to her before, as worldly-wise as she had grown for her years.

**THE** mystery of Yvonne's means did not long remain unsolved. Indeed, the girl had no rooted compunctions against making it all clear. Yvonne was not for sale. She did not meet men with any design of profiting by their companionship. She liked to "step," as she said it, for she enjoyed all the manifestations of distraction. She drew no defined limitations on her conduct. If a man took her fancy, she played along as the humor led her and the collateral circumstances blew her. If not, she could subtly evade or bluntly "walk out" if it so suited her.

From some of these men she accepted gifts—substantial ones, too. And some of them were so rich and extravagant that their gratuities were amazing to Jane. She, herself, profited vicariously, for it is quite the custom among the richer entertainers of chorines to proffer presents to the fourth, or even third of such combinations. In two months she had several jewels of considerable worth. She had "turned down" numerous invitations which would have brought her far more direct returns. And even some of those whom she had thus rebuffed, sent or brought her gems—they represented "chicken-feed" to such men, men of millions, who owned yachts and mansions, who swung mammoth financial deals or enterprises, who ordered diamonds like some men call for fried potatoes.

But Jane knew that Yvonne's presents of this sort were "pickups"—what the French so delicately and idiomatically call "lagniape."

Her steady income, beyond her picayune stage-salary, was derived from one man, not from any "once-in-a-whiles." He was a railroad director, a collector of rare art works, a sportsman, a publicist, a patron of opera, a personage of established social security whose name was known to every clerk and salesgirl.

He had met Yvonne in a former show, at a party in one of those apartments which are known to but few, and which snuggle in places to the uninitiated unexpected—on rooftops, or up in skyscrapers ostensibly exclusive to business offices, or over theatres which from the outside do not disclose that whole labyrinths of rooms could be hidden behind the square-lined cement of their exteriors.

Men like these do not appear in public, nor do they chance, as a rule, going into and out of ordinary flat-buildings with girls. Their preparations and precautions are often almost incredibly thorough and prodigal.

Yvonne sometimes did not see her patron for weeks. He pressed upon her no rules, asked no specific rewards for the weekly checks which were sent her by his lawyers.

[Turn to page 90]



# Susanna Cocroft Promises You a BEAUTIFUL SKIN in 15 Days —or the Trial Costs You Absolutely Nothing

No matter how poor your complexion may be—no matter how rough, dull or sallow—how spoiled by unsightly blemishes, blotches or enlarged pores—no matter how many different treatments have failed to bring results—you can now learn, without risking one penny, of the splendid benefits Susanna Cocroft's remarkable new treatment holds for you. Miss Cocroft invites every woman to take advantage of this unusual Trial Offer. She guarantees you a new, clear, fresh, beautiful skin in 15 days—or the trial costs you nothing!

**S**USANNA COCROFT has been called by some the "woman of a million friends." She has been called by others the "health through Nature specialist." Both titles tell you the story of her life work—the building of the health and beauty of American womanhood through Nature's methods.

For over 20 years she has been helping women to make the best of themselves. Thousands and thousands of them have come to her and gone away with sparkling new health and glorious attractiveness and beauty.

And while she has been helping them to regain health and beauty, she has also devoted many long years to the study of the chemistry of cosmetics, and to the structure, health and hygiene of the skin.

From all this study and experimentation she has perfected a skin treatment that is entirely different from anything used before—that she now guarantees will completely remove blemishes, coarseness, scrawniness, sallowness and bring you a gloriously new, fresh, youthful skin in 15 days or the cost to you is absolutely nothing.

Her treatment accomplishes results in days that other treatments fail to produce in months. For it works on an entirely new principle. It is based on the fact that beneath the outer layer of skin, no matter how homely it may be, lies a complexion as clear, rosy and radiant as any you have ever seen on the most ravishing beauty.

The reason why ordinary methods usually fail to bring satisfactory results is because they treat only the surface skin and do not even attempt to draw out the glorious skin beneath the surface. Then, too, ordinary methods such as creams and lotions are helpful only while you are applying them



**SUSANNA COCROFT, Famous Health Authority**

For years Susanna Cocroft has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. Through her books, courses and treatments she has already helped over a million women.

and for a few minutes after. Their action is short-lived.

Now, as every one knows, there is a constant cell change going on in the skin. The underskin of today is the outer skin of the future. The reason Susanna Cocroft's treatment brings such really remarkable results is because it hastens this cell-change process—bringing to the surface the beautiful, clear underskin in an amazingly short time, without giving such influences as sun, dust and wind opportunity to injure its beauty—and without resorting to harsh peeling methods or anything of the kind.

In addition, instead of working for you only a few minutes at a time like ordinary creams which you rub in, this new method works for you all night long. Every night—all through the night—it keeps drawing out the hidden charm and attractiveness of your skin, yet you are not even aware of the fact that you are taking the treatment.

## Note the Surprising Results

If your skin is rough, coarse, leathery, dull or sallow; if it is disfigured by humiliating skin eruptions such as pimples and black heads; if the texture of your skin is spoiled by enlarged pores; if your skin is dry and scaly; if it is excessively oily, you will undoubtedly be surprised at the really remarkable way in which this new treatment banishes all these defects, giving you the clear, smooth, fresh and flawless complexion of youth.

Hundreds of women who have used this remarkable method report really astonishing

results even after the first night or two. Many of them have spent hundreds of dollars on other beauty treatments without results, yet this new method proved to them that to acquire a smooth, white, glowing skin is now one of the easiest things imaginable.

## Results Guaranteed—or No Cost

No doubt you have wasted a lot of time and money on the treatments which, by their very nature, could never bring a satisfactory improvement in your complexion. And so you are discouraged—perhaps skeptical. Yet this remarkable new treatment has brought such surprising benefits to others that you are now invited to try it for 15 days entirely at Miss Cocroft's risk. If, after 15 days' trial, you are not more than delighted with the results produced—if you have not acquired a new, attractive and charming skin such as you have always longed for, then the treatment will have cost you absolutely nothing. Every penny you have paid will be instantly and gladly refunded.

## Interesting New Booklet—Free!

Miss Cocroft has prepared a 34-page booklet which tells you all about her new method of skin rejuvenation and how you can take it at a cost of only a few cents a day. This booklet explains just how her treatment works—why it is different from any method you have ever used. It contains great numbers of reports from other women telling what it has done for their skin.

It will cost you nothing to learn all about Susanna Cocroft's wonderful treatment and how it can easily lead to the clear, beautiful and youthful skin that perhaps you have thought would never be yours. There is no obligation—just mail the coupon now and the booklet will reach you by return mail.

But mail the coupon today for there is a special short-time offer that you may now take advantage of.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-1492, 130 West 31st Street, New York City



## Proof From Users!

"I have used your treatment for two weeks and the results are wonderful. It has cleared my complexion and brought color to my cheeks. I am still using it and find new improvements every day." Mrs. P. E., Port Huron, Mich.

"I am very much pleased with your treatment, which I have taken. People tell me that I look ten years younger, and my mirror tells me that there has been a very agreeable change made." E. M., Troy, Ala.

"I am more than pleased. It is the best treatment to improve the complexion and restore contour I have ever used, and I have spent lots of money on so-called beautifiers." Mrs. J. R. C., Mullica Hill, N. J.

"I have used the Treatment just four days, and my husband says it has completely changed the texture of my skin. This is just what I want." Mrs. H. F., Kansas City, Mo.

"I am very glad that I sent for Susanna Cocroft's Treatment. It has made a wonderful difference in my complexion." Mrs. A. E. R., Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-1492, 130 West 31st Street, New York City.

Without obligation, send me a copy of the free booklet called "The Overnight Way To a New Complexion."

Name.....

Address.....

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## Lost Twenty Pounds a Month

Marjorie Crawford was "good looking" even when she weighed 235 pounds. She had the same features she has today, but not the same figure. Today she is beautiful, as fair of form as of face.

A miracle, no, but a complete transformation of an overweight bulky body into a form slender and graceful as any woman could wish for.

This great reduction of 85 pounds was accomplished easily, in less than four months, by a pleasant method, without the use of drugs, turkish baths or starvation methods, and Miss Crawford will tell you that she never felt better in her life.

She has a figure any woman might envy, wears stunning gowns and once more gets real enjoyment out of living.

She gives Wallace and his music method full credit. "Your system is all I used, Mr. Wallace," she says in a grateful letter just received. She tells of the real fun she had going through the simple movements and the feeling of elation and physical well being that came after every lesson.

The method is just as good for those who wish to lose but a few pounds as for those greatly overweight—it reduces to normal—no more.

By this system the waist grows slender, hips straighten out, broad shoulders and oversize bust take on new shapeliness. Arms and limbs, too, lose all signs of ungainly fat and ankles become slender and graceful.

No woman need carry a single pound of excess weight if she will write Wallace.

Write Miss Crawford if you wish confirmation of her story—her address is 6704 Merrill Avenue, Chicago; but better still, take advantage of

### Wallace's Free Offer


For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for a free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Miss Crawford and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 613.

Please send me free and postage for a week's free trial, the Original Wallace Reducing Record with all instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

Name.....

Address.....



**Monogram Stationery**

Fine social stationery made in one of the best mills in America. Hand-deckled edge, raised silver monogram from hand-cut dies. 24 sheets, 24 envelopes to box. Money refunded if not pleased. Colors—White, Fawn Grey, Off-White. Two-box orders shipped same day; single boxes slightly longer.

**A. & O. A. Ehmling,**  
Dept. D, Upper Darby, Pa., O.

**50c**

Per Box Postpd.

## No More Wrinkles

You too can have a firm complexion, smooth as satin

### PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Restores youthful freshness, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. A sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes wrinkles, crowsfeet, frown lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. Fills hollows of face and neck.

**Remarkable Bust Developer**  
Renews youthful firmness. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcome discovery—not an experiment—thousands made happy during many years. Write today for FREE trial sample and Beauty Secrets. Enclose 10c (stamp) to cover cost of mailing.

**232 Parisian Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio.**  
**AGENTS WANTED**



# 1,001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued on page 88]

Whenever he communicated with her, of course, she went where he asked her to.

She did not love him, as a girl loves a man somewhere near to her own age and station, whom she might hope to marry, or who exercises upon her that call of the heart or spirit. But, though she was not impelled to abjure other men when not with him, she felt profoundly beholden to him and would have gone far before she would have allowed any embarrassment to overtake him because of their association.

Jane had never met him. He never came to their apartment—had never seen it. Yvonne did not tattle or prattle about him incessantly, as is the habit of some girls similarly situated, but she spoke of him to Jane (without ever mentioning his full name, even in the privacy of their own home when they were alone) and called him Mr. R—. Jane knew who he was, however, for one of the other girls, who had been "on" the party where Yvonne first met him, told her.

Jane was burning to meet him. She had rubbed elbows with some important and rich acquaintances in her brief Broadway

career, but none quite in his class—he was a nabob.

She turned over in her own mind more than once the question of how she might act should she encounter such a one. Would it make so much difference, she wondered, if he were truly one of the bluest, richest, most mighty?

To pitch our Jane from such conjectures to the anti-climax of what did really occur shortly afterward—on that never-to-be-forgotten, unique night when midnight was to strike the knell of alcohol in America—is almost too cruel. I should never have thought of it were this a story of my imagination.

But she told it to me, and, as she told it to me, I shall tell it to you in the forthcoming chapter, next month—the tale of how Yvonne, without directly meaning to, was the instrument that sent our little Jane spinning down the chasm between what this strange old world insists is the brink of rectitude and that gulf, below, where stumble and stagger the sinister sisterhood.

[To be continued in March issue]

## Her Final Encore

[Continued from page 28]

at the Metropolitan! Engrossed in my reveries, we arrived at Lyric Hall before I knew it. With an overwhelming timidity I entered the mammoth brown brick building, where the biggest concerts are held and great maestros have their studios. I scanned the directory. Yes, sure enough—Prof. Antone Conteloni—there was the name of the man who had made prima donnas out of untrained beginners like myself.

I ascended the elevator, feeling some new and terrible ordeal awaited me. My hand faltered on the knob of the door. But, screwing up my courage, I entered. The sumptuous magnificence of the reception-room overawed me. Across the windows were drawn heavy velvet curtains; shaded bulbs diffused a warm roseate radiance. On a stand was a bust of Wagner, on the walls large prints of Beethoven, Franz Liszt, and autographed photographs of Melba, Nordica, Mary Garden, Schumann-Heink and many others. A young Italian entered. I wished to see Professor Conteloni? Who had sent me? He was engaged just then. But would I wait? Presently a door swung open and I saw a foreign looking man, whom I assumed to be the professor, frowningly surveying me. He was rather stout, dark-skinned, with a small, waxed moustache, handsome in an elderly, well-preserved way, with flashing, vitally alert eyes.

"You wish instruction? You say who—ah, who—sent you?"

I mentioned the singer's name. "Ah," repeating her name with a puzzled look, probably to impress me. "Ah, yes, yes. Come this way."

I followed him into his private studio, a larger room, the walls hung with more photographs of innumerable celebrities of the musical world. Besides the grand piano there were several large overstuffed chairs and two divans piled with luxurious cushions. Diffidently, I told him of my interview with the concert singer who had recommended him and what she had said about my voice.

"You see her picture up there?"—pointing to the wall. Espying the photograph, I walked over, feeling I was among friends. In a flash I noted the inscription on the

picture—"With loving gratitude to my dear maestro from his devoted M—."

"Ah, it was many years ago she studied with me," I heard him rattle along—"so long I almost no longer remember. She might have done a great deal more with herself, that woman, but she would go her way. Once she felt she had got all I could give—" He made a deprecatory gesture. I told him how she had praised him. He made a sour grimace. "When I take you, I make you. I no bother with failures. But you must stay with me—you must listen to me. You are a soprano, eh? That woman she say you may sing. Well, sing these. We shall see."

It was a simple Schumann *wiegenlied*. Naturally I was nervous, but as I sang the cradle song I became vaguely frightened as I noticed how intently, how strangely, Professor Conteloni was scrutinizing me. After giving me the pitch, he left the piano and sank into one of the big chairs. Standing in the middle of the room, I saw his dark eyes travel slowly over me. I felt him register the rise and fall of my breast, the quivers of my throat, the way I held the music, the way I stood, the poise of my head. I felt as if I were being measured, from head to my ankles, where his gaze rested. Believing I had my first attack of stage fright, my voice faltered as I finished. I looked at him with beseeching questioning.

YOU will do, yes." He tweaked his waxed moustache, and he beamed as he rose and came over to me.

"Then you will take me?" I murmured, breathlessly. He nodded his head.

"You may become a singer," he temporized. "You have the fundamentals. But it will take time and work."

Rates? He would give a half-hour a week—fifteen dollars. Others paid more. But he was interested in me, he would do his best. He did not wish to be too encouraging—it was largely up to me. But he had had unusual success. Did I see those singers on the wall? Leading me around the room he pointed out various women who had achieved greater or less distinction in the musical world and who had been

[Turn to page 92]



If you want to see what a difference wavy hair makes, compare this picture with the larger one, showing a marcel put in with the Marvelous Marcelers.



Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous Marcelers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair slightly to 36 minutes, when the Fixative which is included with each outfit. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place. The hair is held in "waves" and in 24 to 36 minutes, when the Fixative sets, you take the Marcelers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!



This is an actual photograph of a marcel put in with the Marvelous Marcelers. This is only one of the many different kinds of marcel you can get with this remarkable outfit.

# Marvelous New Marcelers

## will give beautiful wave in 30 minutes

Now you can have a real marcel at home, with practically no expense

**AT LAST** it's here—an invention that will give you a real "beauty parlor" marcel in the privacy of your home. An invention that will give you any type or style of marcel you prefer. An invention that will enable you to keep your hair beautifully marcelled all the time, at practically no expense!

If you've been disappointed in any of the home marcelling devices offered in the past; if you are discouraged at the expense of keeping your hair marcelled in beauty parlors; if you want to save time and money and still keep your hair at its very loveliest the whole year round, then read every single word of this announcement, for it means the end of all worries about your hair.

Glance at the picture above. That is an actual photograph of a marcel produced by this amazing new invention called the "Marvelous Marcelers." That is the kind of marcel you can give yourself—that, or any one of dozens of other styles equally as fascinating. For the "Marvelous Marcelers" will give you any kind of marcel you want regardless of how you wear your hair—shingle bob, Ina Clair, homeshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. And this too, whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short.

What a saving this will mean to you! Instead of paying \$1.00 to \$1.50 every time you want a marcel, now you can have yours at a cost of one cent each! But the saving of money isn't half as important as the added loveliness it will bring. Think of it! With a set of the Marvelous Marcelers you can always look as if you just stepped out of the beauty parlor! No going around with a week-old marcel; no straight and scraggly locks to detract from the beauty that should be yours. Just a few minutes with your Marvelous Marcelers once a week—that's all you need. Soon your hair will be trained to hold the kind of marcel you like and you'll hardly have to give your hair a thought from one week to another.

### Now is when you need it most

The social season is now at its height. With the many dances, theatre parties, dinners and other affairs that most girls attend at this time of the year, the need for looking one's best is greater than at any other time. And "looking one's best" three days means keeping your hair marcelled in a beautiful, becoming way. No other feature is half so important to looks as your

hair. Nothing can do more to enhance your loveliness than a beautiful marcel; nothing can detract more from your looks than straight, scraggy, unkempt hair. Every girl owes it to herself to make the most of "woman's crowning glory."

The drawings above will give you some idea how the Marvelous Marcelers work. Although they produce the most astonishing results, still their application is the simplest thing in the world.

With each outfit is included a bottle of Wave Fixative and a chart showing the newest and most fashionable types of marcel. All you need do is select from the chart the style of marcel you like best, follow the simple directions for that particular kind of marcel and soon you have all the Marcelers in place. Then you can finish dressing or read while the Wave Fixative dries. In 20 to 30 minutes you take out the Marcelers—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever had in your life!

Yes, it hardly seems possible to marcel your hair so naturally and beautifully with so little fuss and bother—but mirrors don't lie! Your trusted mirror tells you that here is the kind of marcel you've always wanted—that wonderful, wavy marcel which makes the most of your natural beauty. And your mirror will go on, day after day, week after week, telling you this same glad news!

### A new idea—a new standard of results

Never in the entire history of hair and beauty culture has there been anything like this amazing new invention. It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers." It does away with the hair and dry the scalp. It does away with all the fuss and bother of the old-fashioned water waving combs.

If you have had a "permanent" wave and are now experiencing the usual trouble keeping your hair in shape; if your hair is unusually hard to wave; if you seem to have more trouble with your hair than any of the other girls you know, then you'll appreciate the Marvelous Marcelers all the more. For, regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will positively give you the most beautiful marcel you can imagine. No guarantee is made without any reservations and let you be the sole judge.

### Take advantage of this liberal introductory offer

As this is the most revolutionary invention of the

kind ever produced, we believe it will be but a short time before hundreds of thousands of these Marvelous Marcelers will be beautifying women all over the country. In order to speed that day, we are going to offer the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—only \$3.90 for the entire outfit. This includes a full sized bottle of Wave Fixative, a new and authentic marcel fashion chart and a complete set of Marvelous Marcelers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away you will be getting, for the cost of two or three marcel, everything you need to keep your hair beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And your hair will not only look better all the time, but will be kept in a much healthier condition due to the elimination of the harmful artificial heat.

### Send no money—just mail the coupon

Even at this special price, you don't have to pay for this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$3.90 with him (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit you'll get better and better results, and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for beauty parlor marcel again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

### Maison de Beauté

844 Rush Street

Chicago, Illinois

### COUPON

Maison de Beauté  
844 Rush Street, Dept. 156, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including marcel style chart, bottle of Wave Fixative and set of Marvelous Marcelers. I agree to deposit \$3.90 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name .....

Address .....

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## Her Final Encore

[Continued from page 90]

his pupils. Gesticulating with one hand as he talked, he led me by one arm. Suddenly, as he leaned close to me, I felt his hand tighten. Instinctively I tore my arm away. In a moment I was sorry, fearing I had misinterpreted the gesture and offended him. He passed it off with a laugh. "Ah, you are shy? But we will get acquainted. If we are to get along together we must be friends. Nor so?"

THOSE first weeks as Professor Conteloni's pupil were filled with high optimism. Of my great good fortune in being accepted I wrote home to my mother and to Will. To keep down my expenses I left the hotel and took a room, but I had to rent a piano, which added to my outlay. Money just seemed to evaporate. However, that didn't worry me just then. I was doing things with my voice I had never attempted before. Conteloni was an exacting taskmaster, but a splendid instructor, undoubtedly. My faith in him was absolute. He took infinite pains with me. That he had an interest other than an entirely musical one, I hadn't the faintest inkling. The way he stared at me at my lessons made me feel ill at ease, but I excused that as a foreign eccentricity. He took my money at the end of each lesson, and what I had paid him at the end of two months, with my additional expenditures, made what remained of my budget of alarming insignificance.

One day his secretary called my house and asked me to come for my lesson on a holiday instead of my regular day. The professor wished to take up some matters that would extend the time longer than usual. Flattered and hopeful, I went uptown to find the studio building practically deserted, and only one elevator running.

Prof. Conteloni, alone in his studio, seemed even more gracious than usual. He ushered me in with his usual low bows. He took off my summer coat and fur and told me to sit on the couch.

"Anna," he said, after a moment or so, "how old are you, really?"

I was puzzled.

"I am twenty."

"You wish to be a singer, eh? A big singer, a real one, to command big audiences, and move them, eh? Move them through all the emotions—of love and hate and fear and passion?"

I was still more puzzled.

"I want to sing," I said—"to sing beautifully. I've never thought of those things you say. But I suppose that's it."

"Have you ever been married?"—as if irrelevantly.

"No," I said, quickly, blushing a little, I'm sure, for I then thought of Will.

"I do not want to get married," I said, "at least, not yet."

Prof. Conteloni leaned back in his chair and expanded. "Never been in love either, I suppose?" he asked. "Have you known love, perhaps?"

"I don't know!"—with affected casualness.

"What is it? You don't know?" he exclaimed. "And you to be a singer! Song is love, and love only. It comes from the heart or otherwise it is just simply notes and technique, as you call it. 'Bunk!' Are you here in town by yourself?"

I said I was.

"No—friends, at all?"—pausing. "Well," he said, "you may learn vocal technique from me, but you will have to learn the richness of life in another way—with love—with feeling things. I wish I had you a year in Paris or Vienna—"

He turned to the piano and touched the

keys. He seemed suddenly interested in far-away things, and began to sing. It was "Solvejg's Song," a yearning piece. Then he sang "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice," and a serenade that Faust sings to Marguerite in the moonlit garden. I was touched, and I began to feel strangely, hypnotically lulled.

I roused myself, fearfully. This was not work, my lesson. Seeming to notice my change, he began to sing fiery pieces of the strong, bold "Carmen" type. Suddenly he stopped. His eyes were burning.

"Anna," he said, and seemed again perfectly business-like, "I am seriously questioning if you have sufficient lung capacity—for these long notes. Do you know your correct chest expansion?"

"No."

"Sing these trill exercises and I will see to that."

I stood up at the piano. Leaving the room, he returned in a few moments bearing a little tape-measure.

"Stand up now, straight," he commanded.

I stood.

"You will have to unfasten thees part of your dress."

Obediently, I loosened the upper part of my dress, feeling that as I had previously had my throat examined, all this was doubtless a necessary part of a master's knowledge. But as I unfastened my dress, I noticed the professor's hand shake. I became a little frightened, for my shoulders now were bare, as he took hold of the shoulder straps of my lingerie and gently pulled them down over my arms.

I did not protest. He placed the tape line around my bare back, and pressed his hand there to hold it against me, while the other one brought the little yellow band over my breasts.

"Now inhale," he said.

I drew a long breath. The tape expanded, half an inch, inch and a half, two, two and a half, three, three and a half.

"Exhale."

I exhaled.

Suddenly as I did so, the very life seemed to go out of me with that breath. I felt myself crushed in the arms of the professor, his lips against my eyes, cheeks, hair, throat!

A WILD terror swept over me. He must be crazy. Blindly I fought him, and with a fierce twist of my body, I managed to wriggle free. Leaping across the room, he followed me. But before he could reach me I was out of the door and through the reception-room into the hall. Fearing he would follow me, I flew down the corridor my shoulders exposed, my dress torn. I ran past the elevator shafts. I had forgotten where the stairs were. At an open window I paused but for a moment only. I leaped out onto the fire escape.

Looking down, giddy, I seized the iron railing. Like slowly moving insects, people, unmindful, were passing several hundred feet below. Down those shaky iron steps I must go if he followed, and below—then I must jump. But he didn't follow. Cautiously—when I had recovered myself—I crept back through the corridor and down the stairs to a lower floor where I rang for the elevator.

I cried myself to sleep that night, feeling I should never try to sing again.

But the next day I felt different. What should I do? Find another teacher, of course. For several days I tramped from studio to studio, interviewing teachers who advertised in the musical magazines. As



soon as any one promised to make a singer out of me in twelve lessons, or in six months, I made my excuses for a hasty departure. Just what I had lost musically in breaking with Professor Conteloni I realized only after my experience with several teachers.

Prof. Paul LeC—, "voice, opera coach, stage, directeur de ballet," had a dingy studio on 5 Fifty-Fourth Street but he was rich in promises. Whether it was his promises or low rates which persuaded me, I started again with him. I soon found out, like most "all-around men," he had little knowledge of any one thing; he trained all alike—sopranos, contraltos and bassos. He did me more harm than good. My study with a half-dozen others was likewise brief. Some made tentative advances to me—which no longer startled me. The majority seemed more interested in how much money I had. My funds, in fact, had dwindled to less than three hundred dollars. Depressed and worried, my letters to Mother and Will went at longer and longer intervals. From them I tried to hide my discouragement. But with myself there was no evading the increasingly pressing problem. What would happen when my money was gone? What could I do?

I HAD heard there was a musical colony, with good teachers, in Greenwich Village. A girl I met in my circuit of the studios directed me to a settlement house there. I went to the woman in charge and stated my case. How much money had I? I better buy a ticket home. Most cases of stranded girls, declared the woman, were similar to my own. They came to New York seeking a career on the stage or in opera with insufficient funds, and were soon broke. Most musical aspirants were robbed.

"There are twenty thousand fake or incompetent teachers here ready to rob you girls. There is a predominant type of foreigners who would be barbers back in their native country. With a gift of song and a smattering of music, they come over here, where they find barbering doesn't pay, and so they hang out a shingle and give vocal lessons at twenty dollars per to rich Americans who are flattered to be told they have a voice. Why didn't you stay with Conteloni? He's established, and has turned out some good singers. I understand if he believes in a girl there's no question of money in his doing his best for her."

Could I explain? But I well knew within my heart, after my experiences, Conteloni was an ideal teacher for me. I left the settlement in low spirits, but nevertheless determined not to go home.

I rented a room in Greenwich Village. To save expenses, I gave up my piano. In the grotesque little tea-rooms of the Village I picked up several girl acquaintances who made a pretense of dabbling in some art or other. They invited me to parties in fantastic studios. Alone and depressed, I was only too happy to go. The general tenor of conversations at these parties, where a great deal of gin was drunk and cigarettes smoked, seemed to be sex.

Until my money ran so low, I had been going to the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan. Now I could only wander in the foyer eating out my heart at the huge pictures of Jeritza, Gordon, Ponselle, Mario, Easton—all behind the golden bust of the great Caruso. One day, standing in the corridor, looking over the scheduled list of coming performances, I heard a voice behind me—

"Hello! Hello!" Turning, I beheld Conteloni, grinning. "And so you still wish to sing—" with a gesture toward the interior of the great opera house. "You are studying now?" I shook my head dolefully.



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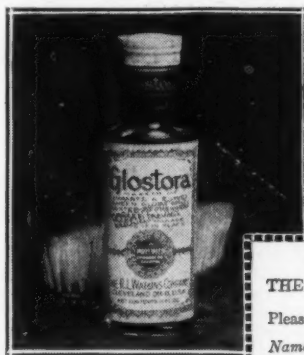
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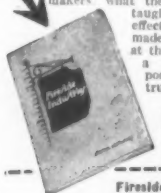
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"Well, well, you just come back to me. I—I, Conteloni,—will make a singer out of you. Ah, that day—I am so sorry! I lost my head! I so deeply regret I frighten you. I promise never so to lose my head again! See? I like you. I like your voice more. Your voice interest me—"

Was I dreaming? All my repressed hopes and ambitions surged up. "But I—I can't," I stammered. "I don't have much money any more."

"Money! Pfoff! What is money? You come back—you have the voice—and I make my charge against your first contract. Si, si?"

And so, determining to take whatever chances there might be, I went back. Work? Conteloni gave me two half-hour lessons a week. He sent to my little room a brand new piano, of a make which he had endorsed, which had been sent him as a gift. My money melted away; I almost starved, but every day for hours and hours I practiced. No doubt of it, the maestro worked, too. Perhaps he was hiding a secret infatuation; but never making any overt move, he put himself heart and soul in bringing me out. He scolded, he raved, he almost wept in temperamental rages. But he corrected my defects, and what voice there was he brought out. When I succeeded in something that pleased him, he was ecstatic. And that encouraged me. My letters to Mother and Will became almost jubilant.

Came at last a day when Professor Conteloni declared I was ready for my concert. Can you imagine my heavenly happiness? At last I was ready to make my debut before a New York audience! My career was to begin! A great deal would depend upon the verdict of the critics, said the Professor. But he could arrange some favorable reviews, he thought. Of course, I should have to hire a hall, but he would get it as cheaply as possible.

How much would that be? Maybe five hundred dollars.

And then there were other things—just trifles! I'd have to print tickets, pay for small advertisements in the Sunday newspapers, send out tickets to the press, "paper the house." Of course, few people would buy tickets for a concert by an unknown singer. The important thing was to impress the critics. Could I raise the money?

I was flabbergasted. Did Conteloni expect me to ask him to help me? He grinned at me, questioningly. Maybe.

"I—I think I may get the money from my folks," I said. And there was only one thing to do. Could I afford to miss this opportunity? I wired my good fortune—with its financial drawback—home. Will answered. They would see the money was forthcoming. Back home—as my mother and Will told me in their letters—they gave parties, the local paper campaigned, and half the town contributed.

I SENT a lot of tickets back home, not forgetting Will, our pastor and my teacher, knowing that, while they could not come, that would make them happy.

On the morning of the day set for the concert I went to Professor Conteloni's studio for a finishing up of the program. The professor was far less excited than I was. Of course, he had many others who were "coming out." But he was very solicitous, very kind.

When I arrived he introduced me to a little man, who wore horned-rimmed glasses and carried a cane.

"Mr. B—," he effused, "is the critic of the —," mentioning one of the big morning newspapers. "Mr. B— seldom covers any concerts except those of the great artistes, but I've begged him as a favor to me to come to hear you. He just dropped in by good fortune, and was

asking the latest news. I told him you are my 'latest.'" Grinning and bowing with melodramatic gestures! "I compliment you, Professor," said the little man. "I promise you I shall be at the concert." He smiled significantly.

When he had left, Conteloni and I went over the program. As I finished the professor jumped from the piano bench. "You are splendid! You are wonderful! How proud I am of you—" his eyes gleaming, one hand upraised, one on his breast.

"Oh," I gasped, delighted. "Then you think I shall 'get over'?"

"Positively!" he cried. "You are a credit to your master." Smiling, he took my hands. He looked deeply, his eyes glowing, into my eyes. "You are grateful to your maestro?" Suddenly, before I could answer, I was crushed to his breast.

OH, PLEASE, please," I panted, trying to free myself.

His voice was hot on my face. "You will not forget your maestro? How he has worked over you? How he had taken the gold of your voice from the clay? And why not? Do you not know your maestro loves you? Ah, little Anna, he will do much for you! Everything! But much is yet to be done. We just now begin—" His lips passed over my cheeks, fiercely fastened upon my mouth. In this elderly man's forced embrace, under his odious kiss, I thought of Will and all I had given up—for this, and what he promised. Will, so clean and handsome! And Conteloni called this "love." A wave of repulsion galvanized me to inordinate strength. Seizing his two arms I struggled, trying to wrench myself free. Suddenly his arms released. He drew away.

"How dare you?" I blazed. "I—I thought—"

But I realized that moment what a fool I had been. "So, so," he sneered, his lips curling, an ugly light in his eyes. "You think—"

Giving him no chance for further parley, distraught, I seized my wraps and fled. I walked uptown to my room in a tremble. I felt sick, nauseated, and all the high expectations and happy assurance with which I had looked forward to the great event of the afternoon seemed dead.

That, then, was the price I was expected to pay. That, then, was the reason of the maestro's taking such pains with me; that was why he was willing to "make me." No, he didn't want my money. Of course, not! What a fool I had been to believe in his unselfish and disinterested concern! And was my experience different from that of the many others of whom I had been told? Had any of them been turned into prima donnas through the magnanimity and money of men who wanted nothing? Bitterly I laughed. And I knew what he said was true. I was simply on the threshold of a career. Still I needed much training; much was yet necessary. What, oh, what, could I do? Continue with Conteloni? On his terms? Love? Was this love he offered me? Shudders shook me. No, between what he offered and what Will had to give there was as vast a gulf as that between the gutter and the stars.

Three hours before the concert, wildly pacing my room, I was a wreck. I didn't see how I could go on. But I did. Would I let this greasy yellow man get the better of me? Break me? I knew that was what he expected—to make or break. To this day I'm proud of myself for one thing—of pulling my nerves together and gritting my teeth and going down to the musical hall.

I determined I'd go downtown with my colors flying. I'd show them back home—those dear believing people who had been so good—I'd at least made a try.

Not that I wasn't nervous. When I peeped out from the wings, what I saw certainly didn't bolster me up. Another killing blow, and in an already unwrought condition. Sick with disappointment, instead of the thousands I had expected, I saw only four or five of the front rows fairly well filled with people, and sprinkled through the house lone individuals or couples. Well, Conteloni said the concert was mostly for the critics. Maybe, I thought, most of these were critics.

I sang—half-heartedly, without spirit. I felt my heart was breaking. Any moment, I feared, I should break down into tears. There was only perfunctory applause. Somehow I managed to get through several numbers, then left the stage for an intermission. In the wings the face of Conteloni grinned at me.

"What's the matter? You've got no fire! Get hold of yourself! So, so! Come here to me." I went up to him. "Anna, don't be a fool. I forgive you! You are young! Now, listen, there are only a few critics here. I can fix it with the absent ones. I'll get you good write-ups. And those here are my friends. Brace up, now! Come, just one little kiss—" He leaned closer, whispering in my ear. "One little favor? No? So—and you are made—"

Fiercely I slammed my hand against his face and thrust him from me. "Professor Conteloni, you needn't fix anything for me! A kiss! I hate you! You beastly old thing! Do you think any girl—any girl—would want to kiss you! You 'make' me!" I laughed. I was hysterical, but my spirit was roused—roused to fighting. "Either I can sing or I can't sing! And I—I'm going to sing—now. You can—"

I ALMOST ran upon the stage. I felt my cheeks burning. I wanted to shout, to cry aloud. Was there no other way for me but to sell myself? I seldom get angry, but when I do, as my mother used to say, I get in a terrible temper. I was aflame with rage. Insulted, hurt, my pride challenged, it was probably the best thing that could have happened. I was put on my mettle. And I sang with a new fire, almost in a frenzy. The meagre audience warmed. I saw them stiffen in their seats. I could feel them wakening. I felt they were with me. I got genuine applause. Again I sang, knowing I could sing. In the midst of the song I saw Conteloni come down the aisle and sit down by the fat little critic whom he had introduced to me that morning. I finished. I saw the critic looking at me speculatively. Conteloni, instead of applauding, laughed out loud. Then he got up and walked out. The critic followed.

I was done for. That was all. I felt that. Conteloni had turned against me. He would do all he could to ruin me. But, it seemed, I no longer cared. Defiant, indifferent now as to what happened, I sang again. I realized I was not singing as I had meant to sing. Not studiously, artificially. Heart and soul were pouring forth in my challenging song.

Startled back into myself by the unusual applause, a sudden inspiration fired me. Instead of the planned encore I went to the piano and took the accompanist's place. Instead of the scheduled program, I launched into my own song—Handel's "Care Selve," which I had sung in church back home, and which Will had loved. To its old beauty, singing as I had never sung before, I surrendered myself; due to my training I rendered it as had never been possible with me. And as I sang, the song seemed to conjure the church back there in Nebraska, as through a mist I saw the face of Will, the man whom I knew more than ever I deeply loved, who had forgotten and sacrificed himself to send me here for a career. Tears welled



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to my eyes as I finished—tears of longing and regret. Oh, what a fool, what a fool, I had been!

While I sang I paid no attention to what happened in the hall, though I had a vague impression of people coming in and seating themselves in the rear. Immersed in that final song, I had sung it, not to New York, not to any critics, but to my own heart and to another's.

Mechanically, I rose in response to the enthusiastic handclapping, which no longer thrilled me. My eyes misted, I bowed and bowed, forcing a smile I didn't feel. After the tense strain, I felt myself going to pieces in the let-down.

Feeling I should faint, but glad it was all over, I turned to make my exit when, approaching down the side aisle through departing people, I saw two familiar faces. As if turned to stone, I came to a dead stop, staring, believing I was dreaming. Before me, his face alight and laughing, was Will Carter, accompanied by our old pastor.

**ANNA!** He leaped up to the stage. I should have fainted but for Will's ready arms.

"Oh, Will, Will," I could only sob, under his kisses. "Oh, I'm so glad—so glad you came."

"Anna! You're wonderful! I expected a lot of you, but nothing like this. Why, Anna, you're made!" I heard my own pastor's enthusiastic praise.

"No, no, no! It's all over! I'm done! I want to go home! Take me back home."

And that night it was all settled. I was going home and marry Will. Will protested, feebly, maybe. But I insisted. Which didn't make Will sorry, I knew. I'd had my chance. I had failed, and now I was satisfied. I believed I had failed. But

if I had scored a phenomenal success, had I been assured of immediate stardom at the Metropolitan, that would not have affected my decision. I had learned something of the price of song.

Early next morning there was a telephone call for me. To my amazement, it was Conteloni. "Congratulations! Congratulations! You see this morning's paper? Why, if I fix it, it could not be better! You just begin, but what a glorious beginning! What did I tell you? What did I promise you?"

And what I read seemed too good to be true. But it was there in black and white, one-fourth of a column. I was hailed as a vocal prodigy, a future Melba. Nervous at the beginning, I had sung poorly, the critic wrote, but when I got control of myself I had amazed him by the richness and range of my voice. He called me a "discovery."

It might all be achieved easily—a career in the great world, the applause of audiences, my fame placarded on billboards, admiration, money, all the rewards of success.

Conteloni telephoned again. He had been talking with a manager who had read the review. Concert engagements would now be easy. I hung up the receiver.

When Will came I showed him the critic's eulogy.

"Oh, I am glad, I am happy, I am proud of you."

And I knew that. "You've begun wonderfully, dear—" he just beamed. "I do want you, you know, but I don't want you to sacrifice a career for me. You're almost made now. You better—you must—stay on here. I do, I do want you to sing."

"I am going to sing," I said, softly. He took me in his arms, and I wound my own around his neck. "For you, dear," I breathed. "I want to sing—for you."

## A Chorus Girl

[Continued from page 60]

as far as I was concerned—by her grace and charm. She was a consummate actress! She was a woman who could play the part of the girl Wryne believed her to be. She would be able to deceive him to the last farthing for he would not know she was acting as I knew she was. In some indescribable way she sensed I was watching her, and in some indescribable way she seemed to know the reasons for my watch . . .

She was beautiful, a radiant creature, yet demure and sweet as buttercups glimpsed in a field near the sea. Her hair had the softness of silk and the sheen of gold. Her eyes were like blue, blue stars, and her lips, moist and red as a dewy rose, were enough to send the blood to a young man's head. She was too beautiful. And she was a chorus girl!

I found it difficult to steel my own heart . . . There were moments when I was inclined to forget Wryne and allow my plan to go even further than I had planned . . . But, thank God! I kept my head, even though the champagne—served with unwelcome prodigality in the shuttered room of my suite—was flowing freely and tongues and more than tongues were loosed.

None of the party knew it was my suite, except one of the men. None cared. But I had a special reason for not having it known; part of my plan. There were ten of us in all. The party began to get merrier and merrier. There were light kisses and passionate words of love. An orgy was brewing. At its height: "Please take me home," said Lucille.

I found her wraps and conducted her down the stairs—the lift was not working

—and with the aid of a porter located a belated hansom, for taxis in that year at that hour were hard to find.

I climbed in with her and gave the driver the address.

"You don't have to see me home," she said, in that soft sweet voice of hers which was like a calm sea on a quiet shore.

"But I want to," I responded, in accents which I know must have been a bit thick, for I had been drinking more than I should.

The rest of the drive was in silence. At her door I helped her out. She started to say good-night to me.

"Aren't you going to ask me up?" I demanded, a little truculently.

"Why, certainly, if you wish."

"Have you anything to drink?"

"I have a bottle for—for just such an emergency."

I laughed to myself. Lucille was just as I had believed her to be! The laugh died in my throat. Poor Wryne! I followed her up the narrow stairs . . .

**THE** apartment was small, but cosy. It was inexpensively furnished. Surely, I thought, a chorus girl, and as beautiful a chorus girl as Lucille—

"You want a drink?" Her voice was cool—too cool—and possessed.

"If you don't mind."

She produced an unopened bottle. My nerves were upset. I did an unpardonable thing. I poured out almost half a tumbler of the hot fiery liquid and drank it straight. Then I sat down and talked . . . I talked for an interminable time, helping myself at will from the bottle before me.

"Don't you think, Major—" Lucille's



voice sounded far away, though I could see her sitting not far from me—"it's—it's—if you don't think me rude—it's time to say good-night?"

"Good-night?" I queried. "It's early yet. We're just getting to know each other."

"But it's getting late."

"What of it?"

"It's the wee sma' hours, and we chorus girls have to get some sleep."

"Possibly, if you remain chorus girls. But a girl like you doesn't have to."

She ignored the insult and with her own slim white fingers poured me out another drink. It was a stiff one. "What's the idea?" I asked. "Trying to get me drunk?"

"No," she smiled.

"A chorus girl like you—" I commenced again.

"If you're going to spend the night here, isn't it time you went to bed?"

"The night here?"

"Yes. If you're not going home." There was just the slightest tinge of annoyance in her voice.

"Of course, I'm not going home—now."

THE bottle she had placed on the table was suddenly miraculously empty. She noticed my reaching hand. "I'll get you a drink," she said, and disappeared.

She was in a kimono when she returned. She bore two glasses. One she held out to me. "To the happiness of two!" she cried, and raised hers to her lips. I downed mine. "Happiness of two," I echoed, and thought of Wryne. Poor, dear, honest lad! This was the type of girl he loved—from a picture! Well, anyway, he would know now... The room suddenly became blurred...

I awoke in the morning with a bad taste in my mouth, a splitting headache, and alone in a double bed. I was still dressed... My wrist watch told me it was ten o'clock. I collected my thoughts. They came to me with surprising swiftness. I was in Lucille's apartment! I had spent the night there! Poor Wryne! But at the same time, thank God! Now I could write him something that would deliver him from himself and his mad, mad love. And yet I was sorry. I knew it would mean the end of our friendship, for no man could be expected to understand... And I was sorry because I liked Lucille... Despite all I knew about her, I liked her...

My reveries were broken into by a knock on the door. "Come in," I answered, and Lucille entered. There was a pale sadness about her that was yet triumphant. She was dressed in a kimono and her hair was wound in braids around her head. "Would you like a cup of black coffee, or a drink of iced water, or a drink of whiskey?" she asked.

"I'd like a drink," I answered, marveling at her thoughtfulness.

She disappeared presently to return with an iced Scotch and soda in her hand.

"You're a wonderful girl!" I cried admiringly.

"I wanted to hear you say that," she said, and surprisingly burst into tears and sank down on my bed.

"Why?" I demanded more puzzled than ever.

"Because of Cecil."

"Cecil?"

"Cecil Wryne. You see, I love him."

"You love him? Do—do you know him?"

"Only through letters and through his pictures. He has written me. He told me about you. He is the fairest and squarest man—"

My hand went mechanically to my head,



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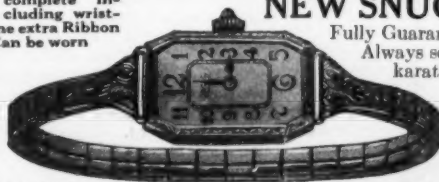
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I shut my eyes. Was I dreaming again?

"Poor Major," said Lucille.

"I—I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. No one could. It's one of those things which happen only in story books. I've really loved him for a long time—before he went to Africa, only he didn't know it. I used to see him on t'street. He lived not far from me. I've dreamed that some day he—he—and now he does. He loves me. He has written me that, only a couple of months ago. He loved me from my picture. He asked me to marry him. But he was a little afraid of something. He was afraid of you. You had put ideas in his head—which he did not believe,"—this proudly—"and that was why I consented to go on the party where I was to meet you. I don't go on parties as a rule."

My world was topsy-turvy; my head was swimming; but three thoughts stood out: Wrynnne, his happiness, and the situation I was in. I strove to be severe.

"Wrynnne," I said, "as you've said, is the finest and squarest man God ever

made. He's too fine to be wasted on a chorus girl who keeps overnight in her apartment a man—"

Lucille came over to me adorably. "Don't be a silly old fool," she ordered with a disarming smile. "Do you think I'd have kept you here last night if I hadn't known who you were and what you thought?" she demanded.

"But—but the proprieties!" I cried.

THE proprieties are taken care of," she laughed. "I live here with my mother. She's in the next room. Mother!" she called.

A slim, small, grey-haired edition of Lucille joined us before I could utter a word. She came swiftly to me, holding out her hand. "I hope you'll like us, Major Scott," she said.

"Like you?" I cried, as sudden understanding came to me. "I'll love you all if one of you will at once send a cable of congratulations to Cecil Wrynnne from the crazy boob who thought he was doing him a good turn."

## The Witch Woman

[Continued from page 73]

snakily? Well, that's the way she laughed.

A log snapped in the fireplace and she started nervously, and prepared to lead the way out. I had to stuff my fist in my mouth to keep from gasping. Oh, this was too awful! Was Jack Stevens going to elope with this Witchy Woman?

They floated through the doors and shakily I tugged at Harriet's hand and shoved her out the hall door. Some narrow shave!

"Say, what's eating you? Whyn't you let me get a peek at the geek she had in tow? It wasn't old Tubby was it?"—curiously.

I swallowed hard. "I couldn't see—too dark."

THAT was upsetting enough; each day I woke up to wonder if Jack Stevens still lived next door. But it wasn't a week before I had something nearer home to worry about. It was that morning when the Hortons and the Stevenses and we were returning from a dance up in Sheboygan, and it was nearly eight o'clock on a raw dark morning when we entered the outskirts of Elmdale, due to a diabolical case of engine trouble that had kept us out in the open country for hours. There we were, drowsing along, and wishing we had never gone to the dance, when someone pinched me hard and told me to look quick, over at the old Harmon house. I looked; we all looked. Fritz looked so hard that we almost ran up on the sidewalk. And what did we see but the plainly kimonoed figure of a woman engaged in the pleasant task of kissing a man. They were standing in the front hall, and the door was wide open. He kind of patted her shoulder and kissed her again and hurriedly strode down the path to a racy roadster and climbed in. We all saw the same thing, as plain as plain! I quickly looked at Jim, then looked away in pain at the expression on his face. He was so incredulous that he was straining to get a last look at the man in the car. Oh, my Jim was jealous! Without a doubt, the woman had been Mrs. Cotey and it certainly looked as though the man had stayed in her house all night. How queer it all looked! But why should Jim care? He was so affected that he didn't say a word all the rest of the ride home, but sat in a brown study—thinking of her, I supposed. He even changed his clothes

and left for the train in that same dazed unbelief. I cried good and hard after he went.

Of course it didn't take long for the story to get all over our set. Everybody was talking about it. Maybelle said that when she told the Doctor he scolded her awfully for believing anything so bad about a woman as fine as Mrs. Cotey.

"You can see for yourself, Toots, where we stand with our husbands against that awful woman!"

Fat Maybelle shook. I was idly thinking how trying it must be to weigh two hundred and sixty pounds and have your husband slim as a sylph and sticking up for another woman.

But the prize scandal broke one Sunday afternoon, about dusk, when Maybelle and Charlotte were out gathering bittersweet in the woods at the edge of the Harmon estate.

They had their arms filled and were about to turn back and cut through the quarry grounds, to new Elmdale, when cross voices came through the tangle, from the Harmon grounds.

They told it right afterwards when they stopped in at our house on their way home, and it made my hair stand right up.

They heard a man first. He said: "You'll have to do it. You've made a fool of yourself and me, as it is. It can't go any farther!"

Then Mrs. Cotey: "Sssssh, dearest, not so loud!"

Charlotte and Maybelle were so excited that they didn't bother about the ethics of listening. They just listened.

Then the man said: "You're damn right! Not so loud. Afraid some one will hear, eh?"

"And a whole lot more to the effect that she ought to know she had reached the end of it. But the end of what, the girls couldn't figure out, because the voices passed on toward the house before they learned. But it was all terribly exciting, and we talked and talked about what it all meant. It was plain to be seen that the Witch Woman was really a witchy creature.

That night I slept restlessly, toward morning dreaming that Mrs. Cotey, dressed in a bungalow apron, was dancing the tango on the edge of the quarry, with my Jim as a partner. I had the feeling that

[Turn to page 100]

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## The Witch Woman

[Continued from page 98]

at any minute they would both dance over. I awoke shuddering, and could not get back to sleep.

A couple of mornings later Hazel ran in as I was making up the grocery list. Hazel was charged with excitement, and little lightning-like quivers flashed out from her to prick me. At any moment I knew she would spill over.

"Toots!" She burst out the minute Carrie disappeared out of the door with the list. I was grateful she had restrained herself until Carrie had gone; one never can tell about servants. I stiffened my jelly-like backbone. It was coming, whatever it was. Had Jack...?

She paused to glance searchingly about the room, as if to see if any face were peering from behind a door or corner. I was wound tight enough to spring at any second. My hands were clammy from cold perspiration. It must be awful—whatever it was.

"Yes?" I breathed.  
"That terrible woman... oh, Toots! I'm so scared! I have to tell, though you must promise you won't tell a soul until it gets out?"

I nodded frantically. "Oh, no! Not a soul!" My goodness! It must be Jack...

"Well—" Hazel's voice sank to a panic stricken whisper. "Doctor Fred Deering has disappeared!"

"Disappeared? Where?"

"That's it. Where? No one knows. No one knew he wasn't there until this morning. Listen—" She leaned forward in her chair and her voice grew so impressive that it made prickles run up and down my spine. "You remember last night at rehearsal? Doctor Fred was there, watching. And after we were all through Maybelle wanted to go through her nigger songs again, when she could be alone with the accompanist, and the doctor was tired from operating all afternoon, so he said he guessed he'd go along home and get some sleep. Mrs. Cotey spoke up and said he should leave the car for Maybelle and she would drive him home. He said, 'Fine... oh, fine'... and I guess you know, Toots Durand, how glad he was to do it! So off they went."

Maybelle did her songs and drove home alone, and went right up to her room, she was so dead tired, and went to bed. She says she didn't even look into the doctor's room for fear of disturbing him. She tumbled into bed and went fast asleep. But sometime later, at one, she said, she woke up—just like that!"

HAZEL snapped her fingers and I jumped off my chair.

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"She woke right up... wide awake as you are at this minute... and she heard the doctor call to her. He called her name, just like he always calls when he wants her in a hurry. 'Belle!' he called. She jumped out of bed and rushed to open the door between their rooms, though she says the funny thing about it is that the sound did not come from his room at all. She doesn't know where it came from... it just came. When she opened the door, he wasn't there at all! He was not in bed, he was not in the room, and the bed had not been slept in! Not at all!"

I felt myself getting weak and shivery. My hair was raising from my scalp. How perfectly horrible! But right then I had an idea. Maybe he had been called out on a case before he had time to go to bed? Hazel shook her head. No, it wasn't that because Maybelle had telephoned all around. The hospital, his

nurse, his assistant... none of them knew a thing about the doctor.

"First thing this morning she called that Cotey woman but she said she had put him down in front of his house and then gone right home. Maybelle wasn't satisfied—she said that woman's voice sounded sly—so she called her chauffeur but he said exactly the same thing. Oh, Toots, isn't it too dreadful? Just bear this in mind; he was last seen in company with the Witch Woman, and I ask you, where is he now?"

Hazel looked at me so searchingly I felt guilty. "Oh, Hazel, I don't know! I don't know... really, I haven't the faintest idea!"

YES! And what do you think? Yesterday morning I found a note in Jack's pocket, from her, asking him to drop in for tea today at five!"

Hazel gulped and her eyes misted and she had to fumble for her handkerchief. That poor child! If ever she knew what I knew about the library, I put my arms tight around her. We women just have to stand together.

"Yes..." she was sobbing now... "it's all not a bit nice, the way Elmdale used to be. I just hate it since that woman's been here. Doctor Fred disappeared, goodness knows where, but I'll tell you she's back of it! And now my Jack being cajoled there for tea. Now Toots, I ask you, can you imagine any of our crowd writing a note to another girl's husband, to drop in at five for tea? Can you?" I shook my head solemnly. I certainly could not... it would be all over town next day... and then what?

"Who knows what will happen to him when he gets here?"

Hazel was so sinister that I grew wobbly. "Oh, my dear, you must not let yourself imagine such things. Be calm, dear—"

Me telling her to be calm, and hoping that the upholstery on our new fireside chair wouldn't run, because she was soaking it with her tears. Yes, me urging her to be calm, and the back door slamming so hard that it could be nothing less than catastrophe chasing at the heels of Carrie, who came running straight through the house to the sun-room.

"Oh, my goodness, what is it?" I braced myself for the shock which I felt was coming.

Carrie opened her mouth and closed it, as though the enormity of something or other was just too enormous. She stood rocking herself from side to side; her eyes popped way out and her chest heaved. up and down. Even Hazel forgot to cry, she was so fascinated by Carrie.

"Please do tell us, Carrie," I commanded. Her mouth opened again and this time it came.

"Dr. Deering's been found, ma'm. At the bottom of the middle quarry, all mashed up, and deader'n a door nail! Oh, my Gawd, what's ever to come to us?" she moaned.

Hazel screeched just once and promptly fainted. I sat still because I could have done nothing else. It couldn't be so. Why, only last night Doctor Fred had asked me to fox-trot during a wait in the rehearsal and he had been simply spilling over with nonsense. Why... why... such a thing never could happen... that our lovely Doctor Fred would have to die and leave that silly Maybelle left alive! It was for Doctor Fred that everyone swallowed Maybelle. It wasn't possible... he... he had been the alivest man

[Turn to page 102]

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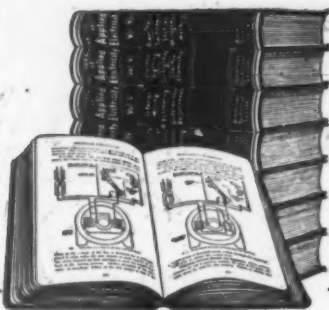
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## The Witch Woman

[Continued from page 100]

I ever saw only last night, and now he just couldn't be the deadeast!

"And Mrs. Cotey's man confessed, ma'm!" Carrie's voice was unnaturally high and rasping; her tone made what she said worse. "He says they didn't put the doctor down at his own house at all. They drove him straight to the Harmon place, and he got out and went in with her, and that's the last John saw!"

I still couldn't think straight. I watched Hazel curiously as she opened her eyes under Carrie's ministrations with cold water. She sat up, and the first thing she demanded Jack of me, as though I kept him hidden under the hall console.

**JACK!** My Jack! Oh, Toots, help me and don't let him get into that woman's clutches. If he goes there to tea he'll never come out alive!"

We had to hug each other for comfort. Cold chills played hide and seek down my backbone. Supposing my Jim was down at the bottom of the quarry? The telephone rang at that minute and it continued to ring all morning. All about Dr. Deering. Who had killed him? Who could have been his enemy? How was Maybelle taking it? Who was with her?

I called Jim and told him, and he was horrified. He was still more horrified when I told him that Mrs. Cotey was implicated. He was outraged, and defended her so warmly that my heart sank like lead. Not that I wanted to condemn her, but then...

The Deering house is at the far end of the Court, at the bend, while ours is at the corner of the Court and Elmdale Drive. The Court is one block long, more like a loop than a crescent, with an oval park in the center. All day long cars dashed in from the Drive and down the Court to Deerings. Knots of people were gathered in agitated conversation on front verandas. Charlotte and Doris Colton came over to park in our living-room to talk it over. Regular routine all over the village was suspended. None of us could hardly believe that this awful thing had happened—and to someone we knew as well as Doctor Fred! We had all been having such a jolly time last night—and now he was dead—killed. Maybe by someone right in our village. It was too much! I wanted Jim.

"Who do you suppose could have done it? Girls, I wonder if it could have been that man Maybelle and I heard in the woods that day?" Charlotte whispered, and we all drew closer together.

The excitement was perfectly wild when it was reported that they had succeeded in raising the body. That was about noon, and though we girls did not go near the scene, the butcher's boy told me that it was packed with police and reporters and curious spectators.

"Gee, Mis' Durand, they found a book in his overcoat pocket, too. An old little book, with that Cotey woman's name on the front sheet."

"Oh!" We all gasped in unison. Tommy's eyes grew big as he described the scene with relish, lingering on the grisly details. There we were from a decent law abiding neighborhood, frosted nicely with the conventions of living, we were turning into a primitive horde, grasping for, and scraping up all the bloody horror in sight. I never would have dreamed that we were all so thinly clothed in propriety.

Every little while Hazel would burst in the door with some new development. She had to tell Charlotte and Doris all about the note in Jack's pocket from the

Witch Woman, and they each had to tell her what they would do under the circumstances. Hazel sniffed and said that it was all very well for everyone to offer advice, but she had the actual facing of it, no one else. Furthermore, she darkly hinted, their house might be for sale soon. It was all so upsetting that when Carrie told us lunch was ready we couldn't think of eating.

Finally we brought our salad and coffee into the living-room so that we needn't miss anything.

"That's Mr. Loring, the undertaker!" announced Doris, and we all craned our necks to see. Mr. Loring's correct coupe drove slowly past. Mr. Loring's being the last errand, he never hurries—there is always plenty of time.

"But they didn't bring the... Doctor Fred home?" Charlotte's shocked whisper reverberated throughout the tense room. "No, ma'm. It's at the morgue where they're going to perform the autopsy," contributed Carrie, who would come in and out.

"There's Jack Stevens home!"

We ducked back so that he wouldn't see us peeping. Sure enough, there was Jack home from the city early in the afternoon.

"Oh, but I'll bet Hazel is wading into him!" giggled Doris, only to be squelched by a stern glance from Charlotte.

Charlotte was too serious for levity.

"Girls," she cut in, "I think we ought to go over and see Maybelle right now! It's our duty. Supposing it were one of us?"

Oh, dear! Charlotte was right but how I dreaded to go. The three of us filed sadly down the street and turned into the lovely Deering home. Some reporter snapped our picture as we went up the walk. Imagine! How our peaceful suburb had leaped into the bright white limelight of publicity.

The house itself was the same as it had been yesterday and the day before, yet today there was a difference. It was essentially the same building. The tan brick was as prosperous and solid as ever; the lawns as trim in their winter protections; yet there was a something about the place which spoke of death and mystery.

Maybelle's sister saw us coming and opened the door, and from habit we walked into the long living-room on the right—just as we always did—just as if we were coming for a table of bridge. Only we weren't. Today, there was Maybelle crying on the davenport in front of the dead fireplace.

**I WAS** surprised in a dim way to find her there; I don't know how I expected to find her, but anyway I was surprised. There she was, dressed the same as ever, just as fat as ever, only she was the saddest girl I had ever seen. Her face was swollen and red, and as she raised her head to greet us, she broke into louder weeping. We went dutifully to kiss her, each one of us thinking, "Supposing it were my husband!"

"Girls! Isn't it terrible? I can't believe it. I can't understand it! Who, who would have done such a thing to my darling Fred? Why, Fred wouldn't hurt a flea. You know it! He was the kindest, gentlest... oohhhhhh!" Maybelle's voice rose higher and higher into a thin screech, and she rocked herself to and fro in an ecstasy of grief.

Suddenly I wanted Jim's arms around me. That's the wonderful thing about your husband; there's no one who can give you the perfect feeling of all-right-

[Turn to page 104]



# I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

*Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life*

"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's . . ."

"Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher*. It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had *always* been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family . . . they were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only *hearing* music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when



the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

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**Vienna Cones**  
for Feminine Convenience

## The Witch Woman

[Continued from page 102]

ness that he can, by just hugging you close in his arms. Poor Maybelle! She could never look forward to Doctor Fred holding her in his arms again.

Things grew worse instead of better, because Maybelle's sister insisted talking as if it had already been proven that Mrs. Cotey shoved the doctor over the cliff. How vindictive it made one to have a member of her family killed. I marveled.

"Oh, girls, I heard him call me! I did! Just as plain as though one of you said, 'Belle.' And it sounded as though he wanted me so badly! Oh, I can't stand it... it's some hideous dream... we loved one another so much!"

Charlotte looked at me and I looked at Charlotte. I felt so unnatural! I turned my head from side to side in the dimness of the closely curtained room, and in each shadow I could see a ghostly Doctor Fred calling "Belle!", and Maybelle hopping out of bed to run to him, only to find he wasn't there. And from the shadows in the room I raced on madly toward the quarry brink and saw a fearsome, veiled shape shoving him over. Who could it have been? Very abruptly I said I must go!

I arrived home to find Jim there waiting for me. He was pale, and walked nervously up and down the hall.

"I couldn't stay in town and work, so I drove out with Tubby Rollins. He felt the same way—felt as if we ought to do something... never thought a thing like this could happen to anyone in our crowd. Must have been some damned hold-up man. Never even heard of a burglary out here before!"

Jim was perturbed. He talked in jerks and his forehead was wet and shiny. I thought of the time he and Doctor Fred had taken the fishing trip up at Whitefish Lake, the year before the doctor married Maybelle. How Jim had loved the doctor! I felt sorry for him.

Jim was snarling. "Damn fools to link Mrs. Cotey with his death! Mob stuff, that. Foolery... just like that half-witted Maybelle Deering! Too darn bad it couldn't have been her instead of Fred!"

Jim paced up and down in long strides and I ran up and down beside him in short fast ones.

**B**UT, honey, she did deny his having been in her house, until they confronted her with the book they found in his pocket. And Jim, you know what the girls heard that man say to her in the woods! 'It's got to be done immediately,' he said. What did he mean? Jim, don't you suppose it's possible that she and the doctor might have had an affair... and this man, in a jealous rage... I stopped, scared at the case I was building up.

Jim was really angry at me. "How do we know a thing about it? Toots... you're like all the rest. You disappoint me. I tell you, she's an all right woman. I suppose Charlotte Stevens is stewing her character all over Elmdale, and yesterday afternoon she signed a contract with Jack for a nice little hundred thousand dollar house, here in Elmdale, across from the Harmon site. That's what she did... literally gave that plum to Jack. Because Elmdale was being nice to her, she said. I don't say that Jack didn't pull a few strings for the contract... but he landed it... more power to him!"

"Oh, Jim!" was all I could say, thinking of that night in her library... and the note Hazel found. All business! "But why didn't Jack tell Hazel and not have her worrying—"

"Didn't want to tell a soul till the contract was signed. You know how it is with a verbal arrangement—you have it and you haven't."

Yes, I did know. So that was the secret of Jack's devotion? My goodness!

"Listen, Toots, I'm going up there to Mrs. Cotey's house and let her know we're with her. Poor thing, she must need a few friends by now. Hounded by reporters and Maybelle's crowd. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if that scatter-brained Belle Deering had her arrested on circumstantial evidence before night!"

**I** FELT as if my husband were turning against me. Instead of him putting his arms around me, as I had been dreaming of him doing, he was intent on solacing the notorious Witch Woman. I sat and watched him leave the house, with no life left in me. What a hold she had over him! It was a long time that I sat staring out into the dusky light, noting the sleet which had begun to glisten on the streets and sidewalks. I caught myself thinking, "slippery for walking—skiddy weather—hope Jim drives carefully."

Carrie came in to ask curiously if Mr. Durand would be home for dinner. I wondered how much she had heard—and answered dully that I didn't think he would. She laid a cover for me on the gate-leg table in front of the crackling fire, but such was my miserable state that even this evidence of thoughtfulness left me cold and untouched. My capacity for feeling had frozen, or dried up, or something equally terrifying.

After dinner I returned to my post at the windows where I could see the rapidly whitening sidewalks and lawns. The first snow of the season! I was relieved that they had found Doctor Fred, and that he wasn't down there alone in that deep pit. To be covered by the sleet flakes. At least we knew where he was.

The telephone rang and I ran to answer. Maybe it was Jim! But it was Hazel, and my heart sank.

"Toots?"

I could feel the tenseness of her whisper.

"Oh, Toots, what do you suppose? It's terrible! Jack heard that they are coming to really arrest Mrs. Cotey, on the charge of being implicated in the death of Dr. Deering! They'll be coming down the Drive at any minute. I never felt so scared in my whole life! Jack isn't home. Maybelle sent for him to take the doctor's clothes over to the undertakers... why Toots, it all fairly makes me creep! Oh, please, please, can't you run in and stay with me?"

I made some excuse, but I don't know what. All I could think of was that Hazel must not guess my agitation. I got away somehow and ran to the clothes closet to drag out a coat—some coat—any coat—and my tam. I forgot that I had on thin satin pumps, forgot all but that one thing. The police were on their way to arrest the Witch Woman and when they got there they would find my husband with her. It would never be forgotten in Elmdale; from snug home to snug home and from street to street it would be blazoned, that Jim Durand was with Mrs. Cotey when she was arrested. It couldn't be! If I died running I'd get there first and be with the two of them when the police arrived.

There was only one way to consider getting there: the shortest. I couldn't stop to worry about getting my feet wet, nor about staying on sidewalks. So I started

[Turn to page 106]

# To Every Doubting Thomas! My Contract!



*I Guarantee to Give You  
New Hair in 30 Days or my  
Treatment Won't Cost You One Cent*



*Alois Merke*  
Founder of Merke Institute  
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By Alois Merke, Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

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# The Witch Woman

[Continued from page 104]

out by cutting across the misty fields that lie on the other side of Elmdale Drive. The Harmon place is in the old part of the village, which is divided from our part by the woods and the quarry. Of course there's a real way round, a drive with good concrete walks on either side, but I didn't dare risk taking that. That takes at least thirty minutes, walking fast. While by cutting through the woods and skirting the quarry I'd be at the edge of the Harmon grounds in less than fifteen minutes.

WITHOUT a backward glance at my safe home, I raced out the front door, across the slippery Drive, and entered the mystery of the fields. They were so empty! Breathing hard, I slid along, my pumps becoming sodden relics before I had gotten well into the whispering woods. It was dark, and the snow felt like rain. I had to quit running and push on at a fast walk, because I realized I could not hold out at a run. The dry branches caught at my coat and dragged me back like ghostly arms, and every once in a while there was a scurrying of some live thing into the underbrush. But I was too afraid to be afraid! I knew the path so well that I could have gone through blindfolded, so I made sure progress. But when I reached the end of the friendly shelter of the trees and came to the bare ground about the quarry, my heart pounded in my throat. The moon had come out palely, and I was a conspicuous dark figure on the white carpet underfoot.

I had no idea just where the doctor had gone over . . . or been thrown over . . . but every step along that narrow walk edging the cliff was torture. Supposing some sinister figure were spying on me from an underbrush tangle? I was so terribly alone, and so utterly at the mercy of any evil force. My breath came in raw gasps, and I imagined I could hear low cries coming from the black depths. Twice I distinctly felt cautious steps behind me, only to encounter gloomy emptiness when I forced myself to look back. The pale moon, which was coming up so uncertainly, cast watery gleams over the white fields with their occasional patches of black. The stones crawled to meet me and trip my feet. I walked on and on, eternally.

At last I came to the fence around the Harmon grounds, and crawling through the hole in the barbed wire, I faced a haunted journey through the natural park which surrounds the old house. Had Doctor Fred walked through here last night, unsuspecting, and serenely bent for home, or had he been carried, stiff and helpless . . .

In some places the young trees were so thick that I scratched my hands and face trying to make a path. But I didn't feel these minor annoyances; all I kept in mind was that I must be there when the police came. They mustn't say that Jim was alone with her.

I rang the bell of the great deserted looking house, very near to a state of exhaustion.

Almost no light escaped through the heavy folds of velvet that clung to the long deep set windows. There was the dim lantern over the entrance and that was all. The wind whistled weirdly in the bare branches in the park, and gravel swished restlessly under the thin coating of white. Swish, swish, just often enough to make little goose pimples stand up all over your arms. I could see Doctor Fred peering at me from behind every twisted tree trunk. My, but I was glad when that

old door creaked slowly back, and Mrs. Cotey's red-faced butler appeared in the warm opening!

And the next second found me in the comfort of the well-lighted library—the very same room where Hazel had undressed behind the screen. How many years back that seemed! I stood dazed, fascinated by the everydayness of the scene. The room with its mellow furnishings, the flickering fire, Mrs. Cotey's long white hands moving lightly over the coffee table, and Jim's long legs crossed so negligently close to the hearth, his cup catching the flame and throwing it redly against the back of his hand. And me! I came into this nice neatness, disheveled, sick with suspense, torn and scratched from my wild walk; I came ready to save! Save whom?

I caught the end of what the Witch Woman was telling Jim. I heard: "... when she called up so hysterically and demanded to know if her husband had been here, I . . . well, I was scared! I have heard Mrs. Deering ruthlessly take away too many reputations, so I'm not afraid of the power of her tongue. And somehow, I had the crazy idea that he, the doctor, had told her he had not been here. I see how silly I was, now. Oh, I would give anything if I had only told her the truth!"

They saw me, before the butler got around to speaking, and came forward, but in spite of their warm welcome and the assurances of the snug room, I was shaking. That was all very well for her to turn around now and tell why she had fished about Doctor Fred's being in her house, but how about making the public and the police believe it? I cleared my foggy throat . . . I must warn her immediately . . . but a sound so unusual in that house, and so unlooked for, at the head of the stairs, made me catch hold of Jim for support.

"Gran'muther, Gran'muther! Catch me, Gran'muther; I'm comin'! I'm all ready for bed and it's kissing time."

A roly-poly little figure dashed down the stairs and threw herself into the widely opened arms of the regal woman at the foot. I must have been guilty of staring open mouthed. Grandmother!

"Lookit, Gran'muther! Daddy gave me a fur bear if I'd go right to sleep and not wake up till sun-morning."

PUG! You darling little baby, how Grandmother loves you!"

The Witch Woman's eyes were softened as she strained the delicious armful to her, quite uncaring for spectators. The innocence of intrigue personified in the baby girl was an antithesis of the unwholesome lure of the woman we all knew. I was dumb.

"Mother, will you please send Pug right up? She's put off going to bed as long as possible—as usual. And it's so strange here that I'm afraid we'll have a time with her."

A grown-up, roly-poly Pug came to the top stair. Jolly-faced, decidedly matronly, this grown up Pug came down with a determined gleam in her brown eyes which her offspring could well read. The dreaded moment was not to be put off.

I dreamily accepted the introduction to the lady Pug. "My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Towers." And I wondered when Jim had met her, for he easily grabbed up the baby and chatted with her mother as they disappeared into the depths of the upper hall.

Stupidly, I turned to the Witch Woman

[Turn to page 108]





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## The Witch Woman

[Continued from page 106]

for explanation. I felt quite left out of things. She slipped her arm in mine and drew me into the library.

"How can you . . ."  
But I had to stop, because it's hard to tell a person she can't be old enough to have such an old daughter-in-law.

"Sit down, my dear, and I'll clear it all up in a few minutes. My son and his wife came as soon as I sent for them, this afternoon. They arrived just before your husband came—"

Son and daughter! For the first time since I had known her, it occurred that somewhere in her physiognomy one caught a gleam of common sense.

"I'm a silly old woman!"  
I did not politely contradict her. I thought so, too.

"I wanted to have something; I had never had a good time. And I took the road of men's admiration to find it. It's a futile road, and, my dear, don't ever try it!"

Well, from what I've seen, I agreed with that too.

"The second time I was left a widow, I found myself with money and one grown-up son who was becoming very successful in his own business. You may have heard of him, Wesslyn Towers?"

I blinked. Oh, but hadn't I? And hadn't Jim and I concocted all sorts of wild schemes for getting to him? Well, of all things . . .

**IN FACT** he was so successful that he found no time for his mother; he was almost too busy to appreciate his wife and baby. Perhaps it is a penalty one pays for success. I made up my mind I would start anew—and make my own life—not just be content to be the tail end of my children's existence. You see—she leaned forward so earnestly—"I was young—still young enough to crave the good times I'd never had. And I went abroad and became a different person. I discovered the tricks of beautifying this shell that the years have built for me. Then . . . after a time I grew lonely for home, so I came back. I chose Elmdale as a future home chiefly because it would be near Wesslyn; I hoped Margaret and Wesslyn would come out here also.

"Elmdale proved a delightful experiment. Oh! I know you girls have laughed at me! But I was intoxicated by this unaccustomed popularity; it made me feel like a girl to have the men beg for my dances. I confess I thrived on it, and the more popular I became, the harder it was for me to bring myself to introduce my serious son and daughter. Vanity can do a lot of harm!" She sighed.

I thought so, too. I looked at her curiously and wondered how in heck she was going to get out of this muddle. The police must come at any moment now.

"I kept putting it off—not that Wesslyn really gave a hang about meeting friends of mine, but he hated my secrecy. My son has always seen through me . . . and forced me to paths of discipline!"

She laughed ruefully and I felt a tiny pang of sympathy. It must be hard to be a mother and have your child want to shove you down in your own dark little corner, and make you look on at all the fun. The poor thing, but she had been crowding a lifetime of fun into these few months.

"Finally he told me that Margaret was returning from the East, and I would have to claim them as son and daughter if they came to Elmdale to live. Oh, but Wesslyn was hard on me. And now that this has transpired, I'm fairly sick at the thought of what he will say to me—"

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"And he won't say a thing except to help you extricate yourself from the tangle, silly Mother!"

Wesslyn and Jim had come downstairs together, and from the corner of a discreet eye, I could see that my husband was fairly purring, he was so pleased with himself. Wesslyn, a pudgy little fellow, nothing like his stunning mother, crossed to her and put his arm around her shoulders.

IT ALL came to me in a flash. Of course! Jim had recognized Wesslyn Towers that morning when we had seen him leaving his mother's house for town—the morning of the dance—and my clever husband had been trying to solve the mystery, and likewise reach Wesslyn, ever since. Of all things! But one good word in Jim's favor, from the tenderness of Wesslyn's attitude toward his wayward mother, I could see Jim's fine hand. He had built a strong defense for her, and it would have been a sincere one, because he had really liked her from the very beginning. And I—well, I knew that I was just starting to see her as she really was. And I liked her! I did, I really liked her.

Wesslyn was talkative, and invariably he came back to the same theme; of how, out of all the club crowd, Jim and I had proved our loyalty and friendship to his mother. My cheeks burned at the undeserved praise. I, who had come to protect my husband in the face of the law! And my husband, who had been working for access to one thousand dollars!

"Wesslyn, dear, please believe me! I only flirted a little with the doctor... he was such a dear... and when I told him he might take that first edition, I had no idea it was going to implicate me in his mysterious death!"

Poor Mrs. Cotey was about to dissolve in tears, which couldn't have affected me very much, being that I had bathed in salt all day, but she changed her mind as the loud bell at the front door pealed.

I sat up straight and said to myself: "Steady, old girl, steady! It is the police."

But almost instantly the door boomed shut and Mrs. Cotey came running back into the room, her face fairly flaming with emotion.

THE doctor—" gasped the Witch Woman.

"He was not killed! The autopsy shows a heart seizure—stoppage of one of the main arteries. He must have been taking the short cut home when it came upon him. In his struggle—the doctors say he must have struggled several minutes—he lost his balance and fell into the quarry. It was just a chance whether he fell across the path, or over the brink."

Of us all, Mrs. Cotey felt the worst. "To think that if I had not encouraged him to come in, he might have been safely home when it happened... and might have gotten help in time—" She was so wretched that it would have taken a hard heart to refuse her sympathy.

"Bosh!" snapped Wesslyn. "All these ifs. Who can tell? But I certainly hope—"

No one knows what he hoped for the telephone rang at that minute and it was the first of Mrs. Cotey's fair weather friends, offering tardy sympathy for her unhappy share in the tragedy. Wesslyn's lip curled and he exchanged an understanding glance with his wife.

Needless to say, Jim won the prize, and we both won two very good friends in Wesslyn and his wife. I do not think we deserve them, but we're doing our best to live up to their belief in us. And we're also doing our best to be real friends to Mrs. Cotey.



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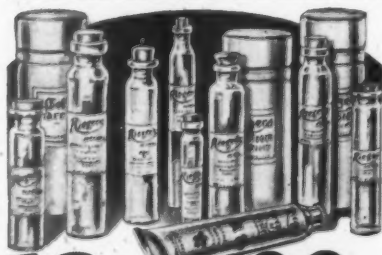
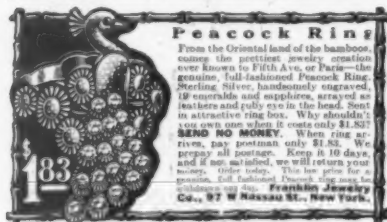
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# The Road to Toul

[Continued from page 41]

Simply, she didn't understand the facts that folks needed money to get along on.

"The bimbo's pop got it in 1914, somewhere around Flanders. Old Plauche got along somehow with the farm till rheumatism hit him last year. Marie, the kid's mother, beat it to Paris for a job. She sends 'em enough frankers a month to get by on. But she hasn't come back. Says she's afraid to leave for fear of losing the job—"

"That's why the kid's always looking up the road, eh?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Ribault, moving toward the door. "The old woman says she used to stand there looking most all the time, till you came along—"

"What does she mean?" I cut in, anxious to learn that I was something in Marie-Louise's little life.

IF YOU ask me, Mac, I'd say she meant that the bimbo figures you're a regular tin god."

Ribault's words made my heart turn a somersault, and sort of trapped my voice. I guess he understood that they had hit home because he didn't wait for me to speak.

"And, Mac," he went on, his voice lower than usual, as if he was afraid Marie-Louise could understand him, "I told the old woman we're going up tonight. She says for you not to dare tell the kid you're going away. . . Savvy?"

"Yep," I said, husky-like. For a few seconds I watched Ribault as he passed out of the house. Then I turned, and I looked down at the little head of gold pillowed against my chest.

Marie-Louise must have felt me looking at her, because she squirmed around and lifted her eyes to mine. It did seem then, that a little of the sadness had crept out of her eyes; and whether it was true or not, I let myself believe Marie-Louise was losing some of the cheated look she had worn the first time I saw her through the gray rain of France.

So I bounced her up and down on my knees, strangely happy in the sound of her laughter as she played at riding a horse. Her laughter, you must remember, was something I could understand—something that made me know her little heart and mind were being lifted out of those sad, lonely places that should not be for children.

At last the old sandman came around, ready to trade her the silver of night for the gold of another day. I watched her try to send him away. But, as always, he finally coaxed her into the magic bargain, and she fell asleep in my arms. I carried Marie-Louise to the great bed she had shared with her mother all of her life, except one lonely year. When I raised up, Grandpa Plauche was looking at me through eyes blurred with tears. Neither of us said anything, nor made a move. But, for all this silence and inertness we both seemed to understand what was in our hearts. Madame broke the spell by motioning me to follow her into the big room. From a cabinet she took a picture, and pressed into my hands:

"Marie-Louise's *maman—ma fille*," she whispered in a voice that made me reach out and pat her trembling hands. The strength of her withered fingers surprised me as they freed themselves from mine and pointed to her daughter's picture murmuring something about her hair being a flame, and her eyes being violets. I did not understand what else she said. But from her voice it might have easily been a prayer.

Marie-Louise's mother seemed only a

girl in the picture—a beautiful girl who might have been Marie-Louise grown up. I gave it back gently to Grandma Plauche who touched the image with her lips. Suddenly my hands went deep into my pockets. I had almost forgotten the chocolate. I had raked up seven bars, my week's ration! Some of it I borrowed. Two bars I deliberately swiped. Doughboys could get along without candy better than Marie-Louise.

"Chocolate for Marie-Louise," I said.

Madame took the candy, a half-smile of understanding on her kind old face. Then she snatched one of my hands.

"Bon chance. . . M'sieu. . . Mac!" she whispered, and again I felt as if I were listening to a prayer in her wish of good-luck for me in the front—for Madame Plauche knew the way of war.

Later, it seemed so queer for me to be strapping my pack in such silence. Like my buddies, I had always been noisy just before starting up to the lines. And yet, I should have understood the hush upon me. For never before had I gone in with the knowledge that Something had come into my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We're under observation when we leave these woods. Follow me close to the ground—about forty feet apart," commanded the platoon leader. Then he snaked away on his stomach. I was the tenth man in line. I crouched in the shadows of the shell-splintered trees, watching my buddies worming their way through the clearing. In the tomb-like quiet it didn't seem possible a war was going on. When it came my time to snake out I felt sort of foolish for hugging the dirt when there didn't seem to be any reason.

Sometimes, as I waited for the fellow ahead to get going again, I'd look up at the stars dancing against the clear sky, and then squint toward the German lines. The wires glistened in the night. Trenches were only tumbling shadows. Not a sound in all our part of the world. Not a movement, except the creeping shadows of buddies against the earth, and the stars blinking overhead!

I found out from experience that a war's not half bad when its making a hell of a lot of noise, and a fellow has to do something with a rifle, or bayonet, to keep from getting knocked off. But, believe me, the kind of war we were having that night gets on a man's nerve.

I WENT on guard immediately. As I stood there on the firing step looking out into No Man's Land, a weird sensation came over me because of the continued quiet. Time and time again I caught myself trying to believe I saw Germans fooling around outside our wire. But, it was only imagination. Still, the old uncanny sensation stuck to me, filling my mind with what you might call a premonition.

"It's too quiet to be safe," I kept saying to myself as the chill of false dawn made me shiver. I sneaked down to where Bill Avery was on guard. Seemed like he kind of jumped at my coming. I knew the sign. He'd begun to get the "willies" from the silence.

"Say, Mac," he confided, "I got a hunch something's going to happen. It's too damn—"

The boom of a big gun answered him. A shell exploded somewhere to the rear of us. . . That awful quiet again. But, only for a few seconds. Then the German barrage started. It became a roaring catarract of gun voices. The Heinies were turning loose everywhere and everything

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they had from the two-twenties down to machine-guns.  
Our signal rockets began shooting upward, crawling against the heavens like colored snakes. Artillery behind us let loose. American machine-guns began to play music not to the liking of the oncoming Boche. All we doughboys could do was wait for the word to go over and at 'em. Old Joe Morgan was standing next to me, a shadow in a tin-hat, his bayonet gleaming through the half-dark. I looked at him, and remembered the last time we'd eaten an omelette together at Marie-Louise's; I wondered if we'd ever eat another—

"They're coming, Mac!" he said, never turning his head an inch.  
"Why in hell don't they let us go?" groaned a man down the line.  
"Lookit the—"

"Must be a million coming, Joe," I said under the roar of the barrages.  
They unleashed us just before the Germans got to our wire. . . I'm not going to tell you much about the muss that followed. Of course it was ugly business, and a fellow hated to hear his buddies when they got it. Some of their cries still ring in my ears. However, war's a nasty party when it wants to be. Somebody has to get killed and wounded. It was bad that night.

THE Germans had come over to take the heart out of us, hoping to smash the nerve of what were green troops. They outnumbered us five to one, their weight throwing us back to the streets of A—. I speak of A— as if it might have been a regular village. But don't get me wrong. A— was only the ghost of a village. There weren't any streets, just spaces full of what used to be houses.

Down there the fighting was all hand-to-hand. And that's where the tide began to turn even before our reinforcements arrived. Any man that knows will tell you the Boche were tough babies in close formation. But they were our meat when it came to hand-to-hand battling. They didn't have the nerve for that kind of war.

We were whaling them all over the place when I got in a jam with two Heinies. I was just fixing to let the one at my side have it, when the big guy ahead lunged his bayonet straight for my chest. Now a fellow rarely ever figured out the way he wanted to go West in battle. But, I'd never hankered after being stuck to death. A bullet was cleaner and more certain. So I forgot the Heinie at my left and struck out blindly with my bare right arm to turn that bayonet away. . . The Dutchman must have been off balance. All his knife did was graze my hand. He stumbled at my feet. The other fellow would have finished me, however, if a doughboy hadn't sent him spinning with a shot. I got the man on the ground, and joined the gang that came up to help us. All through the gray morning as we cleared A— of Germans I felt a little pricking sensation in my hand.

But that was only something to laugh at, and I didn't even bother to swab it with iodine from my first aid pack. . . Later, when the party was over, and my company was found to be pretty badly shattered, we were ordered back to Cornieville. Poor old Joe! He was beyond orders. There wouldn't be any more omelettes at Marie-Louise's for him! Shrapnel—in the head!

It was two days before the bayonet-grazed hand began to really bother me. Even then, when it was swelling, and Marie-Louise's soft touch made me wince a little, I tried to laugh it off. But, the

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battalion doctor took the laugh away. Infection, he said. The worst kind. Most likely the Dutchman's bayonet had been dipped in some kind of poison. He found something beside pills and iodine for me, which was a wonder. However, the arm became nearly twice its normal size. The regimental surgeon ordered me sent to a special hospital, in Paris.

Just before the ambulance was ready to take me down to Toul for the train I got Ribault and went to see Marie-Louise and the old folks. When she learned I was going away, the kid began sobbing something into my shoulder. All the pain in my arm jumped into my heart when I found out she was saying that first her mother had gone away—and that now I was leaving her.

"But, tell her I'm coming back, Ribault. Tell her that—"

SHE says her mother promised to come back, too—" he said.

"I'm coming back soon with lots of chocolate, Marie-Louise," I said over and over again. But, for once candy had lost its magic with a child. Marie-Louise kept clinging to me while the ambulance honked outside. I didn't have the heart to tear away from her, or to let poor old Grandma Plache take her from me forcibly. It was the most hurting moment of my life. When Marie-Louise's sobbing became pitiful agony for us all, an idea came to me. It seemed the only way.

I made Ribault tell her that the only reason I was going away was to bring her mother home from Paris. This white lie saved us. Marie-Louise choked the rest of her sobs back into her tightened little throat, her eyes filling with a holy light that glistened through the tears. I only dared look back at her when I secretly pledged myself then and there that her faith in my promise would be rewarded, for I determined to find the mother and bring her, or send her back to Cornieville.

You know the confidence and trust that can beam in a little girl's eyes. It is one of the most beautiful things in life. And I boarded the ambulance, feeling that I would never betray Marie-Louise's confidence and trust. Her mother's address was in my pocket. I would find her and make good my promise.

"Gosh, that little Frenchie sure took your going hard, Mac," remarked the driver as we shot toward Toul.

"Yep—" I answered brushing something wet from my eyes, "Marie-Louise and I were getting to be regular buddies. Then this thing—damn that German!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Some kind of a French serum did the trick. Saved my arm and my skin after an up and down hill battle of three weeks. The afternoon they discharged me from the hospital and ordered me back to duty with the regiment, I felt like a man walking on air.

It was spring in Paris! I forgot everything of the recent past except my promise to Marie-Louise as I rubbed elbows with the world on *Boulevard des Italiens*. Gone were the memories of the cold and mud . . . barrages . . . raiding parties . . . hunger . . . thirst and dirt . . . throbbing pain. . .

Like all of the passing men in uniform, and the laughing women in gay silks, I preferred not to remember that we were all walking in the Great Shadow. I was well, and strong again. I was clean, and wearing fresh O. D. That I, and my uniform, would be caked in trench mud within twenty-four hours did not matter. I was returning to a little golden head whose heart would sing with happiness over the sight of her mother, because I

was on the way to keep my promise to Marie-Louise.

I found 23 *rue Caumartin* just as the shadows began drifting over Paris. It was an imposing sort of place. Going up the white stone steps, I wondered how Marie-Louise's mother could afford to live in such a fine house. . . When the door opened at my ringing, voices, music and tinkling glasses took the inquiry for Marie Chalons out of my mouth. I stood standing in the vestibule, stunned by an ugly discovery. No wonder Marie-Louise had been begging vainly for her mother during the past year. No wonder! Twenty-three *rue Caumartin* was the kind of place that women rarely leave to go back home!

"Come in, *Monsieur Americain*," invited a woman. It was almost a command. Obviously she was the mistress of the gilded mansion. I followed her through a vast hallway hung with the pictures of nude women, and great flashing mirrors in golden frames.

"Voilà, *Monsieur*! Here ees the grand salon," announced the woman with professional graciousness.

I looked through a wide doorway. Only war-time Paris could have staged the scene that greeted my eyes. The big room, or salon as the French woman called it, was a great ballroom. A marble fountain gleamed in the center, spraying the orange dimness with showers of rising and falling water diamonds. Around this fountain, men danced with girls from every corner of the globe. And beyond the dancing space, bordering the dizzy scene, were tables at which more soldiers and girls sat drinking, and making love after the fashion of the pleasure houses of Paris.

"There are many girls here for *Monsieur*," the smooth voice was saying at my side; "Yvonne . . . Gabby . . . Audette—"

"I'll take this place," I cut in, pointing to a small table near the door, "and look 'em over first."

Madame escorted me to the table with a shrug of bare shoulders. I guess she thought I was going to be poor business, because I didn't ask for a partner right off the bat. You know, those French madames could freeze up and be ugly when they figured you weren't going to blow in a lot of frankers; so I ordered a bottle of champagne, my glance traveling around that salon a mile a minute. I was trying to find Marie-Louise's mother. It's that way when you want to confirm a mean suspicion. You've got to do it right away, or you feel like you're going to burn up.

All the time I looked for a face to match with my memory of the picture Madame Plache had shown me; I had a sinking feeling that the next girl would be Marie Chalons. But, I searched the room in vain for Marie, and her flaming hair.

A DARK-HAIRED girl with a sophisticated face came to my table. She sat in my lap before I could stop her. Champagne arrived. She poured two glasses. There was nothing else to do but drink with her.

I was taking a second glass of the bubbling stuff when my eyes felt as if they were jumping out their sockets. . . A tall, slender girl whose eyes reminded me of blue corn-flowers, and whose hair was like a crown of bronze gold, paused in the doorway.

There could be no doubt! Madame Plache's picture had come to life before my very eyes. For this girl was indeed Marie-Louise, grown-up!

The life she was living had not as yet put its trade-mark upon her face. Nor had it invaded her eyes with the hard, daring lights that glowed boldly in those of my table partner. There was a quality

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about Marie Chalons that claims men, even in women who have fallen from grace. Standing there, on the threshold of revelry, she seemed a frightened little girl who didn't know which way to run from what threatened her. Even if she had not been Marie-Louise's mother I would have responded to the wistful appeal her beauty made. I half arose from my chair only to feel the dark-haired girl jerking my arm.

"*Sacré!* You stay wiz me. Bah! Zat Marie ees no cheecken for you. I be cheecken for you. . . Sit down," she snapped.

Still, my mind was made up. I had found Marie-Louise's mother. I would keep my promise to a little golden head! Flinging a twenty franc note on the table, and ignoring the murderous look from the girl, I walked over to Marie Chalons. My campaign with her would be simple up to a point. I would make her like me, never hinting my knowledge of her identity. Then I would depend upon tricking her into returning to Cornieville with me. For it was written in her eyes that she would never go back home knowingly. Her profession had brought one thing to her eyes, and that was the reflection of the shame her soul endured.

She tried to play the game of Parisian girls with me as we sat at a corner table, champagne in our glasses. But the nonchalance, and the racy gestures, and the abandon that she affected, only amounted to a pathetic sort of shame. I knew that Marie Chalons' will and heart were not in her rôle. Pity, and a wish to help her, came to me in that room of wine, women and song. For in this tortured girl from the provinces, I saw much of a little child whom I was sure we both loved.

"Monsieur ees not ver' glad. He no sing—dance—like hees comrades," Marie Chalons remarked in the broken English of the streets of Paris. Her eyes reminded me very much of Marie-Louise's the first time I saw her through the gray rain of France. You remember how they gazed past me, down the mist-blanketed road to Toul? Well, her mother's seemed to be looking far beyond me into space I could not see.

**OH!** I like to sing and dance—but not now. Just out of hospital. *Blessé.* I answered, using the French word for wounded.

"*Blessé!*" she repeated tenderly. "I'm ver' sad for Monsieur." Tears came into her eyes. The lips that did not need the rouge of the boulevards trembled. No doubt she was sorry I'd been wounded. But, of course, her tears and trembling lips did not come from that alone.

"Marie," I said, "come. We leave this room—upstairs." I watched the sudden shadows deepen the blue of her eyes . . . saw the fear in her face. Marie Chalons seemed a beautiful being cornered—trapped! She did not understand my real motive.

She arose with downcast eyes, threading her way through the bedlam with uncertain steps. I followed her, almost bursting with the desire to tell who I was, and what was in my heart. But, I knew that would cheat little Marie-Louise of the happiness I meant to give her the next day.

Behind the closed door of her luxurious room, Marie Plauche Chalons broke down and cried. She did not try to fight my arms when I supported her. She just surrendered, a stricken little girl, her rich hair tumbling mantle-like over convulsing shoulders.

"Oh! Monsieur—Monsieur—*C'est terrible—terrible!*" she moaned over and over. "Tell me, what is the matter?" I asked. Between sobs Marie told me what I knew



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to be the truth. She had seen the sign, "Rooms," at 23 rue Caumartin during her first few days in Paris. Little had she dreamed what the sign really meant. Madame downstairs had been very crafty. She had let Marie take an old attic room for five francs a week, figuring that eventually her red hair and violet eyes would return handsome profit to 23 rue Caumartin. . . . Marie Chalons' pay had been fifty francs a week in the postal service—that is, while the job lasted. Then there had been a month of no work; of hunger, fear, and despair. Madame had not played a losing game! She had gambled on Marie's taking the only way left. She had to eat, sleep, and send money home to Cornieville. That was the heart-breaking story Marie-Louise's mother told me in the luxurious room of a Parisian brothel.

"Monsieur, you know why I'm here. You understand? I no go home—nevaïr go home to mama—to papa—to—to my leetle babee? Nevaïr, Monsieur," she ended, her head sinking upon her breast.

"Marie, I know. You are sad here—" "Oh! much, Monsieur. All the day! Eet is nevaïr like tonight wiz you. Oh, nevaïr! Ze coozer soldats, Francaise, Americain, Anglais, zey nevaïr like you. Nevaïr kind. Monsieur I hate zis room . . . zis place. Marie is sad here," she said hopelessly.

"Would you like to go away, Marie?" I demanded, a plan forming in my mind. "Go away wiz you? Monsieur, Marie would fly wiz you. For a leetle time Marie might not be so sad wiz you. But, impossible! Madame would not let me go . . . Nevaïr!"

"Just for tonight, perhaps?" Marie Chalons gave me a look I'll never forget. It was hope and despair mixed. It was also sweetness and sadness.

"How many francs does Madame expect from you tonight—tomorrow, Marie?"

"Madame wan' two hun'ed fifteen francs from me every day," she answered, turning her face from me.

"Will you go tonight and tomorrow any place I take you, Marie?"

"Oui, Monsieur, if Madame permit."

The train had been rushing toward Toul for more than three hours when Marie Chalons asked where we were going. You see I had told her nothing definite, beyond the fact that I was taking her away where we could forget what she had left behind, and be happy together.

I was glad our second-class compartment was dark when I told her the truth. Not being able to see her eyes and face seemed to make it easier to confess all about Marie-Louise, and my promise. As long as I kept talking I did not notice the fact that she had failed to make any outcry, or demonstration; failed to rebel against my conspiracy.

But, now with my story told, and no sound or gesture forthcoming from her, I sensed that something was wrong. Reaching through the dimness, I found she had slumped back on her seat, unconscious.

IT WAS a long time before she came around. And even then, the gray light of early morning showed her to be only a ghost of the girl who had left Paris with me. Her cheeks were pale; the violet of her eyes had faded to pale blue; her mouth was a picture of dejection; and her voice had sunk into a beaten sort of whisper.

"M'sieu—please—" she begged, trying to rise.

I forced her gently back upon the cushioned seat, shaking my head against her obvious wish to leave the train. No one need know what I knew about her in Paris, I said, wishing to God that I didn't know the ugly truth. For Marie Chalons'

appeal was stronger than any woman's I had ever known.

"But, I know eet here, M'sieu. I nevaïr forget. Eet will keel me to see my babee . . . my papa . . . my mama—" "It's eating Marie-Louise's heart out not to have you. You must go back to her, and never leave. There will be no need. I'll send many francs to you for Marie-Louise every month."

"I understand," she moaned. The big front room in the Plauche house seemed no place for me as Marie-Louise and her mother became one in each other's arms, their voices incoherent with a happiness akin to hysteria. I had played my little part. Marie-Louise had her mother. She would not need me any more. I tipped toward the front door. At the threshold I paused for a last look at my little golden head in her happiness.

A PANG came to my heart. I knew I was losing something that had come to mean everything to me. I turned from the scene. But, Grandma Plauche appeared like a wraith out of the shadows and barred my way, calling to Marie-Louise.

In a flash the child was out of her mother's arms and tugging at my hands. I let her lead me back to where Marie Chalons wavered on her feet. It was Marie-Louise's baby fingers that entwined mine with those of her mother. It was Marie-Louise's soft little body that came between us like a tender bond. I do not know how long the three of us stood close together. But, it was the biggest moment that came to me out of the War . . .

The billets were buzzing with rumors when I reported back to duty that night. We were hauling out of the Toul sector "toot sweet." Going to Paris, some said. To the British front, others claimed. Some hopeful fools thought we were being sent home to train troops. Others said it was Chateau Thierry where the Boche were trying to cut through to Paris.

It was Chateau Thierry. And I went over with my platoon the morning we took Torcy at the end of bayonets, regretting that we'd left Cornieville without a chance for me to tell Marie-Louise and her mother good-by. That kiddie's face came to me a hundred times as we charged through the waving wheat into that fatal spray of machine-gun fire. It was that way during all those red, mad days from Torcy to Sergy Plateau where they pulled us out; platoons ripped to shreds; squads shot to pieces; officers gone West.

I tried to forget my little golden head. She had her mother. There was no place for me in her life. There might have been if only I could have forgotten where I'd found Marie Chalons. You see, man-like, I couldn't put 23 rue Caumartin out of my mind. Otherwise, I might have dreamed of Marie-Louise being with me all the rest of my life—because I'm sure I could have fallen in love with her mother . . . Still it is not so easy to forget sometimes.

The guns roared at St. Mihiel. Over we went again. Luck was with me. We boys got it right and left. I began to believe I was being saved for something. This belief always brought a vision of a little French girl standing at a rain shrouded window, looking wistfully down the road to Toul.

Verdun again echoed to battle. Our outfits were rushed up there. They sent us surging over those hills of death. The Argonne lay before us like a red trap. We poured in, smashing the trap's jaws.

Then came a November morning, and something few of us could understand. Silenced guns . . . Men and animals walking above the ground unafraid of lurking death . . . Peace!

There was much talk of going home.



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Somewhat it didn't interest me. I could only think of that as leaving Something I did not want to leave. But, home was only talk for two months while we waited in villages for orders. Passes, the first issued to our division, were handed out. I rated a two-weeks' furlough. I might have gone to Paris... to the south of France... to Monte Carlo...

Cold rain half-veiled Cornieville when I swung down from the truck that had given me a lift from Toul. My heart pounded, and my breath seemed about to strangle me as I approached the Plauche house. Then I stopped dead in my tracks at what I saw. The front of the old stone house had been gutted away. Shell fire! Then my agonized eyes saw more tragedy through the gray rain. Other houses around the Plauche place were minus roofs and walls. The whole village must have been bombarded!

An American M. P. told me what had happened. If you were in the Toul sector during the early summer of 1918 you'll remember how the Germans shelled the villages of Boucq and Cornieville. You'll remember that there was an ugly toll for each shell that whined into those helpless places.

"I'm looking for people named Plauche, and a little girl—"

"You'll get the dope about those who were killed at the town hall over there," informed the M. P., pointing to a house across the street.

I shuffled over to the hall, afraid of what I would learn. The old Plauches had been ground to death by the shelling of their home.

"But, Marie-Louise and her mother—"

"The little girl was found alive under the dead body of her mother..."

Some kind of a sound burst from my lips. It was meant to be a question. But it was only a sound. However the clerk must have understood. He told me that Marie-Louise received money from an American soldier every month and was living with some village people at 64 Grande Rue. I hurried to that address.

My heart turned over inside of me as I saw Marie-Louise standing at a window just as I had first seen her almost a year before. Once again her little baby face was sad and grave, her eyes gazing wistfully down the road to Toul. When she saw me—well, we met at the door. And Marie-Louise wasn't the only one who cried as I held her close against me.

Yes, they let me adopt her. The Red Cross saw her safely to America. She's fifteen now. Still in school.

Marie-Louise's hair is a deeper gold. Her eyes are turning to the color of spring violets. And, as we sit in the evenings, or roam off places together, I still believe that she was the beginning of Something that will never leave me.

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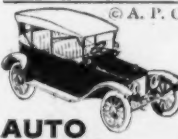
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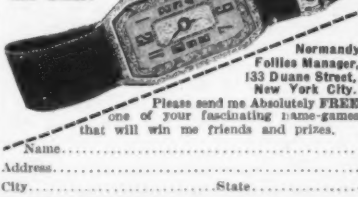


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furtively from the corner of her eyes, as though she detected some abnormal thing developing within me.

I gazed around the table at my brothers' wives. Staid and stolid! The sort that wore low-heeled shoes with evening gowns, and whispered about the coming of a new child as though it were something of which to be ashamed! The old school!

How would they like Joan—my Joan. I caught myself smiling happily to myself; then I looked guiltily up to see Mother regarding me anxiously.

I saw Mother lean over to say something to Rolly across the table. He looked at me quickly and I shook my head at him to be quiet. He turned red and hesitated in such a way that I knew he had lied to her. Why? Why did I have to lie? When love came it wasn't a thing to be ashamed of! Three years! What if my brothers had waited three years? The heathen had worshiped idols, too, but people didn't nowadays. Traditions were fine things, but they had to be worth while to be respected.

I saw Aunt Katherine, the maiden one, looking at me closely and it flashed through my mind that probably she was thinking of the time I had said I wanted to be a fireman; probably she thought I had a hook and ladder outfit up in my room, playing with it secretly! The thought made me burst out laughing and they all looked at me as though I had surely gone mad. "No Case ever laughed like that," I could hear my brothers saying. And I expected Mother to reach over and run her hand over my forehead to see if I had a fever, the way she had done when I was a child.

This was a solemn occasion, they kept telling me with their eyes. And I wanted to answer that I was being born, not buried!

We each had just one glass of weak wine and a small pony of cordial after-dinner. Then Dad pushed back his chair with a slow, deliberate, scraping sound, and got to his feet—ponderously, as though he were going to pray.

He laid his napkin on the table, and hitched his vest down with the same slow dignity. Then he lifted a glass of water to his dry lips and drank, while the rest of the family pushed back their chairs and ran a damp finger around inside their stiff dress-collars and tried to smooth the bulge out of their shiny shirts.

Dad fixed his eyes upon me like a judge about to sentence a convicted criminal, and all their eyes flew to my face, solemn and accusing. I squirmed uneasily in my chair, wondering what they would do if I obeyed some inward impulse that urged me to laugh.

"Danny—ah—ah—ah—Danny, my boy!"

DEAR, old Dad! I knew he would begin that way. I tried to get an expression that would be worthy of the weight he was giving his words. Perhaps sometime I would have a son, and such things would mean a great deal to me!

And Joan smiled into my eyes and I smiled into Dad's. He looked at me sort of startled and then smiled back, while they all shifted in their chairs, breaking for the moment the awful strain.

All through Dad's talk the family sat there gazing down at the table, then up at me to see if I were properly impressed with being a Case. They seemed to be mysteriously united against some enemy that was within me; they seemed to be huddled, shoulder to shoulder, like cattle when attacked by a wild beast, ready to trample it to death.

And I felt like a boy on the crest of a hill in the early morning seeing the sun rise in the east in all its glory, full of the



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After Dad slipped my ring on my little finger I made a little speech in which I tried to tell them that I understood; that I wanted to be what they wanted me to be. But I wanted to tell them of the new life I had found; that all the world had changed in an afternoon and I had been newly born. But I couldn't. A Case didn't fall in love in an afternoon. It took three years of careful thought, according to their standards.

This would be something to tell Joan about the next morning! Funny, but everything that happened seemed to be something that I should talk over with Joan. And she would look to my eyes and understand, and her lids would droop so that it made my heart jump. I wanted to take her in my arms and crush her, fiercely and yet so tenderly and sweetly.

AFTER a while, I asked Mother if anyone in the family had ever had a family seal ring bordered with precious stones and given it as an engagement ring. She sat back quickly in her chair, her eyes wide, her mouth half-opened, and looked at me in incredulous wonder. So that was it! I could fairly see it fly through their minds like wildfire through a forest.

Only one day out of college, and thinking about marriage! Before I was "settled and doing well."

I could see their faces harden in disapproval, and I knew that each of my brothers, not to mention Mother and Father, would take me aside and try to impress on me the wisdom of waiting and choosing carefully and slowly. It was like a man buying a racehorse; measuring the hands high, looking at the teeth, and waiting to see how it would perform on a muddy track.

"Oh, God! Is love like that?" I asked myself. "Something to be bought like a house and lot?"

Finally, I managed to whisper to Rolly that we would "crash" out as soon as possible. It was ludicrous to see the look of relief that overspread his face.

We drove over to the country club, and on the way I asked Rolly if he thought my brothers had chosen wisely when they married. Careful not to offend, Rolly answered, "Why, in their way I guess they did."

"But they don't weigh much do they, Rolly?" I laughed.

And he laughed and said, "Not on my scales, they don't!"

When we were almost at the club, I said to Rolly, "Do you mind if we turn back and go home instead of going to the club? I feel a little all in."

"I think it's a good idea," he answered. "I'm tired as the devil myself—too much Commencement. I suppose you want to be 'alone with your thoughts!'"

OH, APPLESAUCE!" I answered, and that was all we said until we swung into the drive.

I took him up to his room, shook his hand and told him goodnight. Good old Rolly!

Then I went to my own room and stood by the window that looked out over the Sound. The moon playing on the water made it look like rippling fields of golden-rod. And away off on the Island, little lights danced and blinked through the silvery radiance of the night. And in the center of all its beauty was Joan, smiling at me from eyes as clear and deep as the night—my Joan.

Those next two weeks! And I had thought that I had seen all the real joys of life and had left them behind forever. I was so deeply in love that the roots were sunk down into my very soul. I was with her every minute of every day that she

would have me about. And her father studied and watched me so closely that it began to get under my skin, and my own family acted as though I were slowly becoming insane.

Finally, Mother couldn't stand it any longer. She came to me one day hardly knowing how to begin, yet determined that she had a duty to perform; one that she couldn't shirk.

"Danny," she said, I set my lips tightly together and waited. "Your father and I have always let you do about as you pleased, haven't we?"

"Yes, Mother," I answered.

"Well, Danny," she hesitated. "I want to talk to you about this girl, this Caxton girl."

How that hurt—"this Caxton girl!"

But I just answered, "Yes, Mother."

"Don't you think you are acting unwisely to let yourself become so—so enamored in such a short time? You know practically nothing about her. Rolly says that she is an adopted daughter—"

Mother must have seen the fire blazing in my eyes, for she stopped and I said again, "Yes, Mother."

"Oh, Danny, it's just that you ought to wait until—"

"But, Mother, I've not married Joan."

Why, I can't even think of it until I have something real to offer her. We haven't so much as mentioned marriage. I don't dare even think of anything so wonderful could happen that she would marry me."

And Mother, for apparently no reason, just put her head on my shoulder and cried, while I tried to comfort her with clumsy little pats on her shoulder.

Finally, she lifted her head and said, "Just promise me that you'll talk it over with your father before you do, Danny."

"Of course I will, Mother, and with you, too. Gee! The whole family acts as though I were committing some terrible sin by falling in love. Oh, Mother!" I burst out, "I do love her so darn much!"

Then she patted my cheek and said, "That's nice, Danny."

But that was all, and I wondered why.

GOOD gracious! Wasn't it natural enough that a boy like me should fall in love!

One evening Joan said she would drive up the shore with me after dinner. We started just as the sun was setting behind the Connecticut hills, sending its scarlet rays shooting heavenward like tongues of flame. On the way down, we skimmed along as fast as my old bus would take us. Joan just sat by my side without a protest, returning my smiles when I turned to see if she minded the speed. Her blonde hair began to curl about her cheeks, blown harum scarum by the wind, and the pink in her cheeks deepened like the blush on a ripened peach.

I could feel the warmth of her body as her arm pressed against my side and something seemed to tell me that Joan loved me as I loved her.

I swung around a bend and down a stretch of road bordered on each side by widespread maples. Down the embankment, the waters of the Sound lapped soothingly below us. After a bit, I came to a halt so that the car was headed out toward the Sound, and we could see the first faint twinkle of a light in the lighthouse a few miles off shore.

I switched off the motor and we just sat there letting the cool breezes whisper by. After a while, I let my hand slip over Joan's, and her fingers closed about it as naturally as though we had been lovers for all of our lives. Then I drew her hand to my lips. In another moment she was in my arms, her lips pressing mine, so sweet and young and firm.

When she drew away, her head bent



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forward so that I couldn't see into her eyes, but her hand stayed clasped tight in mine. I knew that Joan loved me as I loved her.

"My dearest, dearest, I do love you!" I said.

"And I love you, Danny," she whispered, so faintly that I could scarcely hear her. "Please say it again!" I said.

She leaned over so that her lips were close to my ear and whispered again, "My sweetheart, my Danny, I love you!"

And then her lips touched my cheek like a fleeting breeze. I took her in my arms and held her so close that I could feel her heart pounding against me. Raising her head, she smilingly looked into my eyes and put her lips against mine. I knew that nothing in all the world could ever separate us or keep us apart . . . we belonged to each other as long as we lived!

We sat there until the night had fallen and the moon was high in the sky, saying hardly a word . . . hands clasped tightly.

"I've got to do so much before we can ever be married, my dearest," I said. "You have so much, and I have so little to offer."

As though she had never thought of our being married, she said, "Are you sure you want to marry me, Danny, dear?"

"More than anything in all the world, Joan," I said.

She raised my hand to her lips and said, "Before you decide, I want you to have a long talk with Daddy first, Danny."

"Of course I will, dear. Gee! That sounds easy now, when I know that you really and truly love me and want me. Why, I can do anything now, Joan."

"I know you can, Danny, boy," she said. And I held her close to me again because of the love I could feel in her love.

Life—Success! How easy it was now. Why, nothing could hold me back. And I wouldn't wait until Autumn either. Tomorrow, I would have a serious talk with Dad and start the ball rolling. No sitting around on the beach all summer for me. People made money—loads of it. Why couldn't I . . . and quickly?

"We'd better go back now, Danny. Daddy might be worried. Oh, Danny, you'll love him when you know him better!"

"You bet I will, dear," I answered. "Anybody would know he is a wonder the way he treats you. And you've got to come over and know my Dad and Mother now, too. They're old-fashioned and prim, but you'll like them and they'll like you, too, when they know you."

QUICKER than I could think Joan said, "Don't they like me now, Danny?"

"Yes," I said slowly. "But they're funny. None of my brothers have ever married before they were out of school at least three years, and they have ideas—well, silly, old ideas I call them. But let's not worry about them."

"Have they ever said anything to you about seeing me, Danny?"

"Not ever, dear," I answered, truthfully. Joan leaned over, turned the key in the switch and smiled into my eyes. I stepped on the starter, and in another few seconds we were headed back toward home. But so slowly, compared to the way we had come down, for one of my arms was about Joan, and her cheek was pressed against my shoulder.

And after I left Joan at her house, I drove home so slowly that cars honked me impatiently out of the road. What the deuce was all this thing about talking over my marriage with my own father and her father. Of course, I knew that I ought to talk it over, but why did they all talk about it in such a funny way . . . as



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though I were a little boy who hadn't been told some horrible secret of life that I must know before I married?

The next morning, Rolly and I took my old Spanish target pistol and went down near the shore. We practiced for half an hour on an old tin can which we threw into the water.

Then we drove down to the beach and took a dip in the Sound. We joined a bunch of fellows on the beach and had a baseball game until we were so tired that we laid ourselves out flat to bake in the sand.

THE talk drifted to the dance at the country club the next night. "Who are you going to 'drag', Danny?" someone asked me.

"Joan—if she'll go," I said.

"Joan who?" Leon Barnes asked.

"Caxton," I said shortly, because I never had liked Barnes worth a couple of lead pennies.

Then I got to my feet and gave Rolly a push with my foot to bring him to life. All the rest of the crowd got up, too, and took their sweaters to go into the bath houses.

"You mean the blonde kid with the 'baby-kiss-me' eyes that lives on Beverly Road?" I heard Barnes persist.

I turned full around, looked at him and said, "Yes, she lives on Beverly Road. Joan Caxton—do you know her?"

"Caxton," he laughed shortly. "Her name's about as much Caxton as mine. You'd better lay off there, old boy!"

I could feel the color slowly draining from my face and little red lights began to sparkle before my eyes.

"What do you mean by that, Barnes?" I asked. Rolly moved around beside me and laid a hand on my arm.

"Mean? Why, everyone knows she's not his daughter—"

I don't think he knew until afterward what hit him, because I struck so fast. Twice—each time so hard that it hurt my hand. Then I was on top of him, with the whole world rocking in a red circle around me... reaching for this throat.

I dug my fingers in so deeply that my nails cut through the skin and crushed with all the force in my arms. His face went red and his eyes bulged beneath me. There was just one thought in my mind—to choke him until his words were crammed so far down his throat that they could never come up again.

Someone struck me in the face, but I held on. Hands reached down and tried to pry my fingers loose, but I clung the tighter. Voices sounded in my ear, pleading and begging and among them was Rolly's: "Danny! Danny!—you're killing him!"

And I clung the tighter for I wanted to kill him!

[To Be Continued in March Issue]

## One Dazzling Night

[Continued from page 53]

Then, for some moments, we sat in silence, blowing smoke rings and sipping from our glasses. Outside the walls things might burn and blister, but we, temporarily at least, rested content among the snow-capped peaks of perfect comfort.

"I suppose," said Langdon finally, "you think it strange to find a man like me living out here at the earth's end, especially since I have admitted that I have known your Broadway; that the memories of my other days have caused me to all but drag you out here that I might catch an echo or two of the old rialto from your conversation."

"I hadn't thought that far. It is obvious money doesn't figure in your choice. Perhaps your health, like mine, is the reason."

"You have guessed it."

"But you've won out."

"Yes. Fortunately, I possessed funds—more than sufficient to meet my most extravagant desires. I purchased the Costa ranch, razed its structures and rebuilt and planted—as you see. That gave me something to think about, a new interest. And life in the open did the rest."

"Are you from New York?"

"No. My home was north of here, in the oil country. But I was in New York for about a year. And," little furrows criss-crossed his forehead, "I lived the life there; played the game to the limit. It was a foolish adventure—some of it. And yet, as I look back, there were some things I do not regret, some things which I still recall with a pleasant thrill."

AND you are going back, sometime, to play again?"

"I don't think so." He spoke slowly, with a little shake of his head. "There are reasons why I should remain here."

I thought of my cough, the sharp pains which sometimes gripped my lungs. And I believed, despite his bronzed skin, his apparent vigor, I understood his reasons.

"But you want to hear about Broadway as it is today," I said, as he refilled my

glass. "Well, here goes: From Thirty-fourth Street to the Circle, it has changed much in the last six years. But the old, reckless, devil-may-care spirit remains, as it always will. It is the one place which will not yield to time."

And, once started, I talked on. I told of the theatres, the restaurants, the cabarets and the night clubs. I described the people who made them their stamping ground, the lavishness of the entertainment, the beauty of the women habitués, their jewels and extravagant dress, the reckless waste of money by their male companions.

I'M UTTERLY tired of it all," I finished.

"It is a mad whirlpool of excitement. Even the boys and girls have been drawn into it."

"But isn't there another side? Isn't it a fact that life in the great cities, particularly New York, is too narrow and cramped, that the everlasting hustle, bustle and grind are so wearing that people turn to the night life in an effort to forget the rigors of the days?"

He shook his head as I started to interrupt. "Have you ever considered that among those who play Broadway's game are thousands who are having the first good times of their lives—those who knew nothing but poverty and hard work through the years, and those who were starved for just a bit of pleasure, but who dared not spend anything for entertainment lest they go cold and hungry? Yes, and those who never before had even sufficient for bare necessities."

"Suddenly things changed for them. They won favor upon the stage or in the movies. They wrote a play, or a song, which lifted them from penury. A turn of fortune's wheel yielded them business prosperity. For the first time they possessed money, or were in a position to obtain it easily from those who had it. At last the great pleasure-giving world was open to them. And they plunged—trying to make up for what long had been denied them, striving to forget the heartaches of old.



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**AGENTS**

"But," I blurted, "even granting that much, there are others who have no such excuse. The worst offenders are those who appear never to have known the want of money. The thrill they get is through deliberately wasting. Of all the pleasure-crazed crew, they are the outstanding fools."

"Wait! Did you ever stop to think that even these wasters, these men who literally scatter their money to the winds, may not have had it always? That, like the painted show-girl whose hands still betray her years in the factories, the man whose language proves his only schooling was that of experience, they too may have waited long for their good times? That at some period they would have given years of their lives for just a few of the dollars they now throw away?"

All traces of the laughing Langdon I first had met were gone. His features were set, his fingers clenched as he continued.

"TELL me," he went on, "did you ever know what it was to want money—want it till it hurt? Was there ever a time when you couldn't raise even a small sum to relieve the distress of the one you loved above all things on earth?"

"Why, no."  
"Then, Summers, you shouldn't have passed such sweeping judgment. You've never gone below the surface."

"But—"  
At that moment Mrs. Langdon called. "Light a fresh cigar, man, and listen. I'm going to tell you a story, a bit of real life drama staged along Broadway in the days when I knew it. It may give you a new slant on what you have seen under the bright lights."

This was the story Harley Langdon told:

Time has not changed the spirit of Broadway. For generations it has been a playground to which people have flocked nightly to enjoy themselves. Irrespective of what may lurk in the shadows, on the surface all is gaiety.

No doubt there are more lights along the famous highway today than in my time; that there is more gilt and tinsel; that the entertainment is more lavish. But even six years ago it possessed a full program of pleasures for those who would play—and could pay.

I was just thirty when I saw Broadway for the first time. I was thoroughly green and raw, for never before had I been a hundred miles from the prairie hamlet in which I was born and reared. But I possessed money, unlimited quantities of it. And I had gone there to spend it, and learn the ropes.

It doesn't take a man with funds or a woman with good looks long to get the hang of Broadway's game. In next to no time I was a regular. I caught the pace and held it, coached and introduced by others as wild and reckless as myself, but to whom the bright lights were no novelty.

My clothing was made by the best tailors. I purchased two big cars of foreign make. I maintained a luxurious apartment overlooking Central Park, where I entertained my new friends. I had entrée to the most exclusive gambling houses. I became acquainted with the city's celebrities and stage favorites. I laughed, danced, sang, drank. I returned to my home only when the strains of ragtime had died away; the incandescents had begun to pale before the new day. I forgot every sane teaching of my earlier years.

But I enjoyed the life; every minute of it. Thought of turning back never occurred to me. And I possessed the vigor to stand up under the strain.

For a considerable time, however, I fought shy of the butterflies of the white

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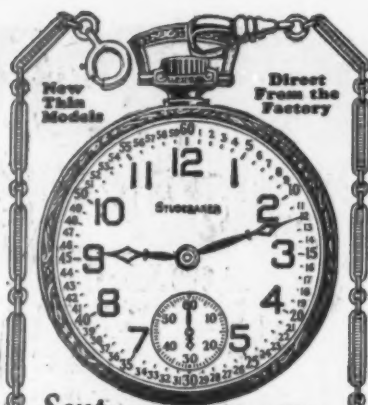
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way, the beauties of the footlights and—the others. I enjoyed having them with me at dinner, to drive and dance with them, to entertain them, when in numbers, in my rooms. I liked their laughter, gaiety and wit. But that was all.

Probably I was afraid of them; still gun shy because of my rural training. But I reasoned the matter differently. I flattered myself that I was bomb proof against flashing eyes, enticing smiles, the caress of a dainty hand and the soft touch of perfumed hair against my cheek; that I could continue indefinitely to play and side-step.

Then I met Zita Revelle.

There always is a then on Broadway.

Zita was an actress. The "Queen of Musical Comedy" they called her. Her mother had been French; her father Spanish. She had inherited the beauty and wit of the former; the fire and dash of the latter.

Almost from girlhood until two years before, she had held a place in the spotlight in the greatest theatres throughout Europe. Then she had come to America. Her first appearance had been a triumph. Within a week she became the city's toast. All Broadway was at her feet. And she had continued to reign, with no rival appearing worthy to dispute her crown.

Had she desired, society's doors would have been opened to her. But she turned, instead, to the white way, probably because of her continental training, perhaps actuated by the strain of Spanish gypsy in her makeup.

And she played the game with the art and skill of a past mistress. She flirted and flattered. She accepted, as her right, the flowers and jewels showered upon her by an army of admirers.

Tom, Dick and Harry were upon an equal footing with her. She tried to make them understand she was just a good fellow, like themselves; that there must be no serious love making; that when she said, "Goodnight!" she must be considered out of the picture.

I was introduced to Zita upon her return from a vacation in Europe. At the outset, she frightened and thrilled me as no other woman ever had. She was so clever I felt like an awkward schoolboy in her presence. I kept in the background, fearful that I might become a target for her wit.

But that feeling did not last long. Gradually, I came to realize that Zita Revelle was something I wanted; one I desired to possess above all things on earth. And I joined the others, struggling for her smiles, her intimate friendship. In fact, I tried to cut in ahead of all rivals. I sought to obtain more than my share of her friendship with expensive gifts, by sending flowers to her home and dressing room daily.

FOR a while I know I merely amused her. She realized my newness in the Broadway sport of give and take, in which love, money and passion were queerly jumbled. Sometimes she accepted my invitations. More often she rejected them. But I kept after her, doggedly, persistently. And, after a time, she appeared to sense my sincerity, to understand it was Zita, the woman, not Zita, the queen, with whom I was trying to become better acquainted.

What followed still seems amazing to me; always will, for I never have been able to really understand women. And she was the most unguessable of them all. She continued to live her nights as she always had, among the dancing lights and those who kept the world of gaiety moving. But her days—most of them—were spent with me alone, far out along the country roads, in my boat on the Hudson,

in the art galleries or in the city's parks. And the game we played while the sun shone was love.

I believed she learned to care for me; perhaps a great deal. But I dared not ask her to become my wife—then. I was too cowardly; too fearful of facing the consequences which would follow her refusal—of losing even her companionship.

Then, slowly but surely, my health began to give way under the strain. I was compelled to take more rest in the daytime to be able to carry on at night. Twice I collapsed after reaching home.

Some of the others noted the pallor that was creeping into my cheeks, the falter in my steps. They suggested a long rest, a trip to the mountains or a sea voyage. Zita added her voice to theirs. But I refused, denying anything more serious than a passing indisposition. And to maintain my bluff, to force my waning energies to keep to the old pace, I drank harder than ever. At times, when my nerves seemed at the breaking point, I turned to drugs.

FOR I was determined never to leave Zita's world until I took her with me. But I still lacked the courage to ask the question which seldom left my mind.

Then, to make matters worse, I suddenly realized that I had been losing ground. That Zita, with no conception of the battle I was making to remain upon my feet, was becoming more and more displeased with my excessive drinking. Several times when, despite her pleas, I forgot all discretion, she slipped away and went home alone.

The situation was maddening. Unless I curbed my drinking I feared she would turn from me. Yet, without stimulants, I knew I could not keep up the pace. And not only did my head ache almost continuously, but there were annoying pains in my chest and a growing cough.

In an effort to make a show of turning over a new leaf, I cut down on my drinking. But I increased the doses of dope. Anything to keep up! Anything but to admit that I was beaten and fall out of step!

Finally, I realized that I had about reached the end of my physical endurance. In desperation, I determined to make one big play to win, to obtain her promise to marry me. If she would do this soon, we could go away until I had recovered. If she refused—I never quite made up my mind what I would do then.

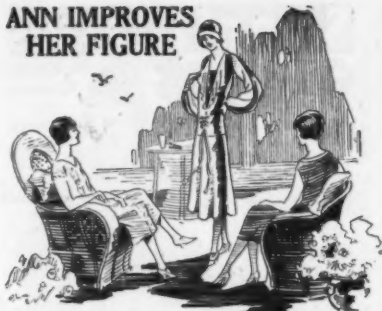
Her birthday, her twenty-eighth, was almost at hand. My plan was to celebrate it as no other had been along Broadway. There would be a supper, for just a few of us, at Ciantro's. And I would have the banquet hall transformed into a fairyland for the night, the last word in the decorators' and caterers' arts. Also, I should have a gift for Zita. It should be a necklace of pearls, finer than any in New York!

And, when the music, the laughter and the gaiety were at their height, I would take her aside, into the recess of some palm-screened window, and ask her for the right to place a ring upon her finger.

I had spent lavishly to make the occasion one which would be talked of along Broadway. And the supper room presented fully as beautiful a picture as I had planned.

Tapestries and blooms, banked high, hid the walls, while hundreds of incandescents threw a dazzling light over everything. In the centre of the table, at the head of which Zita presided in a great gilt chair, was a mass of rarest orchids, about which were ranged the jeweled favors for the guests, while in an adjoining room were

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the gypsy orchestra and the singers who entertained between courses.

The last waiter had departed and the door closed, cutting the music from the orchestra to a melodious drone, when I again proposed Zita's health and pledged anew the good will of myself and our friends. Then, the glasses drained, I drew from its velvet nest the beautiful string of pearls for which I had ransacked the city, and clasped it about her neck.

FOR moments she was silent, running the gems caressingly through her fingers, more affected than ever I had seen her. Then she thanked me, thanked us all, as only Zita could do.

But when she had resumed her chair and permitted me to kiss the little hand she placed over mine, she whispered, a bit of catch in her voice, "You shouldn't have done it, Harley; you shouldn't. They are beautiful, wonderful—but a thousand times more than I deserve."

I couldn't take her aside then and ask the great question. It would be taking too great an advantage of the moment.

So I delayed.

But I believed I had won her; convinced her that I held her at a value beyond all women. The thought sent my blood raging at fever pace through my veins. My head whirled. I proposed another toast, and another and still another.

She tried to stop me, each time. But I would not be denied. The liquor had driven sanity from my brain. I was excitement crazy, giddy. I insisted the gaiety must continue. I was happy. Everybody was happy—except, perhaps, Zita. In a vain attempt to bring an end to the repeated toasts, she had put aside her glass.

Then, in my drunken delirium, a new thought clutched my whirling brain. It was selfish of us, such a few, to keep our great happiness within those four walls. Others must be happy with Zita and us. Everyone within the building must drink to her.

I summoned the head waiter.

"Louis!" I clutched him by the arm.

"This is the greatest occasion of my life: Zita's birthday. Everybody must be happy with Zita. Champagne for everybody—in the banquet halls, the restaurant, the cabaret. Wine for everybody to drink to the health of the beautiful Zita. All they want. There's no limit. I'll pay."

"Stop!" The cry came from Zita. Dead white, her eyes blazing, she had arisen. The others leaned over the table, all eyes focused upon her; glasses forgotten.

"Why—what's the matter?" I took an unsteady step forward.

"Listen, Harley. I appreciate your splendid gift, this supper to myself and our friends, but we have had enough of gaiety for one night. It is late. Let us go home."

NONSENSE. We've only begun. Come, waiter. More wine here; wine for everybody in the place.

"No. I forbid it," and she stepped before the man.

"Come, Zita; be nice." I moved closer. "What's a little wine among friends. I'd buy an ocean of it to make everybody happy with you."

"Harley, you've lost your head. This folly has gone far enough." She turned toward the waiter. "Leave the room."

Louis eluded my clutch and obeyed.

"But I don't understand." My muddled brain was beginning to clear, but not sufficiently for me to grasp the significance of her conduct. For a full minute she watched me, silently, the others looking on dumbly. Then she unclasped the pearls and dropped them upon the table.

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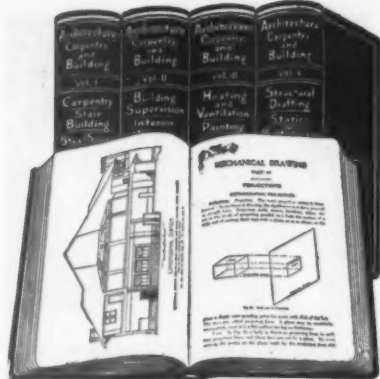
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**CENTRA PETROLEUM COMPANY**  
1882 Century Building Cleveland, Ohio

"You don't understand? I believe you. You're not the kind who would. But I'm going to try to bring you partly to your senses before I say good-by—for all time. "Don't," she almost shrieked as I tried to take her hand. "I said I thanked you for this supper, for your gift, which I shall not accept. Now, I thank you for something else; for waking me up. Tonight I am more ashamed of myself than ever in my life. It has taken me a long time to realize the utter selfishness of my life. But my eyes have been opened. And I'm through—cured. Never again will I be a party to such extravagance and waste."

"Waste? Nonsense. I can afford it—" "Oh, Harley. You won't understand—you can't." She paused, catching her breath. But when she spoke again, her voice had become bitter. "You can afford it! That's all that matters to you. The money comes in without you doing a thing to earn it. And you waste it, just for the thrill of spending. Did you ever, for a single moment, think of what just a few of the dollars you throw away would do for those in need?"

"Tonight, as we came in, there was a ragged, old man at the curb, his hair blowing in the wind, his hat in his hand, begging for pennies. Tonight there was a little girl missing from her place in the chorus. She was at home, watching at the bedside of her dying boy. The child might have been saved if she'd had a few hundred dollars to pay a specialist. We didn't learn the truth until today—when it was too late. She had fought her battle alone, without telling; even drawing ahead on her meagre salary to carry on the unequal battle. Do you ever think of the thousands of other cases of want and misery on every side? No! There is no thrill for you in spending money where it will do real good."

"You're a fool, Harley, a money-crazed fool. You're unfit to have money. You never will appreciate its value. You've never known suffering. You've never known want. You've never known the value of a dollar."

She dropped, sobbing into a chair.

**MY THROAT** choked and hurt me. My pulse fairly pounded. But I returned to my place at the table almost cold sober. "Zita," I knew the others were there, but it was only to her I talked. "Listen to me, for just a few minutes. Then we shall go home."

Her eyes still looked straight into mine, but there was no sign of softening in their depths.

"You've accomplished something tonight. You've made me a man, again. That decision is final. But I have just a little more to tell—before we say good-by."

"Now I have money; yes, I don't know how much. It keeps coming in—every day, without my lifting a finger to earn it. And it will keep coming in, for years. Longer than I shall need it. But it comes too late, comes when it means nothing worth while. I've wasted it. I've spent it like a fool." Even looking at her, I could not choke back a bitter laugh.

"But I've spent it trying to forget. Do you understand? Trying to forget the old heartaches, the old poverty. Trying to make up for the pleasures denied me for more years than some of you have lived."

"An orphan asylum, a shabby institution on the edge of the frontier town where I was born, was the background of most of my boyhood recollections. I was a charity boy. And my little sister, Jeannie—the only person left for me to love when I was only six—was a charity girl."

"But being poor was nothing new to us; we always had been poor. My father, never a robust man, had gone into the

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**2 for \$2.98** for both  
Wool-Finish Serge  
SIZES: 32 to 53 Bust  
NEWEST FALL STYLES  
No Extra Charge for Stouts  
Sizes 32 to 53



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Just to make satisfied customers, you can buy both of these wonderful dresses for the price of one. Positively the biggest bargain ever offered. Both dresses are made of strong wearing navy blue, wool-finish serge. One is neat pencil stripe in the new coat effect with side slash and button trim. Popular Peter Pan collar and tie-trim. The other is embroidered with silk and has turn back collar, tie strings and slash belt. **Wool-Finish Serge** suitable for all figures and for year around wear. **SEND NO MONEY**—just send letter now! When dresses are delivered pay mailman only \$2.98 and a few cents delivery charges. If not satisfied we'll return your money. Isn't that fair?

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hill country in search of health. It never came—not sufficiently for him to hold his own with the rugged pioneers who were his neighbors; men and women struggling to turn the land allotted them by the government into farms.

"So he just drifted, from one hamlet to another, always working for others. Then he met my mother, who was teaching school in one of the ramshackle settlements. They fell in love and were married. Father filed a claim and in the stretch assigned him made a try to win out as a farmer. Other settlers helped him build the shack which he and Mother were to call home. Their savings went to furnish the place. He borrowed money to procure horses, a cow and a few farm implements.

**T**HOUGH I recall that period indistinctly, I remember poverty always was close. Mother worked in the fields, helping my father, as well as in the house. The only clothing I ever had she made for me from things discarded by my father. The only good times I had were at Christmas. Mother always made me a cake with frosting. And Father brought me some candy and a toy from town.

"I didn't go to school. It was too far. But Mother taught me at night, while she sewed.

"Then my sister came. After that, Mother never left her bed. Neighbors cared for her and the baby. Father had to come from the fields to cook our meals. I tried to help. Mother always smiled when she saw me working. But she cried more often. And there never was a day when she did not call me to her and have me promise to always love and care for the little sister who did not become strong.

"Jeannie was only six months old when Mother died. Then followed a year of even more bitter struggling. An old woman Father brought from the city looked after us while he worked. He tried to make us comfortable; tried as only a man who loves his children, but realizes he has been a failure, can try. He didn't make good. It wasn't in him.

"Jeannie became ill, and father let her go to the asylum, where the doctor said she would receive the care she must have. I remained with him. But not for long. In less than a year he was killed in an accident. Then I was sent to join my sister.

"Though too young to realize fully my position, I knew that I had lost forever the only two who had been kind to me. I became bitter, avoiding the other children, but doing the tasks assigned me without question. The only time I got the slightest pleasure out of my existence was when I was permitted to be with my sister. She was all I had to live for. And, even then, I tried to plan how, one day, I could take her from the asylum and support her.

**I** GREW tall and strong; never knew an illness. During the daytime, when not at my studies, I always was in the open, working upon the institution farm. Jeannie, however, continued white and frail, making me all the more anxious to get her away.

"When I was sixteen I was permitted to leave the asylum. I had fixed upon my plan for the future. It was to work and save until I could rent a little place high in the mountains, which Jeannie and I would share. There she could be in the fresh air and sunshine all day and, I hoped, would become well and strong. It took two years of the hardest work—everything from road making to railroad track labor—before I had saved sufficient to carry out my scheme. For the wages were pitifully small, even for such an

# Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By T. A. BALLANTINE

This may seem a strange question.

But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.


I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

## What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water sterilized by a marvelous antiseptic tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the ENTIRE LENGTH—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

## Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods,

lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

## Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practise this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

## Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 245, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

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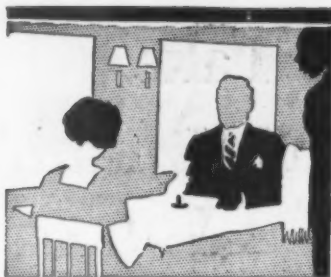
TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE  
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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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## She Begged it of a Perfect Stranger!

Should she have spoken to the man at her table on the diner? Yes! when it meant misery not to! She could eat and enjoy fried chicken, too, but had forgotten her Stuart tablets. Gladly, he gave her one of his. "I thought I was a dyspeptic, before I learned how to help myself," he told her.

Is there 100% relief for dyspepsia—indigestion—sour stomach? Yes! These ailments are *not* caused by what you eat. Give your digestive system a chance, and it will function with almost any kind of food—even doughnuts; baked beans; dishes cooked with onions.

Men and women of every age, in all walks of life, have sworn by Stuart's—for more than thirty years. Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers—have found Stuart's a boon and blessing!

### Your First Box FREE!

Any druggist in the land has Stuart's dyspepsia tablets. A big box is only 60c—they are less than a penny apiece! So, why suffer? Get a 25c metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled. One box free if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 13, Marshall, Mich.

# STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS



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untrained boy as I. And the cost of everything in that isolated district, even the comparatively few things I required to make Jeannie comfortable, was almost staggering to me. But it was the happiest day of my life when I took her to our new home. And, though it was five miles between the mountain cabin and the place where I was employed, I made the journey twice daily.

BUT the color did not come to her cheeks, and, though she insisted she felt better, to me she appeared to be growing weaker. Finally, I became so worried I brought a doctor. He tried, for many weeks, to help her. But there was no improvement. Then he told me what I had been dreading. Her lungs were bad. She was beyond his limited skill. He advised that I send for a specialist to come from one of the big cities to see her.

"Almost frantic, but fighting always to hide my fears from her, I began another period of pinching and saving. I worked extra hours and stinted myself except for the barest necessities. If I could have gone to the oil country, I could have made better wages. But I could not take her there, where the living was the roughest. And I would not separate from her.

"At last I had enough for the specialist to make the long trip. His report almost stunned me. My sister was too ill to survive much longer in that part of the country. The one chance of saving her life was to take her to the high mountains beyond Denver and keep her there, for years.

"It would require two or three hundred dollars to make the journey and keep us until I could obtain some kind of work. And I was again flat broke. Only a few hundred dollars stood between me and the chance to save the one person on earth who cared for me, for whom I would gladly have given my life if that would have helped her. But it might as well have been millions. I couldn't borrow it. To sell everything we had, wouldn't begin to realize the sum needed. There was nothing to do but as before, work and save. The thought of what the enforced delay meant almost drove me mad. However, I went at my task grimly, hoarding each dollar, stinting even on the little I spent for food.

"But, before we could get away, the winter came, earlier than usual. Nevertheless, I continued to make my trips daily between our home and my work, through snow and sleet, often against winds and cold which would have killed any but one blessed with my youth and vitality. We pulled through, somehow. And my little store of savings grew until I knew that, by late spring, I would have enough to start for the Far West.

MARCH opened with a series of rains; rains which melted some of the snow in the valleys and exposed places in the mountains, and sent swift streams of icy water tumbling down them. Such a condition, a few weeks later, would warn of snow-slides. But with the end of winter more than a month away, none thought of immediate danger.

"One day, after a particularly heavy downpour, while I was helping to keep the flood drained from the rails, word was flashed to the town that the snow had begun to slide down the mountains in many places and several trappers' shacks had been carried away. Instantly, I thought of Jeannie. And while I did not believe she was in danger, because of the trees surrounding our home, I decided to go to her and arrange to get her to the town until the slides were over.

"What happened immediately thereafter

# GRAY HAIR

IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

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Hair Color Restorer



will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

### ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off. You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

### Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price \$2.50. C. O. D. \$2.72. In ordering please state color desired: order through your Department Store, Druggist, Beauty Parlor or direct from us. Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna.

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I never quite remembered. I fought my way through the slush up the mountainside. Daylight had all but disappeared when I reached home. The cabin was a mass of broken beams and logs crushed beneath a great tree and a mass of ice. Crying Jeannie's name again and again, praying that she had heard the roar of the oncoming slide and reached a point of safety. I scrambled frantically over the tree. No answering call came to me. I found the opening of what had been a window and crawled through, still calling. I moved across the splintered, twisted floor upon my hands and knees. I felt on every side, until my fingers touched her—lying in a corner.

THE next nine years matter little. I drifted into the oil country, a tramp. I got a job, as a laborer. It was enough to keep body and soul together. But it was enough. All I had loved had been taken from me.

"Then I made the acquaintance of a man who had spent most of his fifty years in the western country. He knew oil. Acquaintanceship ripened into friendship. We became partners, slaved and saved. Finally we acquired some land he had prospected and sunk a well. His judgment had been true. It proved a gusher. Fortunes were offered for our property, but we refused. Our early showing made it easy for us to borrow money.

With more than a million banked, I began to reason I should get something out of life; something to repay me for the old heartaches. The longer I waited, the more I thought about getting a real taste of life; the more eager I became to strike out—with New York as my objective.

"And so I came here, to the big city, determined to go the limit, to see, do and have everything that had been denied me. And—to forget what I might have done for Jeannie if Fate hadn't kept me from my dollars—till it was too late.

"The breakdown which followed that night, my last on Broadway, put me in a hospital for six months. Then I came back to the West and settled here.

"That's all there is to the story, Summers. If I bored you, I'm sorry. But I just had to try to make you get a slant on one angle of the Broadway picture you'd overlooked."

"Well, you've done it. And I regret—" "Nonsense, man. Forget it. I think I heard the gong for dinner. Zita will be waiting."

And there, standing in the dried-up garden, stood Zita—her arms full of flowers of the desert—ready to join us for dinner.

## Prize-Winners

## Letters of Criticism October SMART SET

### First Prize

T. B. Martin, Renfrew, Ont., Canada.

### Second Prize

Fannie D. Sears, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Third Prize

Mabel I. Ullery, Johnstown, Penna.



# Amazing New Facts About Old Age

"Did you know that two-thirds of all men past a certain middle age suffer with a certain seldom mentioned disorder?"

"By the medical profession this is known as hypertrophy of the prostate gland. And scientists have now revealed that it is directly responsible for much of what many people mistake for actual old age.

## NEW HYGIENE

But no longer should men approaching or past the prime of life put up with these painful and embarrassing conditions due to this cause. For a well known American scientist has discovered a new, safe home treatment for this gland trouble—a new kind of hygiene that goes right to the seat of this trouble, often bringing new pep and vigor to the entire body.

## MIDDLE AGE AILMENTS

Here is usually quick relief for such distressing ailments as sciatica, aches in back, legs and feet,

nervousness and irritability, when due to enlarged prostate.

Twenty thousand men testify to the value of this treatment.

## FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER IN SIX DAYS OR PAY NOTHING

So successful have been the results of this new hygiene in thousands of cases that the discoverer offers to send it to any man under the amazing guarantee that unless you feel 10 years younger in 6 days you pay nothing. There are no drugs to swallow—no exercises, diets or lessons.

## ALL EXPLAINED IN FREE BOOK

If you are troubled with any of the disorders mentioned, if you have chronic constipation or this trouble, you should send for a vitally interesting free book, written by this scientist called, "Why Many Men Are Old At 40." It describes this splendid treatment and shows how you may often regain much of your youthful vigor and be free from certain disorders. No obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below.

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Writes with ink free and easy as a lead pencil, without a miss, skip or blur. Its steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your hand writing. Won't blot, scratch, leak, or soil hands.



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Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.  
Sincerely, Mary Eaton.

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makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luscious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you.  
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## The Woman Who Took

[Continued from page 77]

very good little wife and I appreciate you."

After he had gone I cried stormily. It was too terrible to see Roger, who had been such an ardent lover, become a cool husband. Always he was gentle and considerate, even mildly affectionate. But I didn't want a mild affection! When he would kiss me good-by—a kind, absent-minded kiss such as a man might give his sister—I felt utterly defeated. Was his passion gone forever? It seemed so. I thought that if he would catch me to his breast and smother me with kisses as he so often used to do I would be the happiest woman in the world.

I was thinking these thoughts as I walked along the street not far from our home one afternoon, when I was startled by a big gray car stopping at the curb and a man approaching me. It was Len! He began to speak rapidly, asking me to come with him for a drive. It was a long time since I had had a drive, since I had had any pleasure at all, but I did not hesitate a moment. Drives without my husband now held no thrill for me.

"Coward!" I replied. "How dare you speak to me?"

Len stared a moment, then sulkily drove away and I walked swiftly toward home. I had gone but half a block when I saw that Roger was coming home, too, on the other side of the street. One glance at his face told me that he had seen Len speak to me; had seen me send him away. Now he would know that I cared for no one else but him, that my home was everything to me!

But there was no change in Roger. The fact that I would have nothing to do with Len made no impression on him. For many evenings I sat watching him work, sometimes slipping off his shoes and sitting in his sock feet, for he hadn't a pair of house slippers. What could I do to lighten

his burden? "Nothing!" I told myself despairingly.

One morning as he was going out he handed me a five dollar bill.

"You're a good girl, Lola," he said, gently. "Things have been hard for you, but I think they'll be easier now. Buy yourself a little treat."

I was left standing, looking at the money in my hand. It was the first "extra" money I had had. I needed clothes, gloves, a dozen things, but I did not think of them. I wanted to get something for Roger. He, too, needed many things. I sorted out his clothes eagerly, trying to decide what he needed most of all. Finally I went downtown and spent the money for a pair of house slippers and some collars.

WHEN Roger came home and saw the slippers beside his chair he looked at them inquiringly.

"Try them on," I said, and wondered what made the lump in my throat.

"But—" he stammered. "Where did you get them?"

"At a shoe store," I laughed. As he still did not touch the slippers, I knelt down and took off his shoes and put the slippers on his feet. As I was bent over his feet I could not see Roger's face, but I felt a tingle of electricity in the air and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy which shivered through me when I felt his hand on my arm, felt it slide up under my loose sleeve to my shoulder. In his hand I felt all a lover's desire, and my whole body responded to it. Suddenly I was swept into his arms and smothered in an avalanche of kisses.

That was three years ago and Roger still has tempestuous caresses for me, and I know that no big thing can ever come between us. If anything causes trouble, it will be little things. But, believe me, I'll look out for the little things!

## Some Men Tell

[Continued from page 69]

was struggling to go straight? Had others gone the road? I clenched my hands, stepped across the room, and jerked the kit of burglar tools from the floor; I shoved it quickly into the little black bag and stood erect.

"You stay here," I told him. "I know why Maul—I heard the other night." I waved him aside. "Doc Fay pays his debts as he used to."

He was before me now, blocking the door, a new light in his eyes. Some place down inside him was a man—a real man.

I'M ONLY a drop, Doc—just one going in the road alone. You—well—I've been in the city long enough to know that you have enemies as well as friends—right on the police force, too; you've saved many a victim from the law, which must give the public a sacrifice. They'd ride you, Doc—have the goods, too. Then, what would become of the boys?"

My chin set hard; my eyes knitted. What he said was true enough, and Lieutenant Shea no friend of mine. But my mind was made up; my name was responsible for Archibald's present position.

"One side," I spoke to him sternly. "I'll get through, all right. I've got too many friends for them to send me up the river." I shook my head grimly. "And—I pay my debts."

"It ain't only that, Doc." His arms were outstretched now as he pleaded with

me. "The stigma of it would ruin your house—your years of work. Maybe I'll get a year, Doc—maybe less. I couldn't go straight with you on my conscience."

I think he wavered. I ain't sure, but his eyes dropped before mine and his hands half fell to his side. With the thing practically settled, with the bag swinging easily in my hand, with my head half bent, to pass beneath the wavering arm, the woman spoke.

"Archie's right." And there was a new ring in her voice. "If it's the only decent thing he ever did, let him go through with it. What's one man against so many?" And as I went to step by—

"Don't let him go, Archie; don't let him go." She fairly shrieked the words.

His arm came suddenly down, straightened, shot forward, and hurled me back across the room.

"Give me that bag, Doc. Take the—the family, and get out—now." There was a sudden straightening of his shoulders, a command in his voice, a sharp, clear look in his eyes.

"Don't be a fool," I told him as I stepped forward. "I'm a strong man, Trevor, despite my years. You'd be putty in my hands. Out of the way!" Years ago he'd have been on his back by now. In those days that had gone, no man blocked the passage of Doc Fay. And—none would do it now.

He knew the truth, too; saw the great

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muscles rising beneath my black coat; saw the knotted fist which I raised—to strike—and acted. His hand shot to his hip like lightning. I hadn't thought of that—didn't know that he was heeled. Maul, then, had returned his gun. But quick as he was, I was quicker. There are certain things that a man who lives close to death never forgets. His gun was only half drawn, the silver outline of it just visible beneath his coat; his hand, held, by the habit of his life, close against his hip; his eyes, wide and fascinated, gazing down at the black muzzle of my gun which sank deep into his chest.

He didn't have time to think—figure it out that I wouldn't shoot. He knew the law of the gun, respected that, and as I let the bag fall from my left hand and clutched his gun, he let it slip into my hand and into my pocket, too.

"I didn't know you had a gun, Doc; didn't know you permitted them in your house." He spoke slowly as I again lifted the bag. Not an accusation, you understand, but words without thought, and nothing else; he was stunned. Here was a man who had seen only the one side of me; now a gun had flashed up from nowhere, a gun that was sticking close against his body.

"I need one." I smiled, but my words were hard. "When you can get a permit, you too can carry one. Sometimes mine comes in handy." And I emphasized that last sentence. Then, before the woman behind could recover from her surprise, I had slipped by him, opened the door, and stepped into the hallway. There, I turned and gave him a last word.

"It'll only hurt me if you act now. Try to take the blame yourself. Keep a closed mouth. And—some day I hope to see you again, when you really want to play the man." And I was gone, treading slowly down the stairs. Lieutenant Shea was one of the few officers who had no use for my kind. Honest, in a way, but with a burning desire to drag men down, not lift them up. Once a crook, always a crook, was his motto—and he hounded the boys so as they'd live up to it.

Murphy was still in the hall below when I passed out. He didn't say anything, but I saw his eyes rest upon the bag, then half lift to my face. But he let me go without a word. Quickly I stepped onto the sidewalk and straight into the arms of Lieutenant Shea.

THE Bible-Stiff!" And his voice was not pleasant. "We've waited a long time for you to come out. And—" his eyes rested on the bag—"ah—" a huge hand stroked his chin, "that bag didn't go in, I think. Come, we'll have a look at it." His hand stretched forth, but I swung the bag behind my back.

"I think not, Shea," I told him, with a confidence that I did not feel. "A citizen—even a very humble citizen—has rights."

"Who did you visit in that house?" That bulldog look, those gimlet-like eyes, and the threat in his voice that was used to cow many a poor, friendless soul, had no effect on me.

"I went to see a friend." The name of another tenant in the building came to me, one who'd give me an alibi perhaps, but lying ain't my way, somehow. A man's got a right to silence.

"It wasn't Archibald Trevor, was it?" His hand shot out and rested on my shoulder.

I was playing poker, and there is never anything to read in the face of Doc Fay. And yet, the name jarred on me. I just looked him in the eyes and said nothing.

"Give me that bag." The other hand shot around my back, but I held the bag tightly.

"You can't open it here, Shea. Take me



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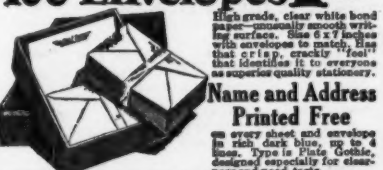
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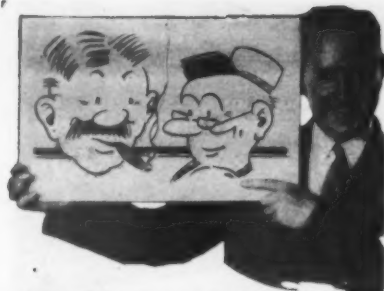
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to the station and let Captain Landis question me; pretty high-handed business, this," Landis was my friend and Shea knew it. He knew too that I was prepared to fight for my rights. He wouldn't get his hands on that bag without a scene.

Trapped. I knew it—heard the fall of feet just before it happened. Great arms wound around my body, held mine close to my sides—and the bag, Shea had it. There on the sidewalk before me, he was fumbling with the catch. The game was up. Trevor would be implicated, of course, and the name of Doc Fay would be blasted along the Avenue as an enemy of the law—not simply a friend of the erring, but one who participated in hampering the work of justice.

I didn't struggle. It was too late for that. Shea had been mighty high-handed, indeed. Under ordinary circumstances I could see that he sweated for this, but the find! The well-stocked kit of tools; perhaps a blow pipe—the whole outfit!

THE bag half clicked open there in the semi-darkness. Shea started to put a hand within, then drew it back with a cry of pain. My foot had shot forward, brushed his knuckles, and fell upon the bag, holding it tightly to the pavement; and then—the lock snapped closed. Why had I done this? Was it in desperation? Not a chance. Over the stooping shoulders of Shea I had caught a glimpse of broad shoulders, a tightly drawn, wind-hardened face and, dimly too, the flash of two very blue eyes. This was Captain Landis.

"What's all this—and on the street, too?" Landis' voice was low, but I had never heard one that carried more authority. Then, as Shea came to his feet, half saluted, and stood before him, "Doc Fay, too! Come, Doc, what's the trouble? We often have to bear with you in our work, but this is the first time that you have had to bear with us." And there was a twinkle in his eyes.

Shea found his voice. His words just poured out—eager, excited, triumphant, too, I thought, as he told of my entrance to the tenement and my return with the bag that I refused to open.

"The station house is the place for that." Landis' lips set tightly. I saw him look over his shoulder and about the street. I followed his gaze. For the first time I too noticed that a crowd was forming—hard faces, muttering voices, and a cry or two here and there of, "It's Doc Fay."

SECRET mission, this." And there was a curve of derision to Landis' lips as he addressed Shea. "Now, Doctor," he started, turning to me as I leaned down and picked up the bag. "We'll take a bit of a walk—you and me—over here, just." I followed him to the corner, the gathering crowd edging back as the police drew in.

"What's this story of Shea's? How much truth and how much fiction? He's not exactly a friend of yours, I think, but an honest, fearless officer. Don't believe in the coddling of criminals. In a way, I agree with him, though the results of Doc Fay are beyond question. Of course, you didn't pass the police empty-handed and come out with a bag—that bag."

"On the contrary, I did." I gave him the truth.

He whistled softly, and from the crowd came a mumble—distinctly, clearly rolling to a roar of disapproval.

"The crowd will be demanding blood soon, but there's no need for excitement. I think I'll have to let you run along, Doc. Your word is good. What's in the bag—that's so precious?"

"Figuratively speaking, it's the soul of a man," I said very slowly.

"Above my head, Doc; but literally speaking, what?"

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"That I cannot tell you." I raised my eyes and met those steady, searching blue ones. He didn't speak for a minute—more, I guess; just stood there, stroking his chin and looking steadily into my eyes. If ever a man could read into the heart of another, it was Landis. But he decided almost at once.

"We won't go putting the hands of the police into God's work, then. Run along. Doc. Take your bag and your soul—and—oh—I guess I ought to be thankful that you're on the right side of the fence."

A kindly hand fell upon my shoulder for a moment. "We try to do our duty as we see it, Doc." Then, his voice changing—slightly irritable, I thought—"Pass through the crowd; take them with you if you can. She's a fool. Here we are, staging a three-ring circus."

And that was that. Landis was a man. I just passed down the street, directly under the light, and heard the cheer go up. It was nice to feel that I had so many friends. They didn't know; they didn't understand the magnitude of those last five minutes—the nearness too, well, the end of a great work, perhaps. There was a hearty slap on the back, a hoarse "God bless you, Doc!" from some woman with a shawl around her head, a straggling procession behind me, that I waved aside, and silence.

THEN the rain came—soft, pattering—clearing the streets of the poorly clad people. Just the question inside of me: Had I done right? There was only one answer to that. Like Landis and his men, I had done my duty as I saw it. No man can do more. It all comes back to the point of view and that one glaring word—*environment*.

A block from home I paused. Imagine! A figure is coming down the street, a figure which I think I recognize. Not sure, from the distance, you understand, but I drop back into a doorway, directly beside a street light. From the dimness within I watch, and when that stout, panting form goes by, I gulp. Despite the turned up collar, the well pulled down cap and the hunch to thick, fat shoulders, I recognize Blazer Johnson. What was he doing in that neighborhood? And what was he doing out on such a night? Blazer took things easy as a rule. When he traveled, he used a taxi or his own car. This night he had used neither. Yet, his bright yellow tie with its black stripes had shrieked out at me as he passed. I could not have been mistaken.

I think I traveled a bit faster; I passed my own front door, swung into the side street and into my little sanctuary. The door was open, of course; anyone could come in or go out. There had never been a robbery there. A sort of honor-system—a dead line? Perhaps, then again, there was nothing to steal, and the thick door that led to my office was always locked. It was there I kept my safe.

Years, and nothing had ever been missed within my house, and yet I felt nervous that night. I was reassured somewhat as I looked about the sanctuary, its orderly, even array; desk, two chairs and a narrow couch.

Slipping my key in the lock, I stepped into the office. Half a dozen boys still played at games in the big front room. The heavy safe stood behind the desk—closed. I tried the handles—locked. I sighed, relieved. Duke's paper meant much to him—much to me, too, though I couldn't see the use of carrying a burden, the shame of which he had already lived down, and made himself a better citizen, a finer gentleman, for having tasted of bitterness.

I wanted to look at that letter, too, just be sure it was there; I wanted to read again those few short lines that placed the liberty of Blazer Johnson in my hands. It

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was the only written evidence, the only written secret I held on any man. The rest lay within me—fogotten; buried too deep to recall anyway; the jumbled lives of men.

For an hour I sat, going over my books. The door opened behind me, just the curtain swinging before the sanctuary, but no one came in. One by one the boys departed. The last finally yawned, threw down his book, saw me look at him, laughed, and stuck it in the shelf, then he too went to bed. Only Happy now—a new Happy, too, I thought. The spell of his craving seemed to have broken at last, the battle mostly over and won. He was working about the room, and singing at his work. Low, almost a groan, you might think at first, but when I listened I caught the hum of contentment in it.

It was nearly twelve when I missed Happy. Gone to bed, too! I yawned, locked the front door and turned to my safe. Now, I'd just have a peek at that safe, read again that letter, and assure Duke of his safety. Blazer, prowling around my block, had bothered me. The safe was an old, flimsy affair. A real perterman would open it in five minutes—without a sound, too, I dare say; just leverage.

The letter was safe, slightly soiled, of course; yet the handwriting stood out plainly enough. I'd know that scraggly bit of writing any place. Blazer Johnson had a hand like—well, he was of the old days when the public schools claimed but a few of the people, and the inhabitants of the Bowery used "des, dose" and "dems." Not today, though; if the language of the Bowery and that of the upper city is any different, I have failed to notice it. Education has reached down and claimed its own even in the—what is called "the slums."

I CHECKED up my guests then. A few that I knew little about. Was it possible that Blazer had a man planted within my house? No—I couldn't believe that; and yet, I looked at the desk, the little drawer, the loose board at the bottom of it. I make up my mind quickly though. When I slammed that safe closed and spun the dials, I still held the letter in my hand. The safe deposit vault was the place for that, I thought, as I shoved it into the drawer and beneath the crack in the wood. And yet—I had always felt that a man is the best guardian of his own things, as he is of his own morals. Wrong! Of course—just the habit of years—the backward thinking of the past. I do not put myself above other men—we all have our weaknesses.

The great clock struck the half hour. I passed into my sanctuary, looked out once upon the street, not a figure—not so much mist now—a clearing sky above the thick houses, and still the gentle patter of rain. A cool summer day on the morrow! I connected up the electric wire of the sanctuary door, which would buzz in my room above if someone sought me, then passed back through the heavy door, locked it, slipped on the bolt, and went wearily up the stairs. I was tired—and admitted it.

What of Archibald Trevor? What of the little woman? Yet, I did not want to show too great an interest. The black bag I carried to my own room; it would join the collection I already had there—a collection that would be hard to equal in the great city. But that night I didn't bother with them. Archibald should come out all right, if they had nothing on him—if he had told me the truth. The little woman would go back to Mrs. Mallory. It wouldn't do for me to hunt too closely into what had happened there in the tenement. Tomorrow I would learn the truth.

Sleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion. Once



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I awoke and sat bolt upright, listening. Not a sound—nothing had awakened me. Could it be possible that after all these years old Doc Fay was to have an attack of nerves? But I laughed that off, turned once in the bed for luck, and went back to sleep again.

This time I heard it distinctly, close to my head. The buzzer was ringing! Someone had entered the sanctuary then—someone who needed me badly. The poor are thoughtful of other's feelings. To disturb me at that time of night meant real and immediate danger to some poor soul. Death perhaps! A man who had not known his church or his God in life, and now sought Him through me in death.

I just slipped on my trousers and sweater and sneakers, tucked my gun into my pocket, and, after one hasty glance at the illuminated dial of my watch, slipped out of the room and down the long, narrow hall. It was just two-thirty.

I didn't show any light—didn't press the electric button at the head of the stairs. The faint light by the office door was enough; the tiny spit of the old-fashioned gas jet above, plenty. My boys are light sleepers, easily disturbed, and they needed their rest. With me, oh, it was just different, that's all.

No sound of the buzzer now; it only sends its message to the head of my bed. And no sound in the sanctuary—a deadly stillness below, as I carefully descended, picking my steps, my sneakered feet passing noiselessly across the carpet to the heavy stone side of the fireplace and to the light behind the desk.

I REACHED the sanctuary door, silently dropped the chain, spun the key, and threw up my head. Smoke! Like a dog sniffing the air, I felt it in my nostrils. I half turned—gasped—the drawer of my desk was open, the board at the bottom turned over, and—the letter was gone.

Something snapped across the room . . . my head spun around . . . a tiny flame in the fireplace . . . the stronger odor of burning paper, and a figure—a little, emaciated figure! A yellow, skinny hand that stretched out and fed the flames. The back bent lower, the face came forward, the paper blazed up, and I saw the distorted features of Happy.

One leap, I vaulted the desk, sped across the twenty feet, and was on him. He saw me coming, half straightened, crouched back again with the pitiful whine of a cornered animal, then, with a weak, inhuman screech, covered his face with his hands. The next moment I had him by the throat. And I knew—knew that the letter was gone. I scraped with my foot the charred remains from the fire. A back draught caught it . . . the whole thing crumpled—sped about the fireplace. The tiny link that protected Duke Fitzgerald's past was gone.

Was there murder in my heart? I hope not, but I don't know. Wrath again—red, uncontrollable anger; the feel of fingers of steel upon soft flesh; the half-gurgling cry that had died away, and—I was not alone in the room.

The room from the sanctuary swung open. A hand came in, then a shoulder. A moment more and Archibald Trevor stood in the light. Enough! My fingers parted slowly; the pitiable little body fell from my grasp, held a moment upon its knees, and rolled to the floor. For the first time I knew then the weakness that can come over a strong man. I raised my hand, looked across under the light at Archibald Trevor. Then I bent down and lifted Happy to his feet.

"Go to bed, Happy," I said brokenly. "I forgive you. May God forgive me." For a moment I hung my head in shame.

Happy didn't speak for a long time. He couldn't. It was Archibald who brought

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me the water and helped me pour it down the poor little creature's bruised throat.

"He must have done something awful, Doc." And there was more of awe than reproach in Trevor's words.

"Awful—yes." I shook my head. "Poor boy! He could not know—could not understand. And I—Trevor—I'm glad that there was someone to see me in my shame."

"Shame—hell! I thought you'd shake his head off. You're a man, Doc, and no mistake."

There was nothing to say. He could not or would not understand, or perhaps he tried to lighten my sorrow; nothing could do that. I had been little better than an animal—little better than the frail creature that I held in my arms and who now gurgled out his pitiful story.

TREVOR heard. Whether he understood it or not, I did not know. Did not try to think then... mine was a heart that was sad... a soul that cried out against its body. My brain and my hands had betrayed me to the devil. Remorse! What a pitiful, hopeless thing it is! Yet we tell others... forget.

"Afore God, Doc—I had to do it." Happy's words came in gurgling jerks, each one a stab to me. "He give me dope—I needed it—wanted it—I just had to burn the letter—that was all. I didn't think it meant so much to you. It was about him—not you—and I never knew yer to hurt any man. I read it first—so help me, I spelt out every word of it—can repeat it, Doc—the commas, the—all of it. From a crack in the counter I saw you hide the letter in that drawer."

"Yes, Happy. He gave you dope. Why didn't you come to me?"

"I did—started to—but you seemed so sure of me—patted me on the back—told me I was getting along fine. I wanted you to think I was—when I looked at your eyes—your pleasure in my fight, God! I couldn't ask you. And—and I wanted my snow—the devil was eatin' at my vitals, Doc—afore God."

"Enough, Happy—enough. Go to bed now—forget it. I'm sorry—very sorry."

"You should have killed me, Doc. Why yer didn't, I don't—can't think of. I ain't no good to anyone—you should have stretched me out." His hands involuntarily went to his throat.

I half-carried him to the stairs, and watched him go up them, half-crawling, half-walking, babbling incoherently. Then I turned and faced Archibald Trevor.

MY HAND, Doc." Archibald stretched it out to me. "You said, 'when I could play the man'—and now—will you take it? I want to come back; I still got the job, and I got hope."

Strange, but I wiped my hand before I gripped his. Who was I to judge others? And above all, what of my promise to Duke Fitzgerald? He would have to know. He would have to learn the truth. Still, I might keep it until after the dinner. But if Blazer Johnson acted! I would talk to Happy in the morning. We would have to make Johnson believe that the letter still existed. That was it—a hope there.

In a hazy way I listened to Archibald's story. They had searched the room and that was all, they hadn't even taken him over to the station house. A wise move that. If they suspected him, they would watch him. I told him that, but he only laughed.

"Let 'em watch me." And his laugh was boyish again. "I'm going straight, Doc—you can take that as a promise this time—and in another week, a month at the most, we'll blot out my record on the books." Then more seriously, "I shouldn't have awakened you tonight at this hour, but

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when I left Ethel—that's the little woman—at Mrs. Mallory's, why, I promised her I'd come straight to you."

"I'm glad you did." And I meant it. Then I dropped upon my knees and pawed through the burnt ashes. Nothing was left, not a bit of whiteness in the charred blackness.

"Tough, Doc—important document, eh?" Archibald's voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"I'd give my right hand to have it back, like lying to a friend when he hopes the most, disaster will—" I clenched my hands and said no more. The great clock struck three. I simply motioned Archibald to the stairs, then with only a glance at the unbolted door behind my office desk, I followed him. There was nothing left to steal in my house; nothing but money. I shrugged my shoulders as I plodded back to bed. Funny, the feeling I had then; like the bottom had dropped out of heaven, if you get what I mean.

Morning accentuated the glare of the sun to my haggard, sleepless eyes. But mentally, I was a new man again with a determination to see the thing through. Early as I was, Archibald was earlier. Happy, shaking, half-forgetting, half-remembering, with great shoots of fear in his eyes, told me that Archibald had gone to work.

TWICE I went to the phone to call up Duke Fitzgerald, and each time I called Blazer Johnson. He was out of town. Happy's promise to deny the burning of the letter was easy to get—to make Blazer believe it was another thing. Of course he knew that I would find Happy out, and I would try to bluff the thing through. Blazer would know me well enough for that, yet, he couldn't be sure. That was my only strong card, my ace in the hole; and my ace—that was only a two spot. My great stand in the underworld was the slogan, "Doc Fay never bluffs." That would have to carry me to victory now. Yes, Blazer Johnson had the cards, and I would have to let him play them. It was his lead. If he called my bluff, I was done.

I didn't see much of Archibald that night for the summer evenings were long and it was close to eight when he came in. "Doc, it looks good." He paused for a moment at the desk. "I've not only got one prospect, but three—tomorrow and Sunday should turn the trick. Watch my smoke." That was all. I didn't get a chance to encourage him; to prepare him against failure. It was good to see his shining face, but it had been the same before—this cock-suredness.

A good night for a sleep, I thought, as I yawned in my little sanctuary. Thoughts—wild racing ones—a good night for a sleep, yes, but would I get it? Then Happy burst in on me.

"I didn't burn it, Doc—I couldn't. I thought I did. Here—look—see? Right in the fireplace—behind a brick."

I grabbed the paper from his hand, slipped it beneath the light, slightly soiled, worn, frayed a bit on the edges, but it was Blazer's fist scrawled over the paper.

"Happy—Happy, why didn't you tell me last night?" I shook him by the shoulder. Then, "Happy—" and nothing more. I was too full for words. The thing had played on me more than I thought.

"I didn't know it myself, I wasn't sure when you came on me like that. Now, I'm glad—so glad. It was—"

The telephone rang close to my ear. I jerked off the receiver and answered in a voice that was clear and sound. The blood was running warm and evenly through my body. The voice of Duke Fitzgerald came to me over the wire.

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was fairly strong, though a tremor broke through it at times. "I referred him to you, as you told me to, Doc—" and he laughed. "He's made his threat again, giving me twenty-four hours. Can't you hold him until after the dinner? I hinted at the letter, but—"

"Don't worry about him, Duke." Two minutes earlier, and I couldn't have told him that. "I'll get in touch with him. You have nothing to fear, before or after the dinner. I have that letter here—now."

"When the dinner's over you can tear it up." His voice snapped with determination. What he meant, I didn't know, and I didn't ask him. Frantically, before he could click off, I got the hotel number where he was to communicate with Blazer. Then I hung up; lighted a cigar; dismissed Happy, and feeling real steady and secure, lifted the receiver again.

THIS time I got Blazer and my words were short but to the point. Not elegant but—oh, expressive—and understandable to Blazer.

"Lay off of Duke Fitzgerald," I told him. "Your little plan about the letter failed. If you doubt me and want to be convinced, you may read it here—on my desk. If you doubt me and don't want to be convinced—why, go after Duke and read your letter in the next morning's paper. Take your choice."

No more from him. I knew his breed. I just hung up. Twenty minutes, or a half hour at the most, and he'd be tapping at my sanctuary door. Was I right? Twenty-seven minutes to the dot, and I let him in.

A fat, florid, thick-lipped man, whose nose had been spread across his face in earlier life; a bootlegger, dope peddler, petty politician—and now those mean little eyes gazed from my face to the open letter on the desk, and back again to the revolver which I held in my hand. I was taking no chances with Blazer.

"There's your letter, and a pretty document it is." I never took my eyes from him. "Put your hands behind your back—lean over and read it—then show me a clean pair of heels."

He read and his eyes bulged. His lips smacked once, but he said nothing. This was a huge carcass, just a beast of clay, nothing more. My gun was pressed tightly against his spine. When he straightened again, I spoke.

"Blazer—" Each word was to go home: "My duty is constructive not destructive. I build up and never tear down. Every crook knows that—even you. And you are a crook of the lowest kind. Yet you have been safe from me. Now, I warn you. You have brought corruption into my house. Your soul is your own and you may drag it to hell in your own way, but you can't play with the souls of others, not my boys. Keep your activities out of my house."

MY LEFT hand stretched forward and the index finger rested upon the letter.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," I told him simply. "Remember that. Go!"

Pig-like, yellow eyes looked at me and glanced again to the menacing gun. Thick jowls turned from a colorless white to a deep red, to give place almost at once to a pasty yellow. Dirty teeth flashed for a moment, as sensuous lips slipped back; there was half a snarl like that of some animal, but he did not speak. Just turned and threw himself out the door and into the starlit, summer night. That was a record for Blazer—for once he was speechless. And that night I slept like a little child. The last threat to Blazer was no bluff—and he knew it. Once again the slogan held good. "Doc Fay never bluffs."

Now, I had time to give to something else.

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There was a new fear, one that almost overshadowed the others, one which made me absent-minded and had me almost like Happy, mumbling about the house. It was the dinner. Would I be called upon to make a speech? I hadn't thought of that. And what could I say that would interest those men? What did I know about real estate? "Dust to dust," was the only thing that came into my mind, and think as I would I couldn't connect it up in any tangible way.

Came the eve before that eventful night, as they say in the books. I had never been so nervous before, not even the day they dragged me through the crowds at the New York Central Station and I took my first ride to the Big House.

Archibald strolled up to the desk. The light in his eyes was cheering, and it wiped away my troubles.

"Cash on hand, Doc? You'll need a drawer full of it." And before I could question him he had flipped a couple of checks across the desk. My eyes went up; here was prosperity, indeed.

"One house and three lots," and his laugh rang through the office. "You'll need my room for someone else. There's a bit of a bungalow up on the Westchester property that Mr. Fitzgerald wants me to take—says I've got to get in at once. There's years and years to pay for it—like your books, Doc." And his laugh came again.

It knocked me, I ain't denying that. Too much prosperity. I wondered if it would turn his head? But Duke should know.

Archibald was leaving me, checking out with a clean sheet, Open-mouthed, I listened to every word of how the sales were pulled off, and then, when he was ready to leave, I raised a hand and stretched it across the desk. This time we'd part with a firm clasp.

For a moment he hesitated, looking from my hand to his own that hung at his side.

"I don't know, Doc," he said slowly, and a cloud swept over his fine, open face. "I doubt it—doubt that I have the right to."

My smile reassured him, for he smiled in return, yet the hand still stayed at his side. Then he pulled one of my speeches.

"Figuratively speaking, I have the right to take your hand; literally, I don't know."

**YOU'RE** clean, boy." I just stretched across and grasped his hand. "I don't understand exactly—but then, it's chickens come home to roost. I often speak in parables myself, though I ain't quite sure that that's even the right word."

"And I don't know." But his hand closed tightly about my fingers. "I have a lot to say, Doc, but it won't come out. It sticks, somehow. So, make a day when you'll trot out and see us. The family'll be all together. And make it soon."

"I'll come a-pounding at your door and no mistake." That was all. We both had more to say, but there was water forming in his eyes. And me—there was something to swallow that gulped as it went down. For the second time within a week Archibald swung out my door, and I was glad to see him go. This time there was no "God bless you" in his voice, but better still, I knew it was in his heart. A week ago he was willing to go crooked, in an erring feeling that it was for the good of his wife and children now, he was willing to go straight with the sure-fire determination that it was for the real benefit of his family. Archibald was thinking on the right path. But why had he hesitated to take my hand? I stroked my chin and shrugged my shoulders. The past, no doubt; that haunting hand that stretches out through the years. But in his face had been only goodness of purpose. I had seen nothing else.

[To Be Concluded in March Issue]

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# Blue Blood and Red

[Continued from page 55]

we should play with, because we were aristocrats.

Finally Merle and I decided to take Jimmie into our gang in spite of the fact that his clothes were patched. And because he could do everything just a little better than any of the rest of us, I let him become half leader of the gang, and I was decidedly the other half.

And what a problem I was to the family! Self-willed and almost incorrigible, I worried them to distraction. Of course, then, I didn't know that the reason they babied me and gave me my own way was because they thought I "leaned toward my father." I didn't understand why Mother's eyes brimmed with tears when I asked about Father, and she explained that he had gone away. Not dead, but "gone away," and would never come back. And sometimes Merle and I would play "mother and father," and he would pretend to go away forever, and I would try to look sad and distressed, the way Mother sometimes did.

As the years rolled along Jimmie's father, who had been a carpenter when they moved down behind our place, branched out and started a contracting business of his own. From the very start it prospered, and it wasn't very long before he had built a house up on our street. Jimmie went to the same school we did and dressed like the other children in our crowd.

There were two things upon which I could always depend: Cooky would always meet me when I came home, with his tail playfully wagging; Jimmie would always be my adoring slave, carrying my books from school, getting me out of trouble when I got in over my head, taking my part when he knew and I knew that I was wrong.

GRANDMA and Mother always remembered the ragged little youngster I had first brought up to the house, and one time I flew into a rage that nearly frightened them all to death when I heard them refer to Jimmie as a little "mucker."

Grandma took me out on a corner of the porch and tried to explain what she meant. "It's blue! that tells, Nan," Grandma said. "Jimmie is a nice boy, but you mustn't become too fond of him. Why, you haven't even begun your life yet; you're only a child and a high strung, nervous one at that."

"But, Grandma," I said, "Jimmie is the best friend I have, and the truest." Then she gave me a little peck on the cheek and we went back into the house.

I told Merle later that day that I was sick and tired of having them pick on Jimmie, just because he took me to all the picnics and parties. "Why, he's just as much your friend as he is mine," I told him; "why don't you stand up for him, too?"

"Oh, they're just afraid you'll fall in love with him," Merle said. I laughed, because Jimmie was the last person in the world with whom I expected to fall in love.

It was in our last year in school that Jimmie—almost single-handed—won our most important football game. My, how I thrilled as I watched him plunge into an opening in the line, legs working like pistons, then come staggering out on the other side with a few precious yards to his credit! Circling an end like a flash of lightning and taking desperate chances on every play.

And that night! Maybe I wasn't proud when we walked into the dance at the high school auditorium! Jimmie had hold of my arm, talking to me in that slow,

solemn way of his, perfectly oblivious to everything else. Suddenly the whole room shook with cheers, and Jimmie looked up sort of surprised, then dazed and frightened as he realized they were cheering him. He blushed and tried to edge out the door, but I held him fast while they made him stutter through a little speech, so scared he could hardly talk.

IT was while we were dancing the last waltz together that it happened. A slow, dreamy waltz that sort of seeped into your soul and made you float along air. I felt Jimmie's arm tighten about my waist, and then I could feel him sort of tremble all over. And my heart began to thump so hard I was afraid it would drown out the bass drum. They had dimmed the lights in the auditorium, and up in the balcony was one of those funny machines that made dark shadows and splotches of light all over the floor.

I could feel Jimmie steering me toward a corner of the floor over by the cloak-room, or maybe he was steering him. But anyway, we got there and my lips just naturally turned up to him and he kissed me. Just a dry little peck with all the sweetness and freshness of youth.

"Oh, Nan, I'm sorry," Jimmie stuttered. "I don't know why I did that. 'Oh, gee, Nan—'"

"I know why you did it," I said, through little gasps of sheer delight.

"Why?"

"Because you love me," I said, and added brazenly, "and I love you too, Jimmie."

"Oh, Nan! Oh, gee, Nan, do you honest?" he pleaded.

"Honest, Jimmie," I answered. "Kiss me again!"

And he did, fiercely and tenderly, as though he wanted to break me in pieces, and then again as though he feared he might . . . two children knowing nothing of love, a little afraid . . . taken to heaven.

Finally Jimmie blurted out, "What are we going to do about it, Nan?"

"Get married, silly," I said, bossing as usual.

"When d-d-ea-r?"

"Oh, as soon as ever we can," I answered vaguely.

And Jimmie stood there looking at me with his lips parted, his face a study of wonder and consternation, and I knew that he was wondering why he hadn't ever thought me so wonderful before.

We danced back to the dance floor, only now there wasn't anyone dancing but ourselves—just the two of us in a land that wouldn't admit of another person.

After a while we slipped out to my car and drove home over the top of Seward's Hill, hardly speaking—just content to be close to each other.

WHAT will your family say, Nan?" Jimmie drawled.

"Why, nothing, I guess, Jimmie. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, hesitatingly. "But I don't think they like me very much. They're all so sort of 'high-hat' and standoffish."

"Why, of course they do, Jimmie," I said. "Only yesterday Mother said she thought you were an awfully sweet, dependable sort of a boy."

"But what will they think of your marrying me?" he persisted.

"Oh, I'll take care of that," I laughingly assured him.

He looked into my eyes and said, "I guess you could take care of anything in the world, Nan."



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"Silly!" I giggled. And he stopped the car, as a traffic light flashed, and took me in his arms and kissed me until it seemed I would burst from the sheer joy of it.

Suddenly we heard laughter and a policeman's shrill whistle. Looking about, we saw that all the other cars had moved on, leaving us, too enraptured with each other to notice that we were alone in the center of the street.

With a sheepish little laugh, Jimmie threw the car in gear and we shot down the street and up Atlantic Street to our house. And when Jimmie left me he said, "There never has been such a night as this before, Nan, and just to think that it will be this way as long as we live!"

"You're a blessed darling, Jimmie," I whispered in his ear, and then ran into the house and up to my room and sat on the edge of my bed.

"Dear, dear Jimmie!" I sighed. What would the family say when I told them? Well, they would have to like it whether they wanted to or not. Look at all the other marriages in the family that had been "engineered." Jimmie was real, and nothing they could say about his family or about him would make any difference. A lot of difference families made, anyway. Look at mine with their blue blood and tilted noses and everyone whispering scandal about them all the time!

The next morning I resolved to get it over with at luncheon. So I marched into my place, my face a little white but determined. When we were half through, Mother looked at me curiously and said:

"Good gracious, Nan, what makes you so solemn and quiet. You aren't ill, are you, dear?"

I smiled at Mother, thinking to myself, "Now is the time to get it over with." Then I heard myself saying, "I'm just thinking about Jimmie and me. We're going to be married next year."

There it was—out of the bag! Four mouths dropped slightly open and their hands came to rest on the table. Grandma looked at me in utter disgust, half shocked. Tears came to Mother's eyes, and Aunt Mary and Merle just looked half dazed.

"Oh, Nan, you aren't going to waste yourself on him, are you?" Mother pleaded. "Waste myself?" I warned.

**YOU** know what your mother means." Grandma snapped. "He's just trash, and you've got enough bad blood in you already from your father."

Tears welled into my eyes and red hot anger surged through me. I started to answer, then caught myself and got up from the table afraid of the things I might say, things for which I would be sorry later on. I clenched my hands so tightly that my nails cut into my palms. Then I heard Mother's voice, sweet and soft, say, "Nan, dear, wait a moment."

I turned toward her, and she got up and came over beside me and tilted up my chin so that she could look into my eyes, deep and searchingly. Then she put her arms about me and said so softly that I could just hear:

"Do you truly love him, Nan?"  
"With all my heart, Mother," I sobbed.  
"Are you sure, dear?" she insisted.  
"Yes, Mother."  
"For always?"  
"Yes, Mother," I said again.

I felt her arms tighten about me. Then she turned to Grandma and said, "If she loves him, that's all that matters. Jimmie is good, and clean, and real—"

"So was Raoul when you married him," Grandma said heartlessly to Mother, "but he didn't come of good blood, and look what he did to you!"

I could hear Mother gasp, quick and sharp, and I knew that Grandma had cut into her very heart. "But Raoul isn't

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Jimmie," Mother went on bravely, defiantly. "Love only comes once to a woman—real love—and Nan is old enough to know her own mind. You made me steal away and lie and deceive you, and Raoul was always bitter because of that. Perhaps things might have been different if—" For a moment Mother faltered. Then she turned to me and spoke:

YOU can have him if you want him, Nan!"

Then I put on my hat and coat, hardly conscious of what I was doing, and started—I knew not where. But I was gliding around—walking in air. I would go for a long walk. Mother followed me to the front door. A big smile, a squeeze of my hand, and then a tear—an understanding tear. She only repeated what she had told Grandma.

"If you love him, that's all that matters. Jimmie's good, and clean, and real—"

And the next fall Jimmie and I were married. Grandma never gave in from her position, but she gave us a little cottage up on the hill near her house with green blinds and a lilac hedge in front and a sloping green lawn that rolled down to a little gurgling brook and a patch of woods.

Oh, the tenderness of my Jimmie boy with his adoration and his devotion! It seemed that he took me upon his arm that day and carried me away to a land of fairy dreams.

When we came back from our honeymoon, Mother and Grandma and Aunt Mary were all out on the porch of our cottage waiting for us, their faces wreathed in smiles. And when they opened the door of our house a roaring fire crackled in the fireplace, and the table was all set for dinner—for two.

All through the next three years while Jimmie worked slowly and methodically to the top of his father's business, Mother and Grandma insisted on giving us everything that we couldn't afford to buy, to make us happy.

And through it all Jimmie was so fine and so good to me. It just seemed that no one in all the world could be so fine or so good as Jimmie. Because I had been spoiled and babied all my life, I often flew into rages over some trivial thing. And Jimmie would just smile at me and go into another room, refusing to fight with me. After a while I would be ashamed, and go in to him and blind his eyes with my hands, and say, "Guess who?" like Merle and I used to do. And Jimmie would guess silly names, like Santa Claus and Christopher Columbus and Mary Johnson, who was the sour old principal of the high school. When I would stamp my foot in pretended anger, he would drag me around into his lap and smother my face and hair and hands with kisses. What beautiful dream days we had for those first years, just striving along, certain that we would always be as happy, that nothing could ever disturb the perfect calm and happiness of our life together.

IT WAS the fourth year of our married life that Jimmie and his father were in the middle of a big reservoir contract for the city. Suddenly the city administration changed and became corrupt with graft. The new regime tried in every way to make things so impossible for Jimmie's father that he would have to default on his contract so that they could turn it over to a dishonest contractor who would split his profits with them and do an inferior job.

Jimmie became so busy that I scarcely ever saw him. And when he did come home in the evening it would be to bring one of the engineers from the reservoir with him to pour over estimates and

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figures until almost daybreak sometimes. That's how it happened that Sidney Bassett first came to the house. One evening Jimmie phoned from the office that he was going to bring one of the engineers up for dinner. It was one of those dark, dismal days in the late fall. Grandma and Mother were out of town and I had been wandering aimlessly about the house all day, dissatisfied with everything and feeling that all the world was conspiring to make life miserable for me. Jimmie had promised that morning that he would come home for dinner, and I had planned to have things all cozy with candlelight. After dinner we would go in and sit before the fireplace and dream.

When he phoned, of course I was angry, but he sounded so sort of scared that I couldn't help laughing; he promised that Mr. Bassett wouldn't stay long after dinner. Then we could have a cozy time to ourselves.

**BUT** he did stay long—until twelve o'clock—and I didn't even know it, under the spell of his personality. When they arrived I flew into Jimmie's arms and forgave him immediately, while Sidney Bassett stood on the doorstep running the brim of his hat around in his hands.

During dinner I found that he had a way of letting his eyes linger a moment too long when I caught his glance. It made me nervous, but it pleased me and I put myself out to be nice to him just to devil Jimmie.

After dinner when Jimmie and Sidney had finished all their business, and he was ready to go, I insisted that he stay and sit before the log fire in the living-room with us. After a bit he began to talk. He told us all about the strange places he had been on engineering projects. And I sat and dreamed and thought of how Merle and I used to play cowboy and Indian down in our back lots, and how I wanted to be a Spanish Princess.

Something crept into me that night that I couldn't understand or explain; it kept me awake far into the night, wondering and tossing until I felt Jimmie's hand close over mine and I forgot Sidney Bassett's greenish, grey eyes that lingered a bit too long.

The next afternoon he was coming out of Jimmie's office just as I drove by. We stopped and talked for a few minutes. I laughed a little too loud and too long at his conversation and before I knew it I invited him to come to a bridge party I was giving two nights later.

He came, and all the other girls agreed that he was fascinating. They asked how I had happened to capture him, making sly little remarks about Jimmie's being jealous.

**OH, FROM** then on it wasn't much different from a hundred other cases you have heard about. He began dropping by the house in the daytime to have a little chat; then I began meeting him to ride up over Beech Ridge Road in my car. And we talked about the curious things he had seen in life, all of which whetted my appetite to live the dreams I had dreamed as a child.

One afternoon I nearly ran into a team of horses going down a hill, and his hand flew for the emergency brake. But mine was already there. The contact sent a little thrill creeping through me and I let him keep my hand in his and kiss the palm. I stopped, because I couldn't drive with one hand. And then Jimmie cried out to me as Sidney's arms pulled me toward him and he sought my lips. And Jimmie's voice died away and faded in the storm of emotions that Sidney Bassett aroused.

When I got home I looked into my own eyes in the mirror and asked myself, "What sort of a wife are you?" And I hated the

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sly little smile that I couldn't seem to rub off my own lips.

Because Jimmie was so worried about finishing his contract with the city, he hardly had time to come home at all, and I, traitor to my trust, let Sidney Bassett's smooth cleverness and adept lovemaking sway me so that I began to believe that I had made a mistake in marrying Jimmie when I was so young, and even blamed Mother for letting me. Anything to calm my own conscience!

It was a night that the devil made for such a purpose with a clear full moon shining on a land of shimmering whiteness and grotesque shadows that Sidney came to the house and we stood on the back porch and looked into sky and then into each other's eyes, and melted into each other's arms.

"I love you, I love you, I love you, Nan," he pleaded in my ear. "You're mine by all the laws of right and nature and God!"

How I thrilled at his picturesque way of making love, laying his life, his soul, everything that God had given him, he said, before me, to be mine for so long as I lived. He turned my arguments and pleadings into arguments for himself in his cleverness. He painted pictures of the life we would have until he had swept me before him like a feather in a storm.

And just as we heard Jimmie parking his car in the garage, I took his face between my hands and looked into his eyes and said I would go with him to the end of the earth, then. The next day at three I would be ready. We could take my car and drive to Elton and get the *Express* there. He nodded his head as Jimmie's footsteps sounded on the porch and sank back into his chair perfectly composed, while I rushed to the victrola and pretended to be sorting over the records.

OUTSIDE of the fact that Jimmie was even quieter than usual, he gave no indication that he had noticed anything. And I left them sitting there with Jimmie slowly and methodically explaining the situation Sidney told him he had come up to inquire about.

When Jimmie came upstairs he came over to me and held me in his arms for a moment with his head resting on my shoulder like a tired little boy. In a moment he tilted up my chin and kissed my lips, and then walked into the bathroom without saying a word.

And his kiss burned me like raw lye. Until daybreak I tossed and turned in my bed—firm in my convictions one moment, wavering the next. Finally I fell asleep, and when I awakened Jimmie had gone. All day long I nervously paced about the house waiting for Sidney to phone. Finally when the bell rang I picked up the telephone, almost afraid to answer. It was Mother, and after I had talked for a moment she inquired if I was ill. "You sound so funny, Nan. Anything the matter?" I laughed and told her everything was just fine.

At three o'clock it jingled again. I rushed at it, determined to get it over with, because my nerves were nearly shattered. A soft voice, Sidney's, said, "Hello."

"Yes, dear," I answered. "Ready?"

After a moment I managed to say, "Yes."

"I've been having a devil of a time getting things straightened out," he explained. "Had to tell Jimmie I was going away for a few days so he could put someone else on my work."

"Then he'll know!" I exclaimed.

"It won't make any difference then," the soft voice laughed.

"I'll drive down in a few minutes," I said.

"All right, dear, I'll be waiting. Good-by."

I put the receiver slowly back on the hook and stared out through the front window at Grandma's house across the street. All the vision of my childhood flitted through my mind: Merle, Nanny, Cooky, Mother—Father—he had "gone away" too. Father had what Grandma called "red-blood," and I had both, and Jimmie had just plain "red-blood"—Jimmie who was so fine and true. How did they figure it out? A little sob escaped me and I shook my head in perplexity. It wasn't blood. It was *you*!

My eyes rested on the little pad that was attached to the telephone where Jimmie and I write messages for each other. On it was a note he had left that morning asking me not to forget his shoes that I had left to be stretched the day before. While I cried softly I took the pencil that dangled on a string and began to make little marks on Jimmie's message, half crazy, afraid and yet determined.

IN A moment I brushed away my tears, and my eyes fell on the pad again. There flashed through my mind the code Merle and I had used as children. Jimmie's message read:

*Don't Forget My Shoes*

and all of the capitals were underscored. While I had been making marks I had crossed out the small letters and that left: "D. F. M. S." "Don't for Mother's Sake!" It rang in my ears like a mighty gong and there flashed through my vision a picture of Merle shrieking it at me the day I was about to hit Jimmie over the head with a shovel the first day I had seen him. Jimmie again! . . . It was the same thing . . . no different . . . only now I was hitting his heart . . . his life. And Mother! See what Father had done to her and all the years of suffering she had gone through because Father had "gone away" . . . traced on her soul through eternity.

With a little cry I ran to the garage and got into my car. I fumbled with the keys in my haste, panting as though I had been running for miles. I swung out of the drive and up over Seward's Hill and drove like a thing possessed over the icy roads.

In twenty minutes I was up on the new site for the reservoir, and up on the upper end of the job I could see Jimmie's big form in his high top boots and leather mackinaw.

I blew my horn until he turned around and started running toward me. And then I climbed out of the car and went racing across the newly cleared land while the workmen stopped their work and watched us. And over and over I kept breathing, "Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmie!"

HE CAUGHT me just as I stumbled and was about to fall. I clung to his arm and cried while he held me close to him and kept saying, "Little Nan, little Nan, little Nan!"

Then I looked up into his eyes and began to tell him, while he put his hand over my mouth and shook his head and smiled the queerest smile.

"You had to win your own battle, Nan. I couldn't help you!" he said.

Jimmie took me home and all he said was, "You'd better call up a lot of people and we'll have a party—some of them have been talking, and we'll show 'em."

And that was all. Jimmie is still my Jimmie, and Grandma and Mother boast about their son-in-law and brag about their daughter.

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## Doll Wives

[Continued from page 47]

"Here we are!"

My eyes saw past him into a room—a pretty little room, small and intimate. Something, I know not what, flashed up in me and refused to enter that room. With a wild cry I turned and sped down that hall of a hundred doors. I heard Alec swear a horrible oath and his footsteps hastened after me. If I could but reach the elevator first!

I did, and luck—or *le bon Dieu*—was with me for I had not to wait at all. I stepped in and cried, "Vite—quick—quick!" to the elevator boy, and the door clanged almost in Alec's face. And I was going down, down with only the elevator boy, who looked at me strangely.

I REACHED the lobby and carea not how strange I looked. As I stepped out I came face to face with the girl who had been with Billy in the café. She sat in a deep chair, waiting.

Waiting—ah, I knew for what! Those little intimate rooms—she and Billy!

This thought so stung me and maddened me that immediately I stepped back into the elevator and said to the amazed boy, "Back to the floor I came from. Quick, please!"

Up, up I went, now hot, now cold, nothing left now of the something that had made me just now flee. I wanted to scream with wild laughter; I wanted to cry with no restraint.

Again I stepped into the long, long hall. A man stood there. Billy! He held out his arms to me. With scorn I said:

"Don't touch me!"

"Annette! Oh—Annette!"

"Yes? And your little friend in the lobby—she awaits you!"

That's Dora, darling, my cousin Dora—I got home and you were gone—so I got Dora and thought I'd show her where the rich birds eat—and I saw you, and when I saw that—cad—I followed you up here!"

The elevator next to the one I had just stepped out of clanged open and out stepped Alec.

I clung to Billy. Ah, how wonderful to feel that strong arm around me again, and to see those eyes like clear windows turned to me with love shining through! Fiercely he held me to him.

Up came Alec, his black eyes ablaze. With one closed fist Billy struck him and sent him reeling back against the wall.

I thought to see a fight, but there was no fight in Alec. Snakes do not fight. They crawl away when struck. And that is what Alec did. With fear and hate in his smoldering eyes, he slunk away.

THEN how I clung to Billy! Ah, how merciful was the good God to send him to me in time!

"Ah, Billy, Billy, take me home and keep me there. I never will wander again. Billy, I will learn to really cook so we can dine at home and begin to save money—money that you work so hard to get! Truly I have played long enough—oh, too long, too long! Billy, I will make you happy yet—" I said all that and much more before we joined Dora in her chair, waiting for him.

Well, that was three years ago. And now another Billy, a very wee one, puts his tiny face to mine and calls me "Mama." And happy? I never knew what happiness was in that old restless, silly running around. Sometimes I wonder what would have been my life if things had not happened just as they did.



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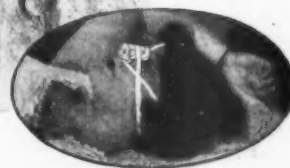
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